Collier's

September 29, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

A Chapter From A. J. CRONIN'S LIFE STORY

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DEO SISTERS (SEE PAGE 46)

HOW MOBSTERS Grabbed a City's Transit Line

Is Hollywood Through?

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

HERBERT HOOVER:

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32
PA XI7JA53
C 2Y
8/25

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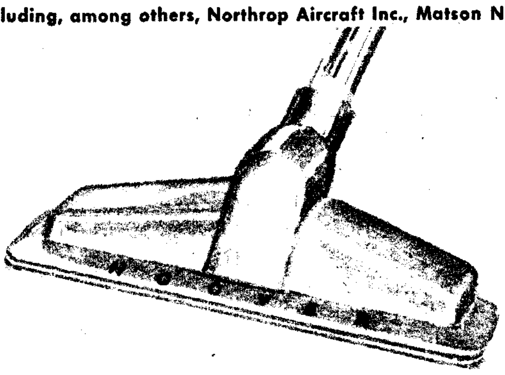

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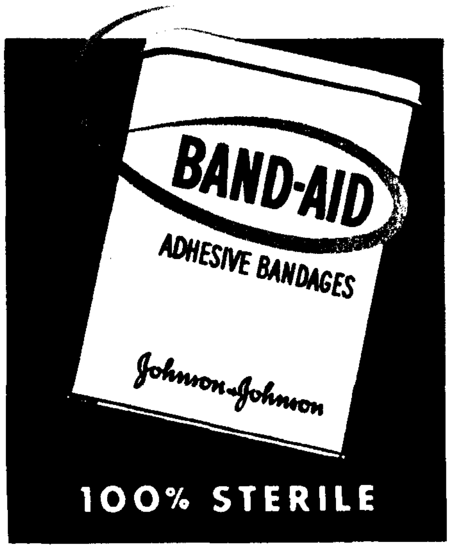

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September 29, 1951

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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A Fouled-up
CAR THERMOSTAT
SPOILS
Winter driving

If your motor thermostat is dirty or damaged, it can seriously interfere with the cooling system...and you run into trouble. The engine overheats, anti-freeze boils away, gas and oil are wasted—or the engine runs too cold and fails to keep your car heater hot.

So get your Service Man to check the thermostat while winter-conditioning your car. And if you need a replacement —

Always
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Autostat

the "Original-Equipment" thermostat

Get faster starts and faster warm-ups with Autostat. Get more miles per gallon, more comfort per mile. Save oil and reduce car maintenance.

There's an Autostat to fit every make and model; quality-made by the pioneer builder of car thermostats—the company that makes the heat controls for the finest ranges, water heaters and other dependable appliances.

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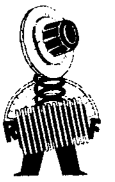

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More about

"The Man Everybody knows"

EVERYONE knows his own Life Insurance Agent, but perhaps you've never thought that when you call upon him for advice, a number of specialists are at your service.

First, of course, there is the Agent himself. He is an insurance specialist, intensively trained to handle a highly complex job with competence. In most cases, he is capable of helping others to select precisely the right types and amounts of Life insurance for their families.

Sometimes, however, planning a sound Life insurance program for an individual is a complicated matter that is more than a "one man job." At these times, it is helpful to be able to call on other specialists.

Take Metropolitan as an illustration. The Agent, faced with a particularly difficult problem, turns first to his District Manager who is experienced in all aspects of Life insurance. If the District Manager believes that further advice will be beneficial, then the broad experience of Home Office consultants can be utilized.

Specialists in particular phases of insurance, groups of specialists, even entire departments of the Company, may be called on to cooperate in solving the problem. For instance, your Agent is in a position to seek the advice of actuaries, investment officers, lawyers, or statisticians.

This is as it should be, for there are many important factors to be considered when planning any program for your future security.

For example, which of the many forms of optional settlement will be best for the family? Should settlement be made as a lump sum? Should it be used to establish a life income? Should it be paid out in monthly checks over a fixed term of years? Or would some combination of lump-sum and periodic payment be better?

What about taxes? How may changing inheritance and income taxes affect selection of insurance and the method of settlement? What State and Federal laws covering payments to beneficiaries should be considered? How can Life insurance be best tied in with your social security?

There are many other problems, too. How can an insurance program provide for the education of children? Who should be named as beneficiary, and should the policyholder reserve the right to change beneficiaries? What's the best way to arrange a Life insurance program that will provide *both* maximum protection for the family, and a lifelong retirement income for later years?

Yes, there *are* many problems involved in selecting the right kinds and amounts of Life insurance. The chances are your own Agent will know the answers to most, if not all of them. When he does not, though, it is possible for him to reach out in many directions for help in solving your problems.

COPYRIGHT 1951—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
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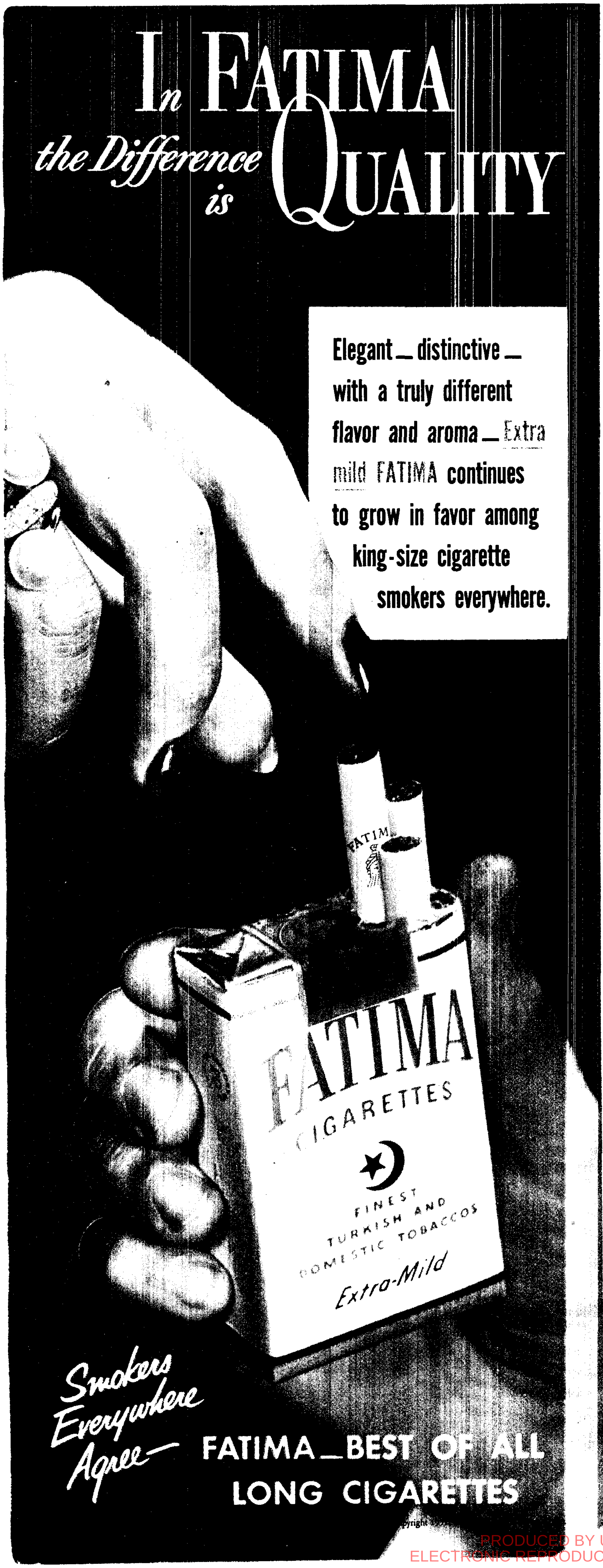
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The Cover

Their home is a custom-built truck, traveling the highways, and their specialty is trick horseback riding, at which they are merely sensational. They're among the most popular "cowgirls" in America and you may have seen them this season at your local rodeo, horse show or fair. It's a family act; that's Shirley Lucas (right) and her sister, Sharon, with Shirley's favorite mount, Cotton-Eyed Joe, trying to hog the photo. You will find more about the gals and their nerve-tingling stunts on page 46 of this issue.

Week's Mail

The Faith of Scientists

Editor: I would like to express to you my very real approval of Howard Whitman's article What Scientists Believe (Aug. 11th). Without exception, this is the finest thing of its type I have read in any popular periodical.

Mr. Whitman is to be commended for his ability to present the facts at hand without attempting to make them say any more than they do and for steering clear of the "Pollyanna" style employed by most periodical writers.

The Reverend H. Ward Jackson, Pastor,
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Utica, N. Y.

. . . According to Whitman's survey, some scientists demand proof of the existence of God. This attitude shows that, despite their training, they do not understand the nature of proof.

We can't find absolute proof for many things which we believe. The best we can do is to consider all the facts we can find and draw what seem to us to be reasonable conclusions.

From what little I know about the world and about my fellow men, I am satisfied that there is a God, and I am satisfied that He is omnipotent, omniscient and eternal, and that He loves people. But I couldn't furnish either logical or scientific proof that would convince a person who didn't *want* to accept my conclusions.

C. S. Greenwood, Warren, Pa.

. . . Congratulations to you and Howard Whitman for the really enlightening article What Scientists Believe. I, for one, had the notion that the majority of our top scientists were nonbelievers in God. Glad to see I'm wrong.

Mrs. William Yahn, Rochester, N. Y.

Far, Far Apart

Editor: It's Jazz for Art's Sake (Aug. 11th) was a startling presentation of an idea that I have had since jazz and this so-called "art" sneaked up on us, and that is that they are first cousins. And both are as far from real art as hell is from breakfast. But both are in tune with the times.

J. Risor Camryn, Los Angeles, Cal.

"The U.S. Can Do Anything"

Editor: Just read part one of Herbert Hoover's Memoirs of Public Life (Aug. 11th). It is another grand chapter, humanly and powerfully written, in the history of civilization. And one more unanswerable proof that the U.S.A. can do anything, and solve any world problem, with the right leaders in command.

Edward E. Hall, Alhambra, Cal.

. . . As I read Herbert Hoover's story of his work in feeding Europe's hungry, and relieving them in other ways, previous to World War I, the thought came to me: "Just how many of the intellectual runts around this United States, who have been so nasty to Mr. Hoover for the past 20 years or so, would have been able to handle his job over there at all, to say nothing of doing the job as he did it?"

Walter Duranty says in his I Write As I Please that he found the Democrats had combed all of the territory covered by Hoover with a fine-tooth comb and were unable to find a single cent misplaced in his accounts. He had every transaction recorded by the best accountant firm in England.

James W. Clapp, Pontiac, Mich.

Our Daily Bread

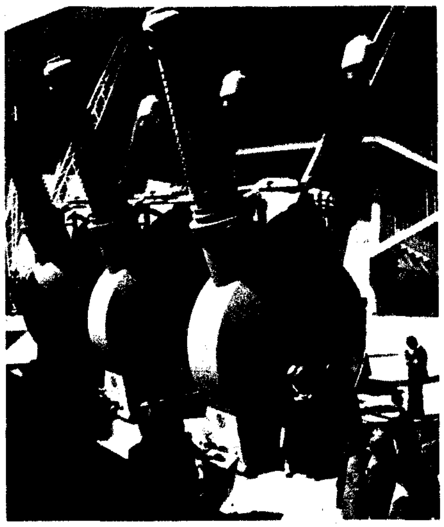
Editor: I was very much pleased to read the excellent article by Robert Froman, . . . Our Daily Bread (Aug. 11th). As a student of breadmaking in this country for 10 or 15 years I am happy to note that Mr. Froman has his facts straight and presents them in an accurate and truthful way. You have rendered a public service in printing this article. R. R. Williams, Summit, N. J.

. . . Mr. Froman brushed off the new Triple Rich bread developed by Dr. Clive McCay of Cornell University with a cute quip: "'And a fine loaf of bread it is, too,' says one baker, 'if you happen to like it. But people aren't rats. If they don't like it, you can't make them eat something just because it's good for them.'"

For the record, I think Collier's should point out that Dr. McCay is president of the American Society of Nutritionists and is consultant to the Navy on its nutrition program. The bread is distributed through a large number of our finest co-ops. It is used in the school lunch programs in Baltimore and New York City; it is used in the institutions of New York State; and it is distributed by large commercial bakers in New York and California. At least 500,000 people a day eat this bread and like it. That's a lot of people to call "rats."

Wallace J. Campbell, Washington, D.C.

Wrong Gadget



Editor: In your article Britain's Festival (Aug. 4th) I noticed a small error on page 17.

The electrical equipment you refer to as transformers are in reality circuit breakers. A transformer is used to change voltage up or down, whereas a circuit breaker performs roughly the same function as a switch.

Elmer Roy North, Jr., Schenectady, N. Y.

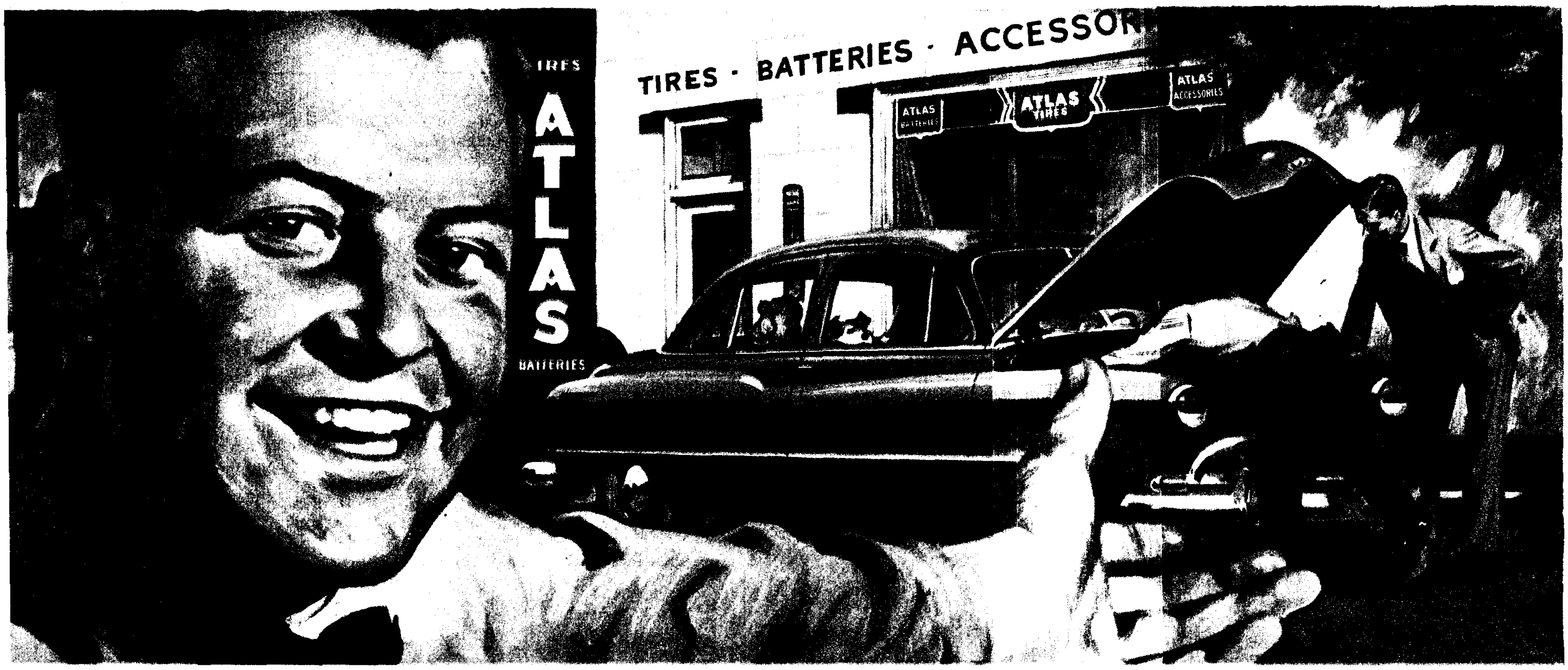
Reward Beyond Pay

Editor: Usually one writes a letter to an editor when his magazine has carried an article or editorial with which he strongly disagrees. This letter is the opposite of this type, since I am writing to congratulate you

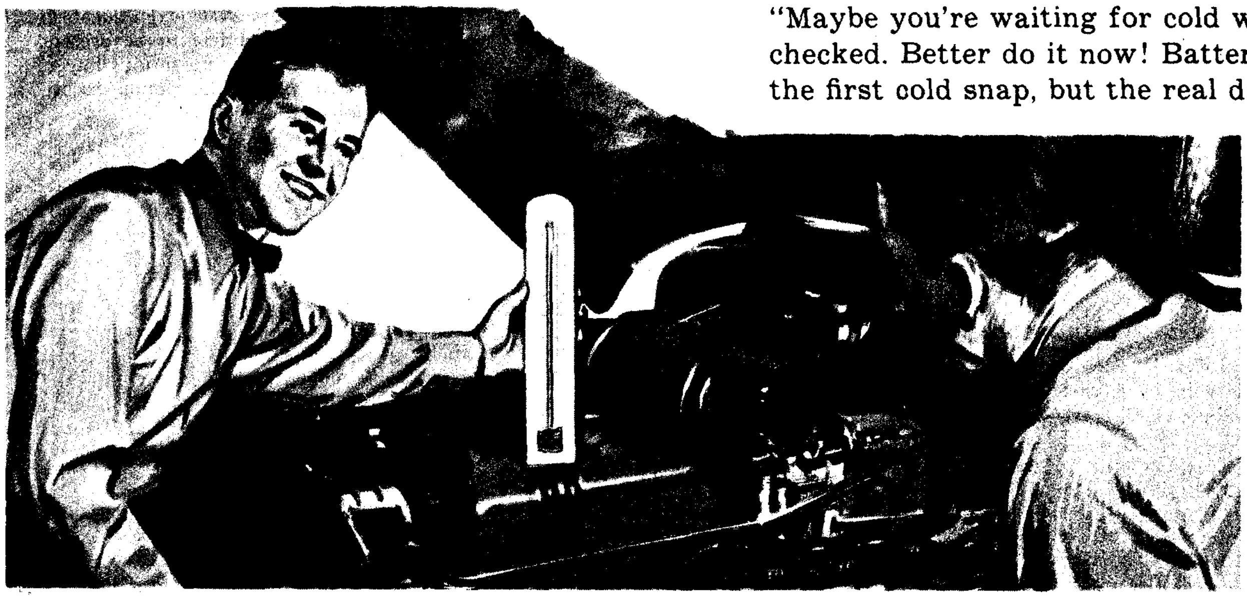
(*Continued on page* 10)

“Right now is the time to have your battery checked”

says your friendly Atlas dealer


TIRES · BATTERIES · ACCESSOR
TIRES
ATLAS
BATTERIES
ATLAS BATTERIES
ATLAS TIRES
ATLAS ACCESSORIES

“Maybe you’re waiting for cold weather before you have your battery checked. Better do it now! Battery trouble usually shows up with the first cold snap, but the real damage takes place in *hot* weather.



“It’s *heat* that wears out batteries. Heat from scorching underhood temperatures—heat from extra hard summer driving—heat from high output generators needed to meet the electrical requirements of the modern car.

“With the new Atlas Battery Meter, I can show you quickly if your battery is still serviceable.

“The Atlas Heavy-Duty Battery is specially made to resist heat damage, and to start in cold weather, too.

Battery Warranty and Adjustment Agreement
WARRANTY

“It’s backed by a written warranty that’s honored by 38,000 Atlas dealers in 48 states and Canada.”

ATLAS*
TIRES · BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES

Avoid trouble. Let your local Atlas dealer check your battery today.

38,000 ATLAS DEALERS
SERVING MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE

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Push-Pull, Click-Click!
Blade's Locked—
Shaves Slick!

This is the famous Schick Injector Razor . . .

PICKED 5 TO 1 FOR FINER SHAVES*

Over all other razors . . . all other blades . . . including our own old blades!

HERE IT IS—the champ of razors—picked in national tests! And no wonder, because it's the world's only razor with *all* these advantages:

Blades change *automatically*—"lock" at same, precise angle—no twisting, no adjusting!

Lighter weight makes shaving easier! Safety-Bar smooths down skin—tees up whiskers! "Fits" face—under nose, around lips! Uses new *scalpel-sharp* "Gold Pack" Blades!

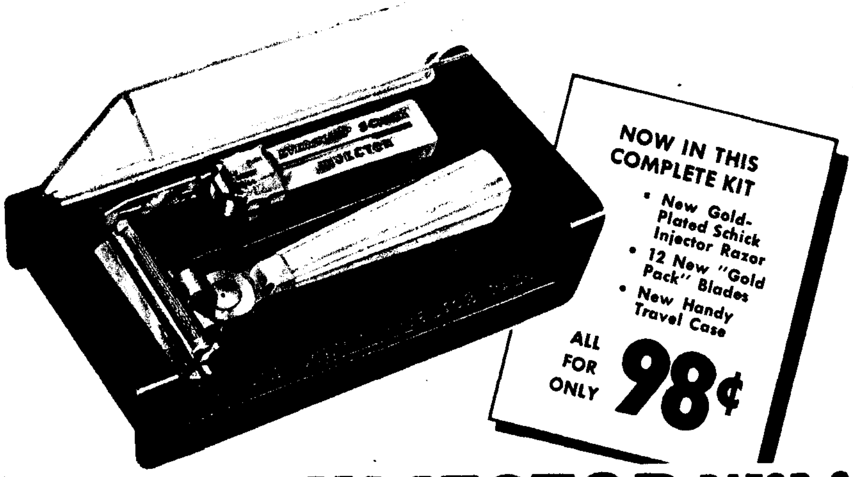
*HERE'S THE FULL SHAVING SCORE!

Smoother Shaves	5½ to 1	Safer Shaves	7 to 1
Cleaner Shaves	5 to 1	Faster Shaves	5 to 1

More Shaves per blade, nearly 2 to 1

*Men in 10 cities—nationwide—compared NEW SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and "GOLD PACK" BLADES with whatever they had been using. About 80% of the men had a preference. Of these, the votes were in the ratios shown above.

Either you get the finest shaves of your life...or your money back quick!



NOW IN THIS COMPLETE KIT
- New Gold-Plated Schick Injector Razor
- 12 New "Gold Pack" Blades
- New Handy Travel Case

ALL FOR ONLY 98¢

EVERSHARP SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR & BLADES

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Just heard from a frustrated columnist we used to enjoy in our youth. Called himself Ivan Inkpot and used to write whimsical doubts for various magazines. Ivan thought of us when he recently read in a Gloucester, Massachusetts, newspaper that a play bouncing audiences out of their chairs at the summer Marblehead Playhouse was being "considered for Broadway," where it was certain to be "a smash hit." The reviewer became so ecstatic that he forgot to mention the author's name, Clifford Odets, although he did wedge in the play's title, Golden Boy. Overlooked too was the fact that some years ago Golden Boy was an S.R.O. hit in New York.

★ ★ ★

Frustrated too is our national food commissar, the Honorable Mike Di Salle. That's doubtless the reason he has not written to Mr. George O'Donnell, of Fishkill, New York, the inventor of Steak Seeds. (Just plant these wonder seeds, and steaks blossom from the ground; chop the seeds up, and you get hamburger.) We have not tried O'Donnell's Steak Seeds but are assured that properly planted and tended they will produce "thick, juicy porterhouses" in anybody's back-yard garden. (Anyone having heard of a steak that was not described as thick and juicy please raise his hand.)

★ ★ ★

An irate reader of this department of Collier's has this to say—and, as anyone can plainly see, says it: "Some time ago you had an item that was 100 per cent wrong. I clipped it out and was going to send it to you but lost it. I been so busy I forget what it was but if you will look back a few weeks you will find it. You can't miss it because it was 100 per cent wrong."

★ ★ ★

For a moment it looked as if the man weren't going to get his money. He told the fellow at the window in the post office in Perry, Oklahoma, that he was expecting a government check. Yep, the letter was there. And could he identify himself? No, he didn't know anybody in town, but he had cards and a couple of letters with his name on them. No, the post-office man said, that wasn't quite satisfactory. Had he anything else? Let's see, let's see. Oh, sure. He reached into his mouth, extracted his uppers and lo, his full name was engraved on the plate. That did it.

★ ★ ★

Naturally, you know that there has been quite a lot of trouble in Damascus, Arkansas, lately, and we're glad that Mr. Will Rice has dug up the facts for you. A lady in Damascus was awakened pretty late one evening by a furor in her hen yard. A hawk had dived in. The lady leaped from bed and without waiting to add anything to the somewhat scant raiment she slept in, rushed out screaming, "Shoo, shoo!" The hawk left with empty talons, but one of the lady's neighbors protested vehemently that that was no way for a lady to appear in public. The neighbor, Mr. Rice reports, is the mother of two lovely daughters who were about to compete in a bathing beauty contest—wearing, we hope, more clothes.

★ ★ ★

Senator George N. Wade, a member of Pennsylvania's legislature, is demanding a full-scale investigation aimed at cutting the cost of state government and eliminating waste of the taxpayer's dollar. Several taxpayers have so informed us. They wish him luck, but are not very cheerful about it. In fact, they complain that previous undertakings of this sort have always cost the state more than the amount saved. There was one time, they report, when one "full-scale investigation" ran on and on for more than two years, costing just a few pennies short of a million dollars. But it saved Pennsylvania almost 1,500 bucks.

★ ★ ★

It says here: "The subject-centered curriculum, with its sequential organization of subject matter arranged primarily for the purpose of memorizing facts, is no longer adequate." We suspect foregoing means something because it is part of a release from the erudite National Education Association. But we'd like to be present when the teacher, shaking a serious finger, passes it on to one of her pupils, so we could hear him answer: "Yessum."

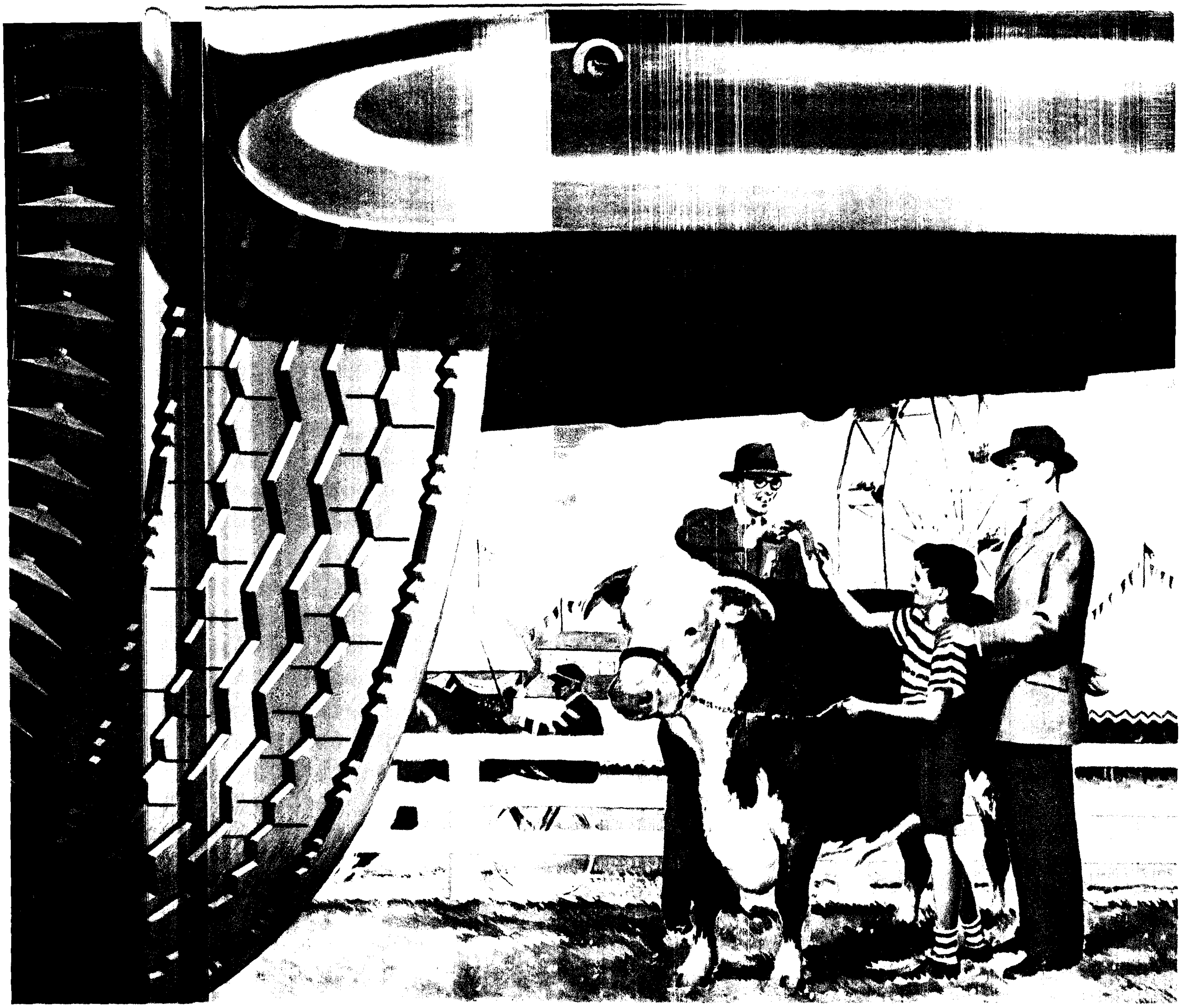
★ ★ ★

Incidentally, we've been collecting a few notes about women and, reading them over, we find we've got to revise some of our ideas. Two tender members of the weaker and gentler sex cut their way out of the jail in Pocatello, Idaho, with a knife they took from another inmate. Next note is about a lovely in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who stuck her burning cigarette into the face of a cop who was merely giving her a traffic ticket. Let's see. A UN stenographer beat up a traffic cop, ripped his shirt to shreds, scratched his face and sank her teeth into his necktie merely because he wanted to know where the fire was. And in Middlesboro, Kentucky, a demure lassie, displeased with the hairdo she'd just bought, wrecked the place and emerged victorious with a thoroughly bitten shoulder, several rips up her back and the mere remnants of what had been her dress. And we can't stop without telling you that in Portland, Oregon, a lady was attacked by a cougar. She ruined the beast with a tree limb 12 feet long. And she is only sixty-five years old.

LOWELL HESS

★ ★ ★

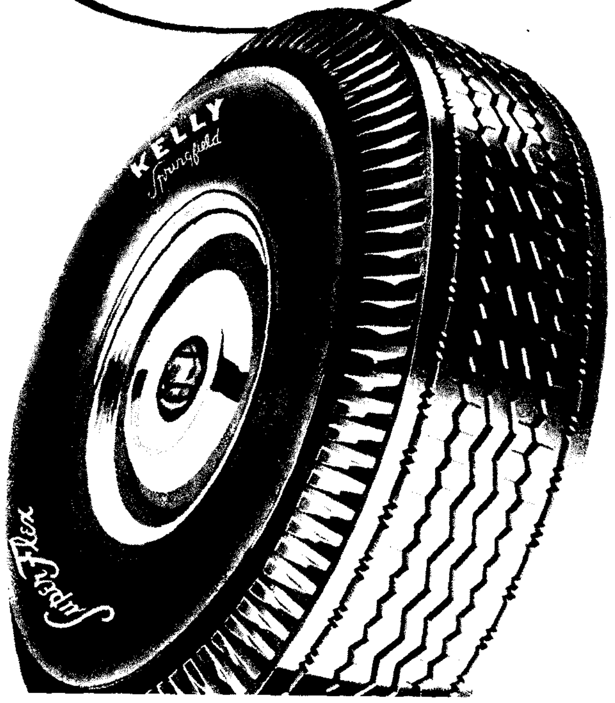
We have a letter from a gentleman in Butte, Montana, offering to sell us instructions on "how to drop your watch without hurting it." But let's pass over that for what we consider a more appealing How-To-Do-It. This is from a fellow in White-



Blue-Ribbon Performance . . .

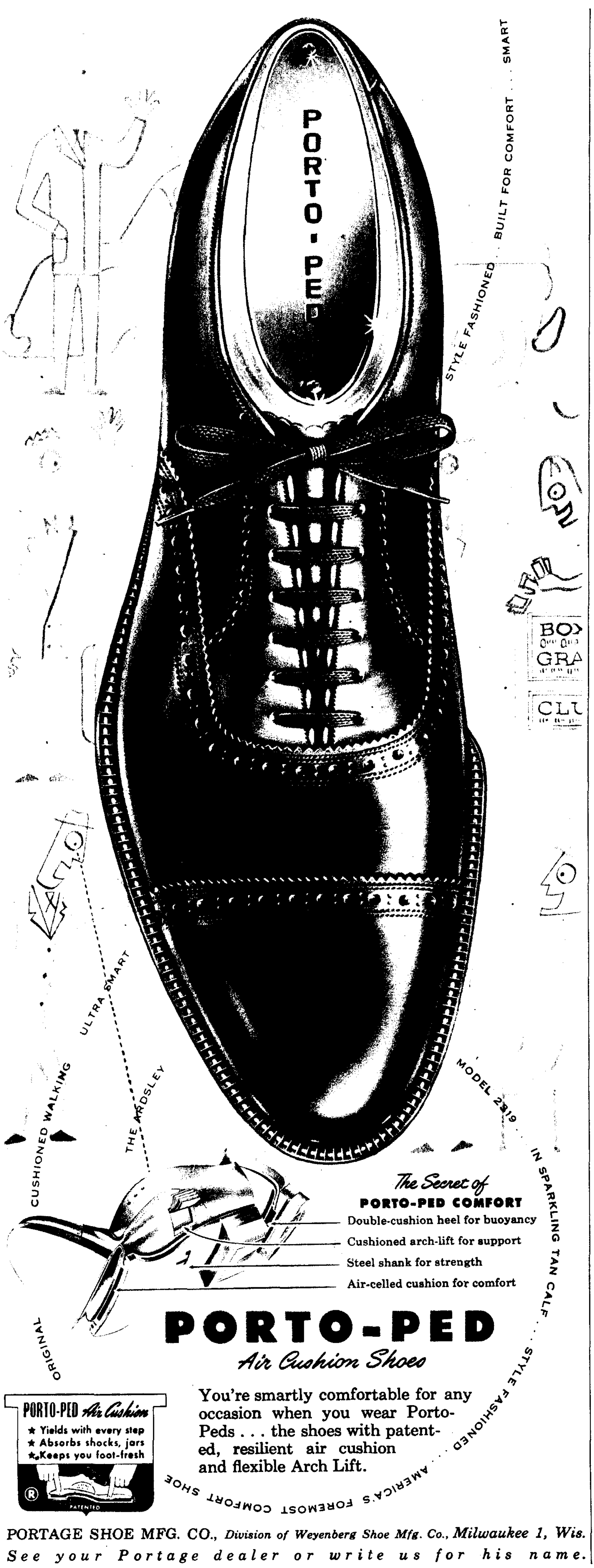
KELLY
Springfield
TIRES

For 57 years Kelly has been building prize-winning tires—and their reputation for quality grows greater every year! Today's Kellys reflect all the skill, all the tire-building "know-how" that has made them outstanding for over half a century. They are built of the finest materials available . . . built under the most rigid standards of quality . . . built to deliver extra thousands of safe, comfortable miles. That's why it will pay you well to make sure your next tires carry the Kelly name, deliver dependable Kelly performance. And you can depend on your Kelly Dealer for the friendly service that keeps your driving worry-free! Be sure to see him soon!



Proved and Improved for 57 years

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND


PORTO-PED
SMART . . . BUILT FOR COMFORT . . . STYLE FASHIONED
ULTRA SMART
THE ARDSLEY
CUSHIONED WALKING
MODEL 2319 . . . IN SPARKLING TAN CALF . . . STYLE FASHIONED . . . AMERICA'S FOREMOST COMFORT SHOE
ORIGINAL
BOX
GRA
CLU
PATENTED

The Secret of
PORTO-PED COMFORT
Double-cushion heel for buoyancy
Cushioned arch-lift for support
Steel shank for strength
Air-celled cushion for comfort

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PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO., *Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co., Milwaukee 1, Wis.*
See your Portage dealer or write us for his name.

fish Bay, Wisconsin, who found to his dismay that several of his favorite radio and TV programs were simultaneously on the air. A nasty problem, but he solved it. He bought a tape recorder and let it listen to the radio while he, in another room, sat at television. When TV quit for the night, he took the recording tape to bed with him and enjoyed it while basking in the hay. We hear that it's driving his wife nuts, but women are hard to understand anyway.

★ ★ ★

While you're trying to do something sedative about China, Egypt, Iran, India, Pakistan and the other colic spots, Cleveland, Texas, would like to know the color of the inside of a watermelon before it's cut open. The editor of the Cleveland Advocate, Mr. Bill Holchak, contends it's white, but that as soon as the melon is opened, the air oxidizes it, turning it red. Mr. Lyle West, a learned reader of the Advocate, insists that no light can get inside a watermelon and therefore there can't be any color. Thus, says Mr. West, it's black. Mr. Holchak says that white isn't any color either, so the chances that it's white are just as good as that it's black. Got a right good controversy going. Never saw a better illustration of what they mean by "the seeds of dissension."

★ ★ ★

We are advised that there's a lady in Lincoln, Nebraska, who bets on all horses ridden by jockies who wear yellow caps. Sneering privileges are hereby granted to any horse player having a better system.

★ ★ ★

Maybe you didn't know it, but there's an Indian in Oklahoma named Brave Eagle who has a son named Fighter Bird who has just named his son B-36. Furthermore, a Mrs. Agatha Sweet Pappa was arrested for driving too fast in Dallas, Texas. That's all the subject will stand now, except that a New Hampshire family named Choosy is proud of its daughter named Pretty.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Willie Willis of the Amory, Mississippi, News-Advertiser, has won no awards for excellence of her columns which, in our opinion, is a grave oversight. When Mrs. Willis decides something needs saying, it gets said. This time, drawing a bead on politicians, she writes that she is "tired of seeing the pictures of fat-jowled old men sticking their jaws out to be kissed by some silly, frilly young girl. If the old men want to get before the camera for a mere smack, maybe it's not so bad if they'd only omit the sickening grin." Mrs. Willis goes on from there amid general applause from voters who pledge themselves to join her in refusing to vote for kissing candidates regardless of party. We have written to Mrs. Willis telling her that we've a research outfit which has found that Democrats kiss the voters more but that the Republicans are on top in wearing funny hats. We hope this will be of some help to you next voting day.

★ ★ ★

There's a sign on a Los Angeles hardware store that we think fits this column neatly: "If you aren't sure what it is you want, we have it."

★ ★ ★

Fellow we were talking to last week told us his aunt has not ridden on a railroad since September 18, 1929, because on that day, after boarding a train for Springfield, Massachusetts, she sat on a man's hat. She has refused ever since to get on a train for fear she might meet him and would not know what to say.

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

in calling attention to one of the great problems in American education, namely the problem of securing enough and at the same time adequately trained elementary teachers to man the ever-growing school population.

Those of us who work in the field of education frequently feel that we are a voice crying in the wilderness concerning problems of this kind. It is a matter of real encouragement to see in a great national weekly such an editorial as the one entitled Which Is More Important? (July 28th).

One of the rewards for teaching is the value that the community assigns to this service. Values assigned not only in terms of salaries but in respect and position—respect for the position and the importance with which the teacher's work is regarded.

Editorials of the type referred to above improve the status of the teacher beyond calling attention to the salary issue. You may be sure that those of us working in the field of education are very grateful for such editorials.
HAROLD E. MOORE,
Professor of Education, University of Denver, Denver, Colo.

The Fascinating Schnozz

EDITOR: I wish to take this opportunity to offer my most sincere commendation to Collier's for telling America about that great citizen, Jimmy Durante (Schnozzola!, June 30th-Aug. 4th). To Gene Fowler goes our gratitude for a heart-warming treatment of a truly fascinating subject.
RANDY RITTER, Jacksonville, Fla.

. . . Louie Quinn penned a unique introduction for Jimmy Durante during the days of the Orson Welles Mercury Theatre broadcasts.

When Schnozzola was scheduled to make a guest appearance on Welles's program, he summoned his writer, Quinn, to develop a very high-toned introduction for the Durante visit. The result was a classic.

"Ladies and gentlemen," read Welles, "I give you now as gorgeous a jack-in-the-box as ever stepped out of this generation to make a night in the theater Christmas morning every morning for the public of our laughter-loving land. A troubadour whose earthiness is not of this earth. A Punchinello much imitated, but wholly inimitable . . . the monumentally Cyranoid Jimmy Durante!"

Since that time, whenever Quinn requests Durante to come up for an interview on the Louie Quinn show, Jimmy always says, "Gimme them woids, Louie . . . I won't come up till ya gimme them woids."
LARRY WHITNEY, Chicago, Ill.

The Big Snafu

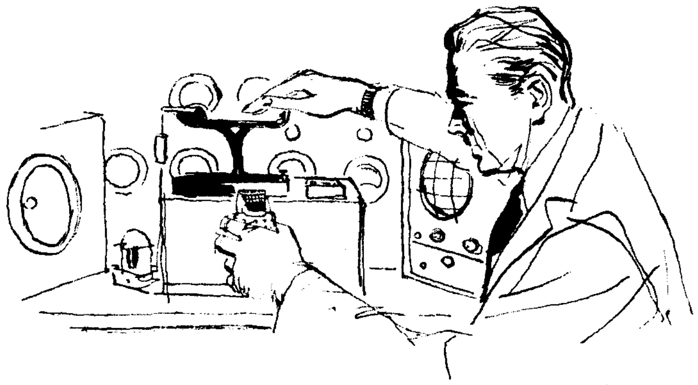
EDITOR: That article U.S. Army Wives—The Big Snafu in Europe (August 11th) should have been published some time ago.

A whole boatload of Collier's in which it appeared ought to be sent to those GI families so they could read what a big snafu they really are!
MRS. MARY BARRON, Independence, Mo.

. . . *In regard to the article on Army Wives in Europe*, here's what I think. I suggest a change in tactics: replace the married men with single men; leave the older battle veterans here in the States to train men as only they can do it. Of course I realize there are essential exceptions, that some men are needed in the field. But the wives and families of those men must realize their position more clearly.

This is from an ex-Woman Marine, mother of three and wife of a T/Sgt. Regular Marine in Korea.
EUNICE E. REIMANN, Laguna Beach, Cal.

For styling the Schick "20,"
Carl Otto won the 1951
Industrial Designers' Institute Award.



The Mightiest Motor Of Its Size—has its performance checked on the world's smallest dynamometer. A real rotary motor, the most powerful Schick ever built. Smooth. Quiet. Precision-built. AC or DC.

Palm-size powerhouse

produces the shave of your life

MAYBE you don't need all the power we pack into the new Schick "20."

But we believe you want nothing less than the finest instrument on your face—the finest in every way. So we set out to give this superbly fine shaver the mightiest motor of its size in the world.

We even triple-grind the shafts to get tolerances akin to those in mighty aviation engines—hand-fit them selectively—and then check the motor at 8500 r.p.m., double the speed at which automotive power is rated.

The result? Just snap Schick's exclusive Stop-Start Button to put this palm-size powerhouse into action—and move the "20" around your face. There's no mistaking that this is it, *the finest of its kind* for those fast, close, easy shaves you want.

You're breezing through your whiskers with Schick's Hi-Velocity Heads—extra-weighted where weight counts to give you a "twice-over" shave with a once-over.

Before you know it the Schick "20" has you easily shaved from ear to ear. No burns, no cuts—no whiskers.

Look the Schick "20" over at any dealer's—note its sparkling beauty, its rich new Caddie Case, designed for traveling or bathroom shelf. Then pick it up—try its lightness, see how it nestles in your fingers. You'll want it for keeps—"the finest shaving instrument of all time."

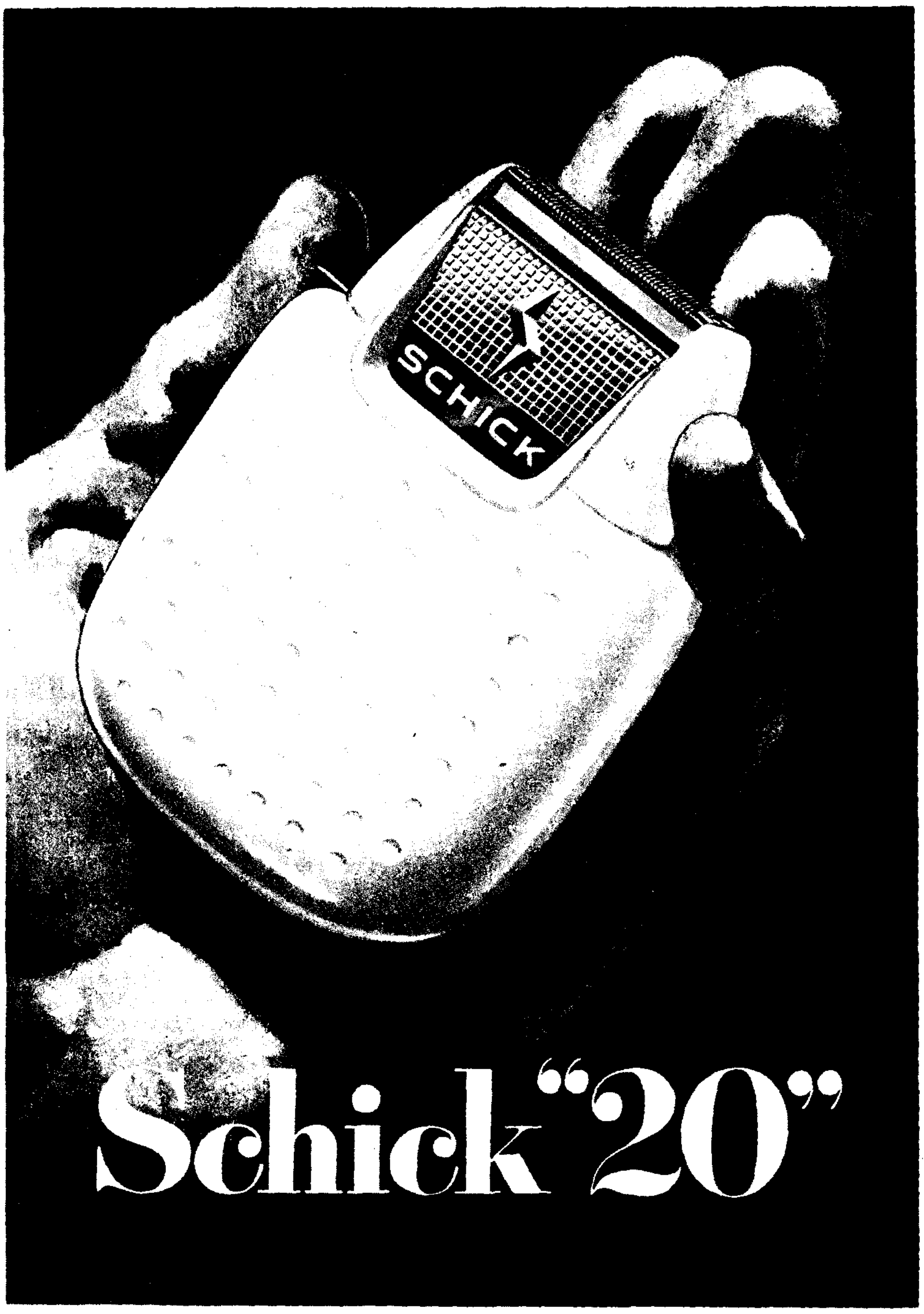
Your dealer can also show you the popular-priced Schick Super and Colonel. Schick Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Service offices in principal cities.

Schick "20" $24.50 • Schick Super $22.50 • Schick Colonel $17.50

See Rudolph Halley! Crime Drama
on Schick's Big New Weekly TV Show

MORE MEN USE SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVERS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

-- better-built for better shaves



E. Soost
Tough...
but oh so gentle

TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING
GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

Watch out when you start using extra oil! Oil-pumping usually means your piston rings are worn-out—and they're wasting power and causing needless engine wear.

Fortunately, you can replace those rings. Do it promptly and the job is comparatively easy and inexpensive—but the more you delay, the more you pay.

See your motor service man at the first sign of oil-pumping. If your piston rings are worn-out, replace with Hastings Rings. They're engineered for replacement service, exclusively. They *stop* oil-pumping, *check* cylinder wear, *restore* engine performance.

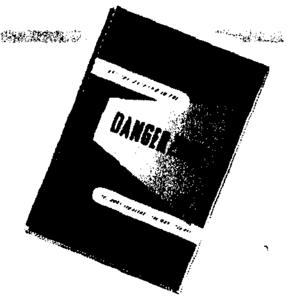
It's the best money you can spend on your car.

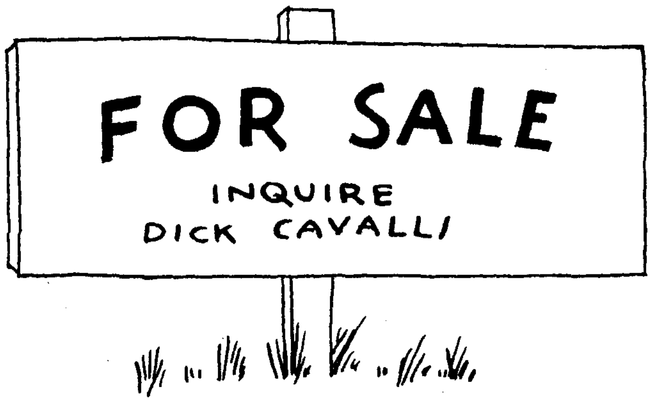
HASTINGS STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS

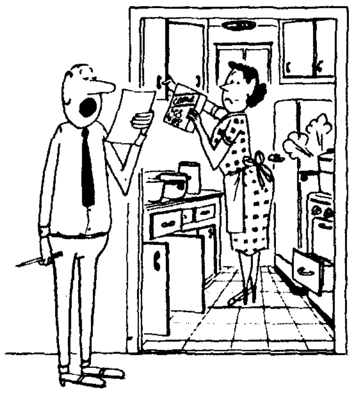
PISTON RINGS • SPARK PLUGS • OIL FILTERS • CASITE • DROUT

Keep your car out of the DANGER ZONE

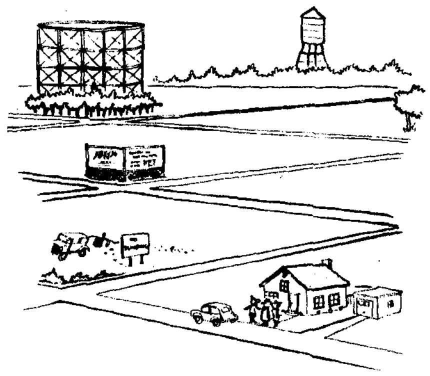
Ask your motor service man for a Danger Zone check-up. Write for the free Hastings Danger Zone Booklet which shows you how to save money on engine repairs. Dept. C, Hastings Manufacturing Co., Hastings, Michigan. Hastings Ltd., Toronto.



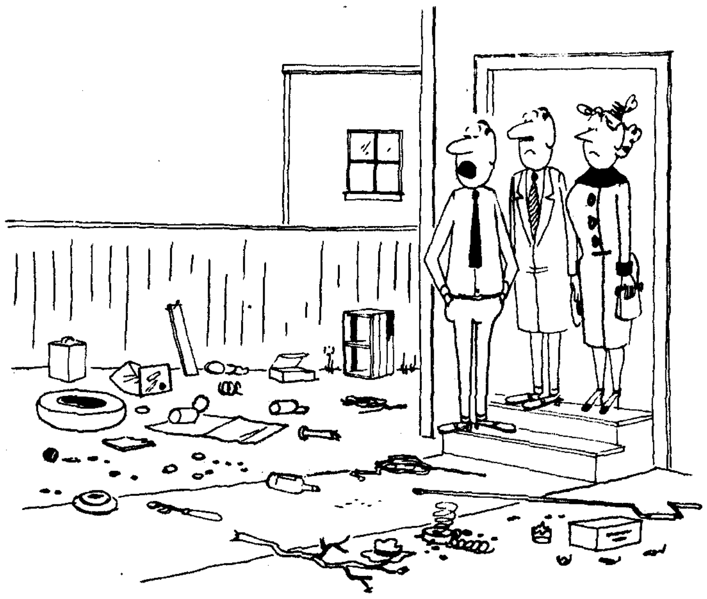




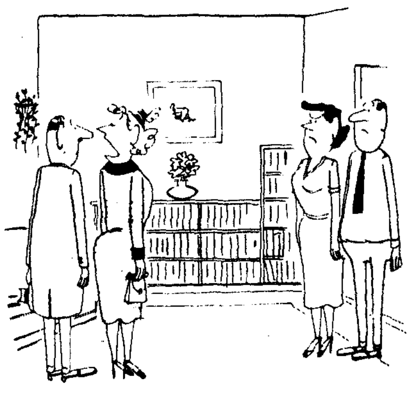
How does this ad sound? 'For Sale: Dream house, lovely spacious kitchen . . .'



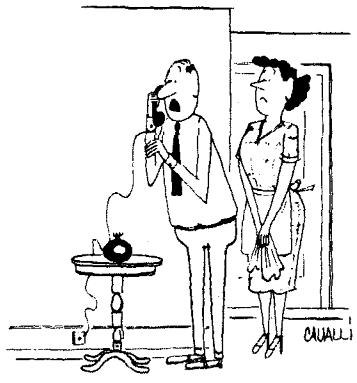
One thing out here . . . you've got all the privacy in the world!



And this is the garden, if you go for that sort of thing



With the proper furniture I think we could make this a very lovely room

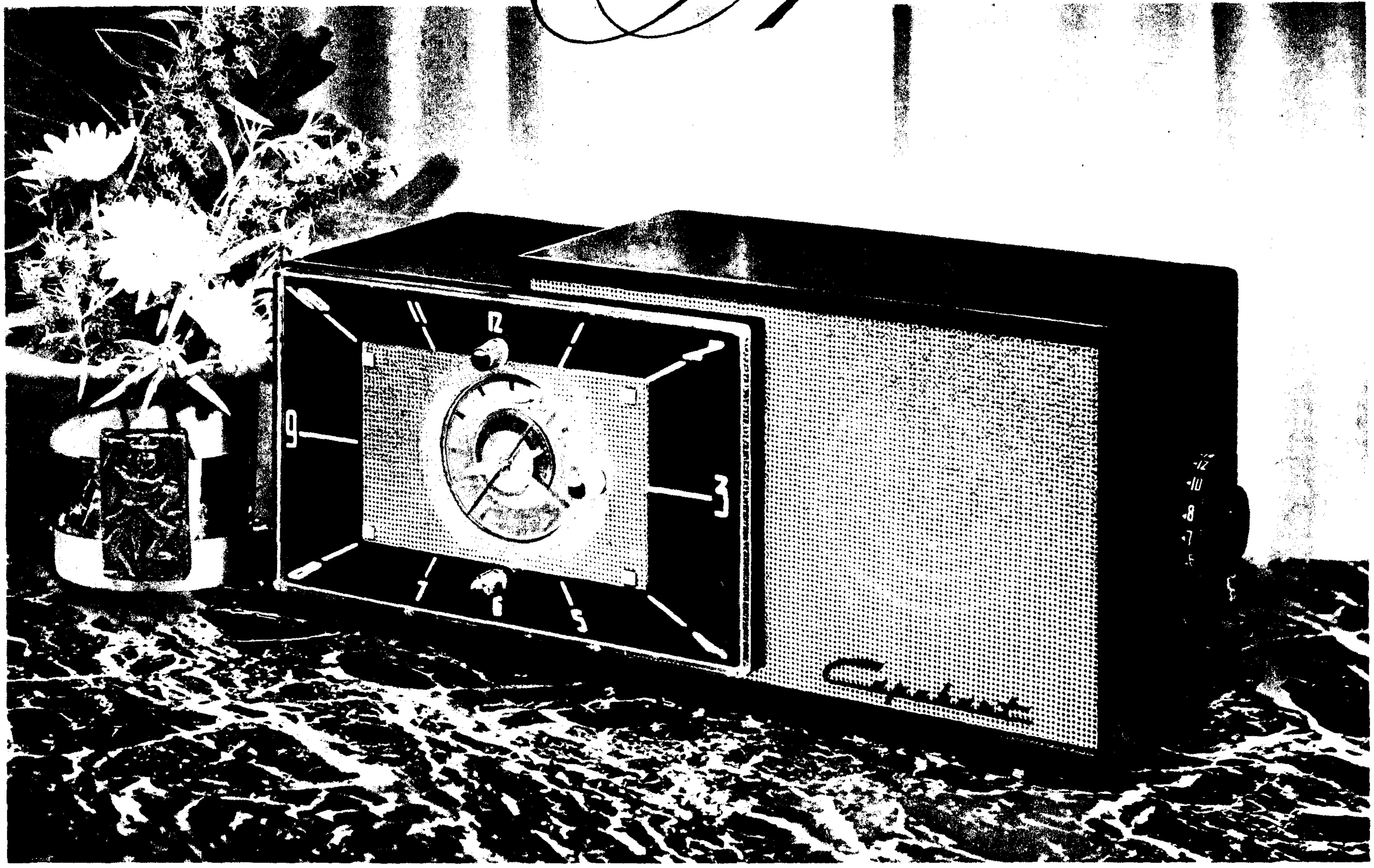


No, keep the ad running; I just want to add four words . . . 'No reasonable offer refused'

WHAT A GIFT TO WAKE UP TO

The New Clock Radio

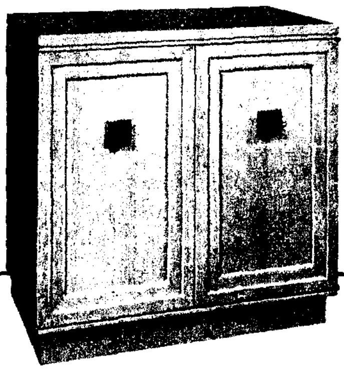
from the makers of THE INCOMPARABLE *Capehart*



Handsomely designed cabinet in choice of colors. Gold finished grille—luminescent clock.

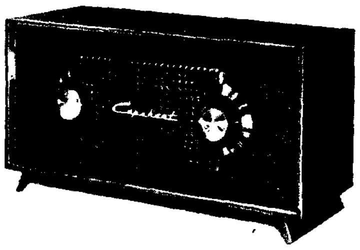
Performance THAT EQUALS ITS BEAUTY

Here beauty without reflects quality within. A truly distinguished instrument worthy of the skill of the makers of the Incomparable Capehart. An accurate and handsome timepiece . . . a fine radio with lovely tone. Set it to lull you to sleep with sweet music . . . awaken you with a cheery song. Let it turn on appliances . . . remind you of appointments. It will do all these jobs so well, you'll want one in every room in the house. See your classified directory or write Ft. Wayne for the address of your local Capehart dealer.



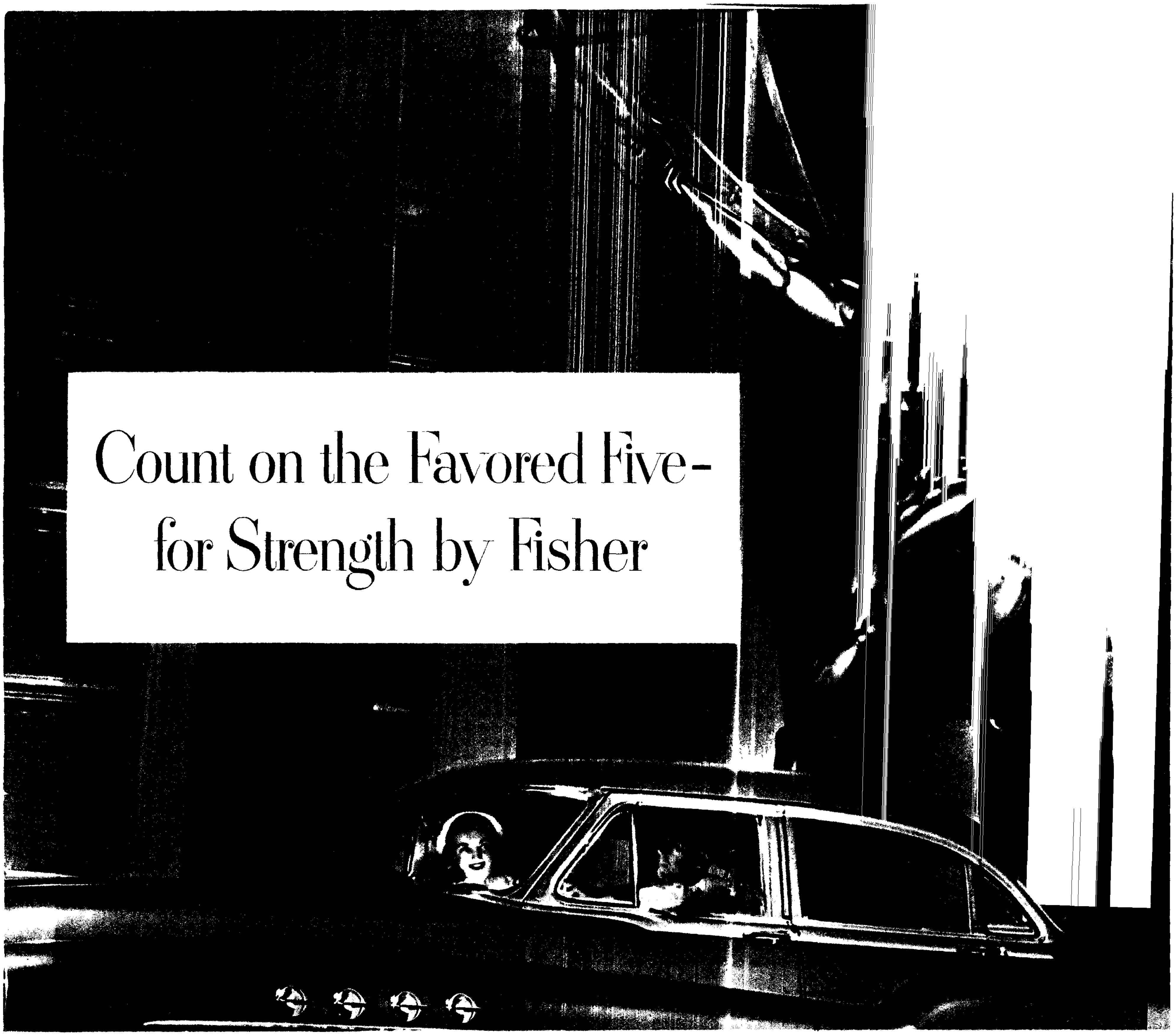
The CAPEHART "Futura" *Phonograph-Radio*
AM-FM radio. Symphonic-Tone System. Phonograph plays all types of records. Korina bisque finish.

The CAPEHART Table Radio.
True Capehart quality in miniature. Beautiful tone, a really handsome, compact cabinet.



The CAPEHART "Shenandoah"
20-inch Crystal-Clear Picture. Compact design. Lustrous mahogany veneer. Capehart Symphonic-Tone.

CAPEHART-FARNSWORTH CORPORATION, FORT WAYNE 1, INDIANA AN IT&T ASSOCIATE
An Associate of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation



Count on the Favored Five–
for Strength by Fisher

In car owners' minds, one auto body is favored above all others.

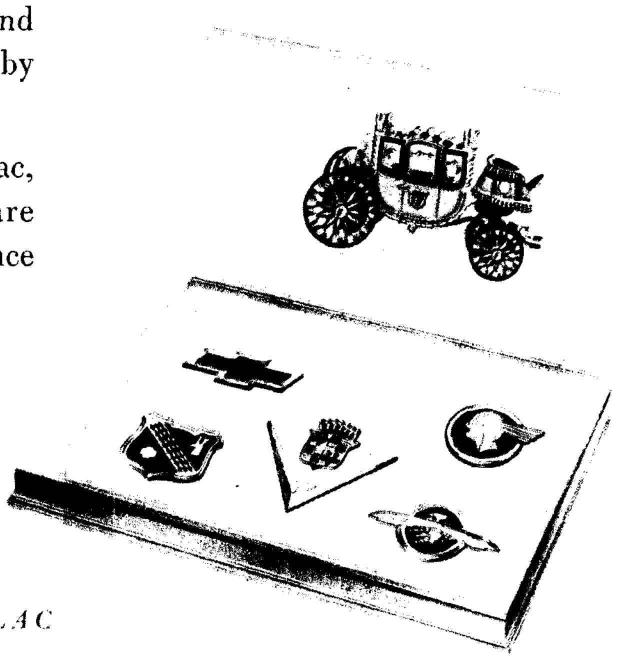
Ask them which one they prefer and why. Invariably, the vast majority will sum it up by naming Body by Fisher as the "best body built."

Its strength, its comfort, its elegant luxury down through the years have won a reputation for this one car body that is rare indeed.

So why not be sure that Body by Fisher is part and parcel of *your* next automobile?

Simply choose one of the five cars—and there are only five—that bear the Body by Fisher emblem.

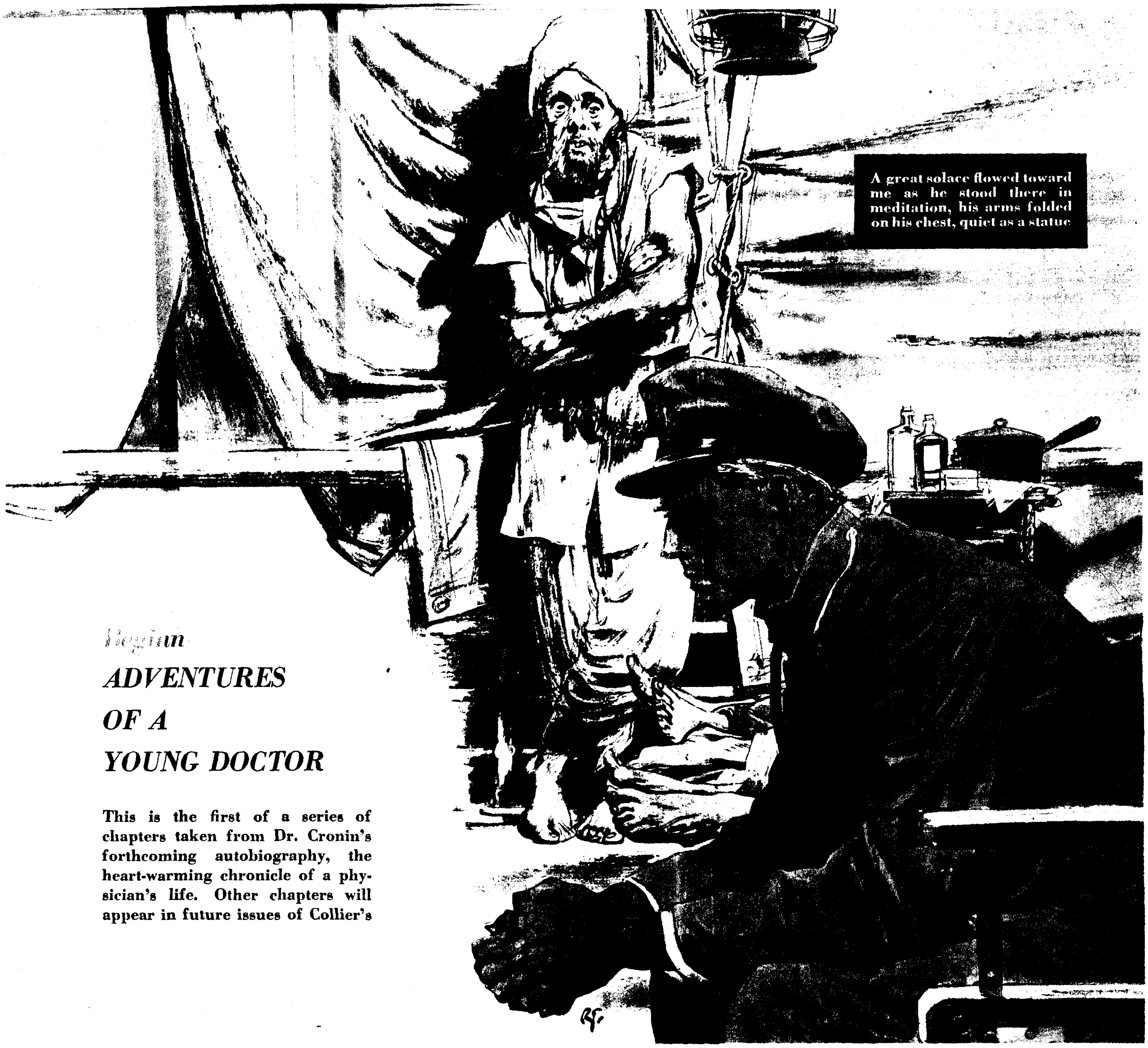
These favored five — Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac — are America's only cars whose own excellence is enhanced by this famous body.



Body by Fisher

** On General Motors cars only:*

CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE BUICK CADILLAC



A great solace flowed toward me as he stood there in meditation, his arms folded on his chest, quiet as a statue

Begin

ADVENTURES
OF A
YOUNG DOCTOR

This is the first of a series of chapters taken from Dr. Cronin's forthcoming autobiography, the heart-warming chronicle of a physician's life. Other chapters will appear in future issues of Collier's

EPIDEMIC AT SEA

By A. J. CRONIN

LOOK, my dear! Did you ever in your life see such an absurdly comic creature!"

A smartly dressed woman, a first-class passenger on the Rawalpindar, about to sail from Liverpool on the long voyage to Calcutta, made this laughing remark in a high, "well-bred" voice to her companion, a young man with a foppish military air, as they stood before me on the liner's upper deck. Following their amused gaze, my eyes came to rest upon a squat, very ugly native seaman, with short legs and a large, disproportionate head, and a scar which ran from ear to temple.

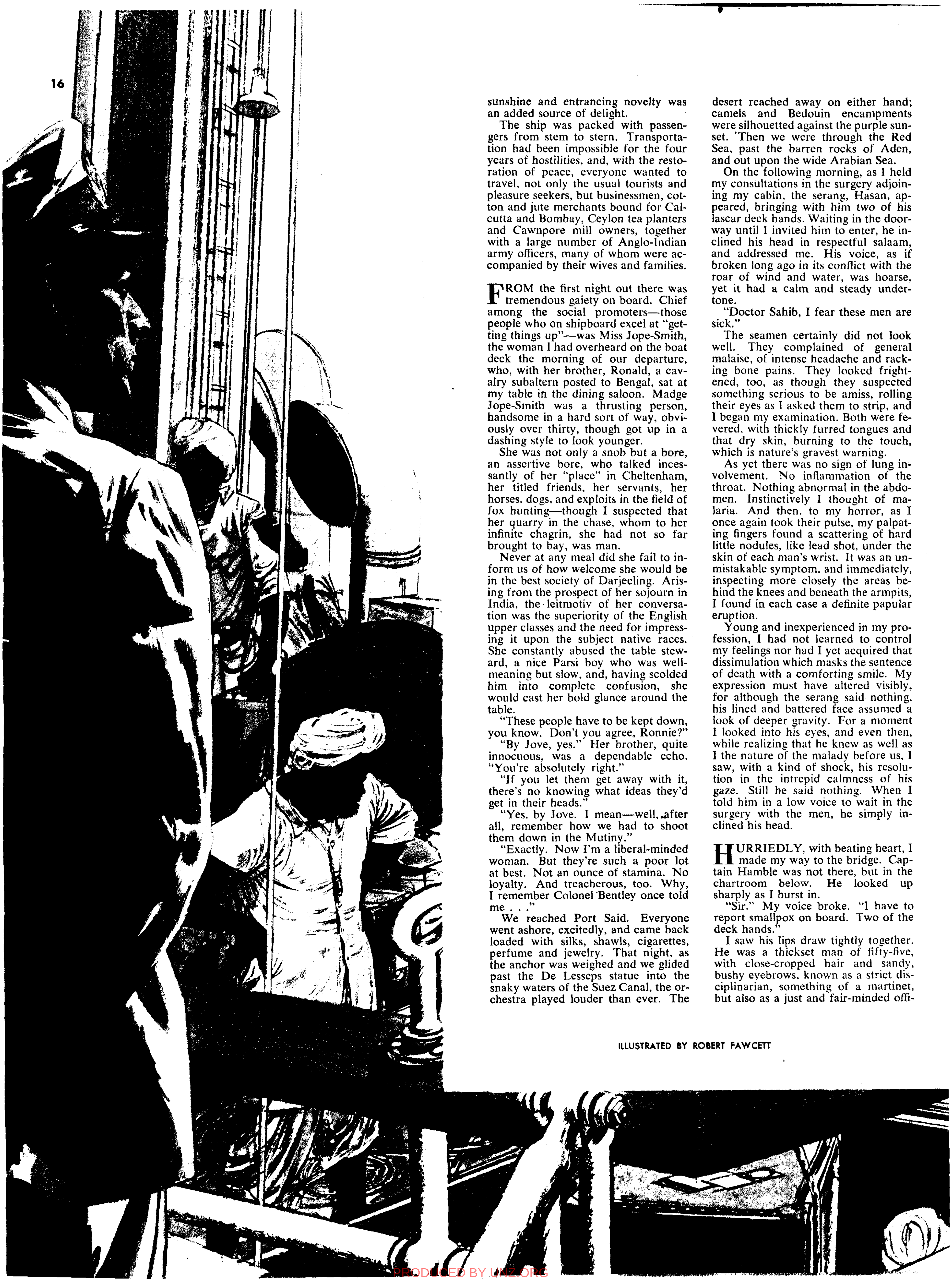
I recognized him as the Indian serang, or boatswain of the ship. He was quietly superintending the crew of lascars who were loading the baggage into the hold from the Mersey lighter alongside.

"Looks hardly human," the military man agreed, with a superior smile. "Inclines a chap to believe that Darwin was not altogether wrong."

I turned away and went below to my cabin. Three weeks before, I had taken my medical degree. I shall never forget that breathless moment when, in a fever of anxiety and suspense, scanning the list pinned on the university notice board, I discovered, not only that I had passed, but that the examining board had given me honors as well.

And then, as if this were not enough, I had been fortunate enough, through the good offices of my old chief, Professor Stockman, to be appointed temporary ship's doctor on the S.S. Rawalpindar. While he was putting me through my medical "oral," Stockman had decided that I was extremely run down, that the trip to India and back would set me up again.

The voyage began favorably in calm, clear weather. We crossed the Bay of Biscay and were soon through the Straits of Gibraltar and into the tranquil Mediterranean. The Rawalpindar was a stout old tub, manned by white officers, with an Indian crew. She had done fine work in the war (World War I), but, since her coal-burning engines had not been lately reconditioned, she was exceedingly slow, capable of a bare ten knots. This, however, was no defect to the young physician, for whom every day of balmy breezes, of brilliant



sunshine and entrancing novelty was an added source of delight.

The ship was packed with passengers from stem to stern. Transportation had been impossible for the four years of hostilities, and, with the restoration of peace, everyone wanted to travel, not only the usual tourists and pleasure seekers, but businessmen, cotton and jute merchants bound for Calcutta and Bombay, Ceylon tea planters and Cawnpore mill owners, together with a large number of Anglo-Indian army officers, many of whom were accompanied by their wives and families.

FROM the first night out there was tremendous gaiety on board. Chief among the social promoters—those people who on shipboard excel at "getting things up"—was Miss Jope-Smith, the woman I had overheard on the boat deck the morning of our departure, who, with her brother, Ronald, a cavalry subaltern posted to Bengal, sat at my table in the dining saloon. Madge Jope-Smith was a thrusting person, handsome in a hard sort of way, obviously over thirty, though got up in a dashing style to look younger.

She was not only a snob but a bore, an assertive bore, who talked incessantly of her "place" in Cheltenham, her titled friends, her servants, her horses, dogs, and exploits in the field of fox hunting—though I suspected that her quarry in the chase, whom to her infinite chagrin, she had not so far brought to bay, was man.

Never at any meal did she fail to inform us of how welcome she would be in the best society of Darjeeling. Arising from the prospect of her sojourn in India, the leitmotiv of her conversation was the superiority of the English upper classes and the need for impressing it upon the subject native races. She constantly abused the table steward, a nice Parsi boy who was well-meaning but slow, and, having scolded him into complete confusion, she would cast her bold glance around the table.

"These people have to be kept down, you know. Don't you agree, Ronnie?"

"By Jove, yes." Her brother, quite innocuous, was a dependable echo. "You're absolutely right."

"If you let them get away with it, there's no knowing what ideas they'd get in their heads."

"Yes, by Jove. I mean—well, after all, remember how we had to shoot them down in the Mutiny."

"Exactly. Now I'm a liberal-minded woman. But they're such a poor lot at best. Not an ounce of stamina. No loyalty. And treacherous, too. Why, I remember Colonel Bentley once told me . . ."

We reached Port Said. Everyone went ashore, excitedly, and came back loaded with silks, shawls, cigarettes, perfume and jewelry. That night, as the anchor was weighed and we glided past the De Lesseps statue into the snaky waters of the Suez Canal, the orchestra played louder than ever. The desert reached away on either hand; camels and Bedouin encampments were silhouetted against the purple sunset. Then we were through the Red Sea, past the barren rocks of Aden, and out upon the wide Arabian Sea.

On the following morning, as I held my consultations in the surgery adjoining my cabin, the serang, Hasan, appeared, bringing with him two of his lascar deck hands. Waiting in the doorway until I invited him to enter, he inclined his head in respectful salaam, and addressed me. His voice, as if broken long ago in its conflict with the roar of wind and water, was hoarse, yet it had a calm and steady undertone.

"Doctor Sahib, I fear these men are sick."

The seamen certainly did not look well. They complained of general malaise, of intense headache and racking bone pains. They looked frightened, too, as though they suspected something serious to be amiss, rolling their eyes as I asked them to strip, and I began my examination. Both were fevered, with thickly furred tongues and that dry skin, burning to the touch, which is nature's gravest warning.

As yet there was no sign of lung involvement. No inflammation of the throat. Nothing abnormal in the abdomen. Instinctively I thought of malaria. And then, to my horror, as I once again took their pulse, my palpating fingers found a scattering of hard little nodules, like lead shot, under the skin of each man's wrist. It was an unmistakable symptom, and immediately, inspecting more closely the areas behind the knees and beneath the armpits, I found in each case a definite papular eruption.

Young and inexperienced in my profession, I had not learned to control my feelings nor had I yet acquired that dissimulation which masks the sentence of death with a comforting smile. My expression must have altered visibly, for although the serang said nothing, his lined and battered face assumed a look of deeper gravity. For a moment I looked into his eyes, and even then, while realizing that he knew as well as I the nature of the malady before us, I saw, with a kind of shock, his resolution in the intrepid calmness of his gaze. Still he said nothing. When I told him in a low voice to wait in the surgery with the men, he simply inclined his head.

HURRIEDLY, with beating heart, I made my way to the bridge. Captain Hamble was not there, but in the chartroom below. He looked up sharply as I burst in.

"Sir." My voice broke. "I have to report smallpox on board. Two of the deck hands."

I saw his lips draw tightly together. He was a thickset man of fifty-five, with close-cropped hair and sandy, bushy eyebrows, known as a strict disciplinarian, something of a martinet, but also as a just and fair-minded offi-

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

cer. Now his brick-dust complexion assumed a deeper tinge.

"Smallpox. You're sure?"

"Quite, sir." And I added, "We have no lymph in our medical supplies."

"Would we carry enough for fifteen hundred passengers? Don't be a fool!"

Frowning deeply, he began to pace up and down the narrow chartroom. "Doctor," he said, "forget that remark of mine. I was upset and I didn't mean it. Now, listen. You are in charge of the health of the ship. It's entirely up to you. I can't give you any of my officers; I'm overloaded and understaffed. But I am going to give you the serang. He understands these fellows. And believe me, he's the finest man I have. Between you, you've got to keep this thing from spreading. And what's more, don't let a whisper of it get out, or with this lot we have on board we'll have a bloody panic, as sure as God's my Maker."

I left the chartroom, realizing with a weakness in my stomach, the desperate responsibility of my position. Gone now was the carefree ease I had enjoyed, reclining in a deck chair and admiring the sunsets, treating nothing more serious than a cut finger or a case of mild seasickness. Here we were, in the middle of the Arabian Sea, with fifteen hundred passengers aboard, no means whatever of vaccinating them, and smallpox, the most deadly contagion in the whole dictionary of disease.

Back in the surgery, one of the lascars was in the grip of a violent rigor. I turned from the shivering man to the serang, whose eyes remained fixed upon me. "You know?" I asked him.

"Yes, sahib. I have seen this before."

"We've got to isolate these men. Check on the contacts . . ." As I spoke, trying to assume a cheerfulness and confidence I did not feel, Hasan quietly acquiesced.

"Yes, sahib. I shall do what I can to help you."

There was no sick bay on board, not an inch of available cabin space. One look at the crowded forecastle showed the impossibility of segregating the infected men anywhere in the crew's quarters. Baffled, I looked at the serang, who, undismayed, again turned upon me his calm and luminous eyes.

"We will make a shelter on the afterdeck. Very cool there. With plenty fresh air."

In the stern of the ship, admirably protected from view by a battery of derricks and winches, he set to work, moving about, squat and noiseless, his powerful head and long pliant arms conveying the same impression of strength and composure that was reflected upon his flattened and misshapen face. Within an hour he had erected a large canvas shelter, tautly secured, and roped off from the surrounding deck. Mattresses and sheets were then brought up, and the two patients were comfortably installed.

Our next step was to muster the crew for a thorough medical inspection. One of the stokers, who complained of fever and headache, showed the beginnings of the typical rash. He was isolated with the other cases.

"And now—who is going to help me attend to these men?"

Hasan glanced at me in surprise. "Why, naturally, I am."

"You must be careful. This disease is most contagious."

"I am not afraid, Doctor Sahib."

Together, Hasan and I sponged the patients with potassium permanganate solution, administered to each man a strong antipyretic, hung sheets soaked in disinfectant round the shelter, and set up within this little secret area of quarantine a cooking stove where liquids could be heated and simple meals prepared. Finally, while the passengers were at lunch, we cleared the night watch from the forecastle and, with some sulphur candles which Hasan got from the ship's stores, thoroughly fumigated the crew's quarters. With this accomplished, I felt somewhat easier in my mind.

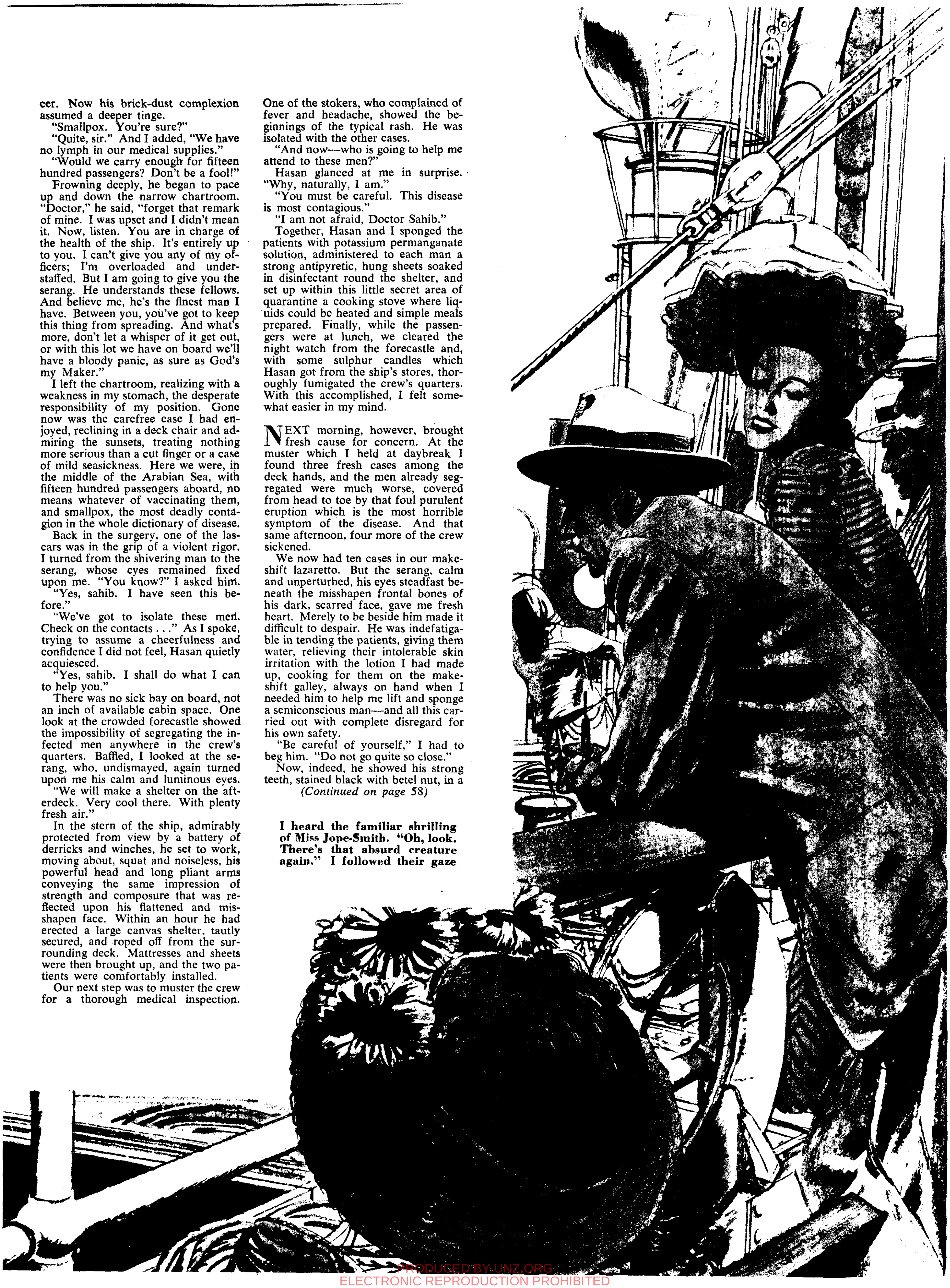
NEXT morning, however, brought fresh cause for concern. At the muster which I held at daybreak I found three fresh cases among the deck hands, and the men already segregated were much worse, covered from head to toe by that foul purulent eruption which is the most horrible symptom of the disease. And that same afternoon, four more of the crew sickened.

We now had ten cases in our makeshift lazaretto. But the serang, calm and unperturbed, his eyes steadfast beneath the misshapen frontal bones of his dark, scarred face, gave me fresh heart. Merely to be beside him made it difficult to despair. He was indefatigable in tending the patients, giving them water, relieving their intolerable skin irritation with the lotion I had made up, cooking for them on the makeshift galley, always on hand when I needed him to help me lift and sponge a semiconscious man—and all this carried out with complete disregard for his own safety.

"Be careful of yourself," I had to beg him. "Do not go quite so close."

Now, indeed, he showed his strong teeth, stained black with betel nut, in a

(Continued on page 58)



I heard the familiar shrilling of Miss Jope-Smith. "Oh, look. There's that absurd creature again." I followed their gaze

Is Hollywood Through?

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

The phenomenal growth of television has brought in its wake an increasing number of gloomy predictions from superficial sources that TV spells Hollywood's doom. For an expert's estimate of the movie industry's future, Collier's turned to Samuel Goldwyn, a pioneer film maker with a record of vision and accomplishment, and asked him to weigh the premature predictions that Hollywood is through. The accompanying article, written by Mr. Goldwyn, reflects his complete conviction that such pessimism is not only untimely, but unjustified, and that the motion-picture industry will proceed irresistibly to a new peak of popular appeal.—THE EDITORS

FOR several years now the motion-picture industry has been suffering from a severe case of jitters. Its infallible barometer of financial health, the box office, has been declining and, like any falling barometer, this has indicated stormy weather ahead. Hollywood producers who a few years ago were humming with Browning, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world," have been blinking their eyes wondering what hit them.

In 1950, the American public spent close to a quarter of a billion dollars less for motion-picture entertainment than the $1,500,000,000 which it paid each year in 1946, 1947 and 1948. All sorts of dire predictions are made about the future of motion pictures—particularly by people who know little about it—because attendance and receipts are not up to their lush postwar peaks. The fact that fifteen to twenty million people who went to the movies every week during 1947 or 1948 made a wide circle past the box office in 1950—and 1951—is a serious matter, indeed; but to me, it is no reason whatever for hauling out the crying towel for Hollywood.

I have seen a great deal of change here since the day in 1913 when Jesse Lasky, Cecil B. de Mille and I rented a barn in the Hollywood fields at the corner of Selma Avenue and Vine Street and converted it into a motion-picture studio, and each change has always worked out for the best. And as I look ahead, I see the motion-picture industry of the future stronger, healthier and, I might add, more profitable than today.

Instead of basing any conclusion on a galloping appraisal resulting from a few weeks of superficial study, let's look at Hollywood from the perspective of a great many years of experience. Viewed on that basis, I see three fundamental reasons for the decline in motion-picture attendance from its postwar high-water mark.

The high cost of living is undoubtedly a major cause. When meat, butter, bread, milk, rent, clothing and other necessities of life take a larger proportionate share than before out of the family pocketbook, it is natural that something like entertainment or recreation should be cut down. Providing for the defense of America is a burden on our entire economy, and motion pictures suffer along with other fields.

The second reason is that errors of many years standing finally caught up with the industry all at once.

Those mistakes? Too many pictures—which also means too many bad pictures. Double bills—which means bad programming and a ceaseless demand by theaters for still more pictures. Misleading advertising—which labeled every picture as "the greatest ever produced" and caused a loss of confidence, so that few people any longer believe the honest picture advertisements. Censorship—which has robbed us of much of the vitality and vigor that is essential to creative effort. The necessity of keeping a constant weather eye out for the censor's scissors has, over the years, deprived us of the same degree of creative freedom enjoyed by literature and the stage. When rigid requirements of conformity with arbitrary and confining standards force us to depart from honesty in storytelling, our hold on audiences weakens.

These are some of the factors which have combined to cause a temporary loss of the public's allegiance to motion pictures as its favorite entertainment. But perhaps the most important reason of all has been the impact on motion pictures of the great new contender for America's leisure-time attention—television.

Less than five years ago there were only 200,000 television sets in the entire United States and most of those were in bars and taverns. Today there are 12,000,000 sets in homes served by 107 television stations; by the end of next year, there will be an estimated 20,000,000 sets—with a potential viewing audience of eighty to one hundred million people.

Every impartial study already made has demonstrated unmistakably that television has lowered motion-picture attendance. Local surveys differ in their estimates, running from a 10 per cent drop to a 40 per cent decline for this reason alone. Whatever the specific percentage may be, the fact is that television probably has been the most potent factor of all in keeping people away from motion-picture theaters.

This is the situation at a time when television's potential is still far from its peak. When the present freeze on the allocation of channels is lifted, probably by the end of the year, approximately 2,000 additional TV stations which now exist only on drawing boards and in Federal Communications Commission applications will start to become a reality. In addition, color—which we motion-picture makers know to be a great audience stimulant—is no longer an engineer's dream; it is literally "just around the corner" in television. Whether it will be the CBS system which was given FCC approval, or RCA's new and startling development, some other company's process or a combination of several, color television is an inevitable part of the immediate entertainment future.

All this would seem to foreshadow more trouble for the motion-picture industry. The problem is posed this way: With 100,000,000 television viewers seated comfortably at home enjoying programs in color, who will ever go to see a movie? And the answer is this: In my judgment, more people than ever before—even more than during our best days up to now!

This is not wishful thinking, but the result of careful analysis of present conditions in the light of a lifetime of experience, and also of my sense of how the public feels. It is a logical conclusion to a set of unequivocal facts.

Motion pictures are a unique form of entertainment, and offer something that television—which is ideal for on-the-spot reporting of political events, wrestling matches, prize fights, Congressional investigations—cannot in itself supply. Motion pictures have a storytelling range, as well as a sheer physical scope, that cannot be reproduced in any other medium. And motion pictures necessarily mean Hollywood, which combines superior technical facilities with the top talent and best established know-how in the field. Hollywood is the logical source for feature films of the great scope and high quality which the public has learned to expect.

When we set out to tell a story that we hope will interest many millions of people, there are no limitations on the places in the world—or out of it—to which we can go. There is no form of experience or adventure or spectacle that we cannot create, from the San Francisco Fire, to climbing the Matterhorn, to a chariot race in the Colosseum at Rome. Films like M-G-M's Quo Vadis and the David O. Selznick production of Gone with the Wind, or 20th Century-Fox's David and Bathsheba, or Paramount's Samson and Delilah, and a number of other great pictures I could name, can be properly made in only one medium—motion pictures. Nor is Hollywood's unique capability confined merely to spectacular imagery on the screen. A story, too, like The Best Years of Our Lives could achieve universal significance only in that medium.

What does this mean in terms of the present controversy? Simply this: television must turn to Hollywood for entertainment of a kind and quality it cannot itself produce; and we, on the other hand, will find through television a large new audience.

Television cannot continue to hold its audience indefinitely if it confines itself to the type of entertainment it is now offering. It is burning up talent at a rate unheard of in entertainment history. Artists who have devoted a lifetime to building up great and entertaining specialties find at the end of a television season that their every gesture has become almost monotonously familiar to their audiences. This can do considerable harm to their careers if it is allowed to continue.

Long ago we learned in Hollywood that the public quickly tired of stars who overplayed their popularity by appearing in too many pictures in too short a period. Television will have to face this problem and also the danger of overextending itself in attempting to stay on the air 10, 12, 16 hours a day with its present material. When television has learned this lesson, it will be in a position to improve its hold on the public immeasurably.

And in improving its hold, it will need Hollywood. That motion pictures have a place in the public's affection unrivaled by any other form of entertainment is proved by the fact that already a large percentage of all television programs in important centers like New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston are on film.

No, says a founder of the modern movie industry, who has a fine record of staying a step ahead of the entertainment times. The public will hit the jack pot: better films and better television

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

More and more, television is turning to Hollywood for its supply of talent and for its production "know-how." Although Hollywood is not permitting television to show its current feature pictures, small producers are even now turning out more film footage exclusively for television than Hollywood releases for feature-film showing in theaters. But programs filmed for television do not now begin to compare in quality with feature pictures made for the nation's movie houses.

The current products for TV are, on the whole, comparable to the shorts and "quickies" of early motion-picture history. But despite their low cost, they are being made increasingly better because, given the opportunity, TV film producers are taking full advantage of Hollywood's knowledge and experience in the field of motion-picture making. Significantly, they are at the same time providing a new and expanding field for Hollywood creative talent.

The onset of television has produced a variety of contradictory trends in the motion-picture industry. So far, Hollywood's major producers have, generally, fought or shied away from television. Studios have bound topflight performers who were under contract not to appear in this medium—and for a sound reason. They did not want to expose glamorous stars to the flat lighting, the inadequate make-up, the imperfect cameras—all those factors in early television which tended to make even the handsomest hero or most beautiful heroine look like an anemic ghost on a viewer's screen.

And more important, they did not want to give aid and comfort to their strongest competitor. They reasoned also that if a motion-picture star is appearing on the living-room screen for nothing, the family is not so apt to rush out to buy tickets to see him in a theater.

Theaters Will Offer Movies Plus TV

But, in an effort to keep their audience, producers have been investigating every possible box-office stimulant, as well as methods for making films pay their way on TV. One of the major companies which has been most insistent on keeping its stars off television is today planning huge motion-picture theater-TV hookups, with great stage shows beamed from New York to all the theaters in the circuit. And at the moment, the first program for this added attraction is to be built around a movie star—Danny Kaye!

At the same time, it has been true that some producers, caught between falling box offices and increasing costs, have come to regard as their economic salvation their vaults filled with old pictures which TV needs desperately. Already a number of them have made deals to release these films for television, but mostly these have been companies or individuals that were currently in the red or whose reserves were not large enough to stand the strain of several lean years.

To my knowledge, none of the major production companies or principal independent producers in Hollywood has so far sold a foot of film to television.

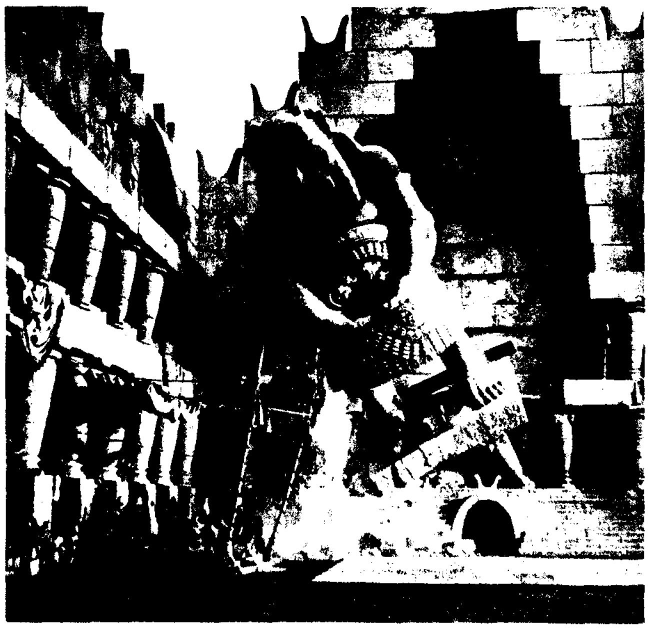
But, while in the main keeping its current or recent pictures from television, Hollywood, after initial opposition, is becoming more and more interested in the potentialities of "home box-office television." There are several such methods—Phonevision, Skiatron and Telemeter. The principle on which they operate is comparatively simple. They all depend on the projection of a "scrambled" image over the air which is "unscrambled" by a method requiring payment from the television set owner.

Early this year, Phonevision conducted a three-month experiment with 300 selected families in Chicago in an endeavor to learn something about the public's reaction to pay-as-you-see motion pictures in the home. *(Continued on page 92)*

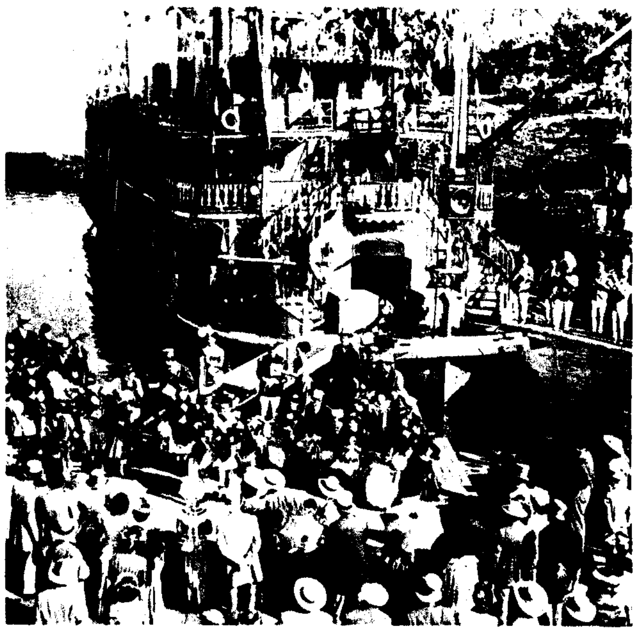
Could TV Duplicate These Films?

Goldwyn's production, The Best Years of Our Lives, starred Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Harold Russell, Hoagy Carmichael. The picture was released by RKO

Last season's Academy Award winner was All About Eve, a fine satire with Celeste Holm, Hugh Marlowe, Bette Davis and Anne Baxter

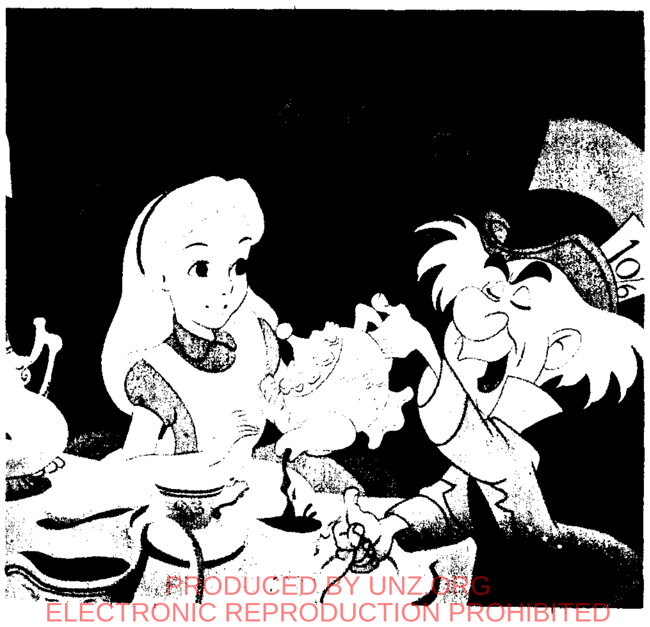


Cecil B. de Mille turned out Samson and Delilah for Paramount, great spectacle in Hollywood's tradition



M-G-M's recent musical, Show Boat, has been a big hit, piling up large box-office grosses

Only the special genius that belongs to Walt Disney creates entertainment like his Alice in Wonderland



Warner's Treasure of Sierra Madre, with Humphrey Bogart, rates as a movie classic

Pledge Brother Pig

[illegible]

Berle Robbins was a pig—but a millionaire pig—so the whole fraternity thought we should have him. It was quite a shock to find out that he had us

WHEN I went back to school for rush week that fall I had only one thing in my mind. Her name was Pauline Hearn and she had occupied my wishful thinking most of the summer, too. Although she and I were both pretty sophisticated—too sophisticated to *have* to write letters—I had written her twice and she had replied once. My first letter ended with a simple "I love you," the second with "I love you very much." She had signed hers "affectionately, Pauline," using the lower case. She was nineteen that year, a blonde, blue-eyed sophomore from Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

Rush week was the week before classes began, when all the fraternities on the campus entertained freshmen and tried to pledge them. It was a hectic and important time. If we didn't have a pledge class that was fairly large, then we would not have as much money as the rest of the houses on the campus and we would not be able to give as many dances and fish fries and other social functions, and that, so far as the coeds were concerned, was Worse Than Death.

Naturally, we were nice to the freshmen during rush week. We lighted their cigarettes, laughed at their jokes, and in general charmed them as much as it is possible for one fellow to charm another—and constantly we talked about our fraternity, trying to get them to pledge.

Of course, once a freshman had pledged, it all became gloriously different. He lighted our cigarettes and laughed at our jokes and damn' well did what we wanted. You see, he was on probation for six months; at the end of that time we voted on him, and one member's blackball could keep him from being initiated and get him kicked out instead.

The probationary period was no problem for us. We could put a man to the test quick enough. The thing was rush week and pledging the freshmen, getting them to put their lives in our hands for the next six months. Sometimes they were awfully hesitant about doing that.

I remember that that year, on Thursday night, the next-to-last night of rush week, I couldn't stand the tension of rushing any longer, and although all of us in the house had taken a solemn vow to leave the girls alone until after rush week, I shut myself, panting, in the telephone booth on the third floor and called the Theta house.

"Theta house," a girl said.

"Pauline Hearn, please."

"Just a minute. I'll see . . ."

The girl went away, and over the telephone I heard them yelling back and forth: "Pauline Hearn, Pauline Hearn," like a chorus of Chloë. Sometimes, during the year before, it had been impossible for me to get Pauline on the telephone at all. She had been so popular that I hadn't even been able to get introduced to her until after Thanksgiving. And when I tried to get a date with her, the only way I could do it was to get her to break a date with someone else. Hard? Oh, ho ho. In a society composed almost entirely of eighteen-, nineteen- and twenty-year-old morons, Pauline was a gentleman; she was decent and she was honest. I never would have had any dates with her if one of the fellows she was going around with hadn't been kicked out of school.

At last Pauline said, "Hello?"

"This is Rudyard, honey."

"Why, Rudyard."

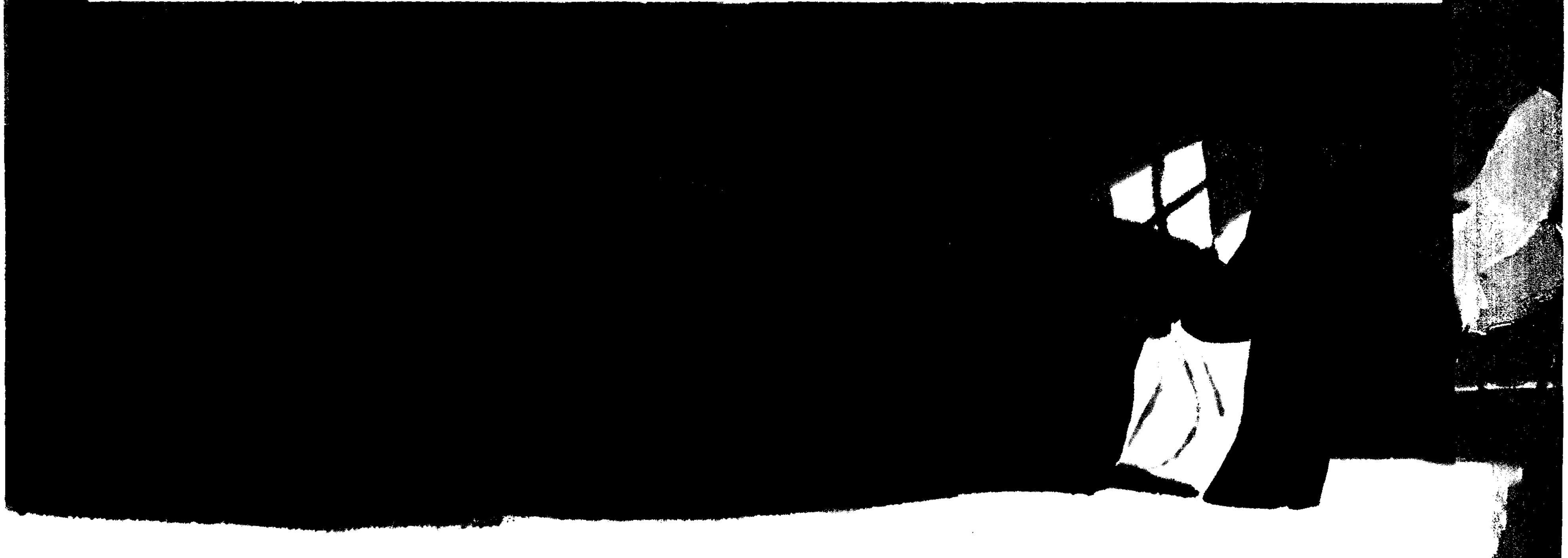
"Honey, can you get out?"

"Oh, we're having a rush party."

"Can't you come out for five minutes?"

"We're having a rush party, Rudyard, and they're calling to me now. I'll tell you what," Pauline said, "you call me tomorrow. I want to have a long talk with you. Good night, Rudyard, and thanks for calling." She hung up.

I opened the door of the telephone booth and went into the hall. My roommate, a tall, bushy-haired *(Continued on page 59)*



I hadn't been able to get a date with her until spring, and I had thought about our last date all summer long. Now, as I lay on my bunk, I began to think about it again

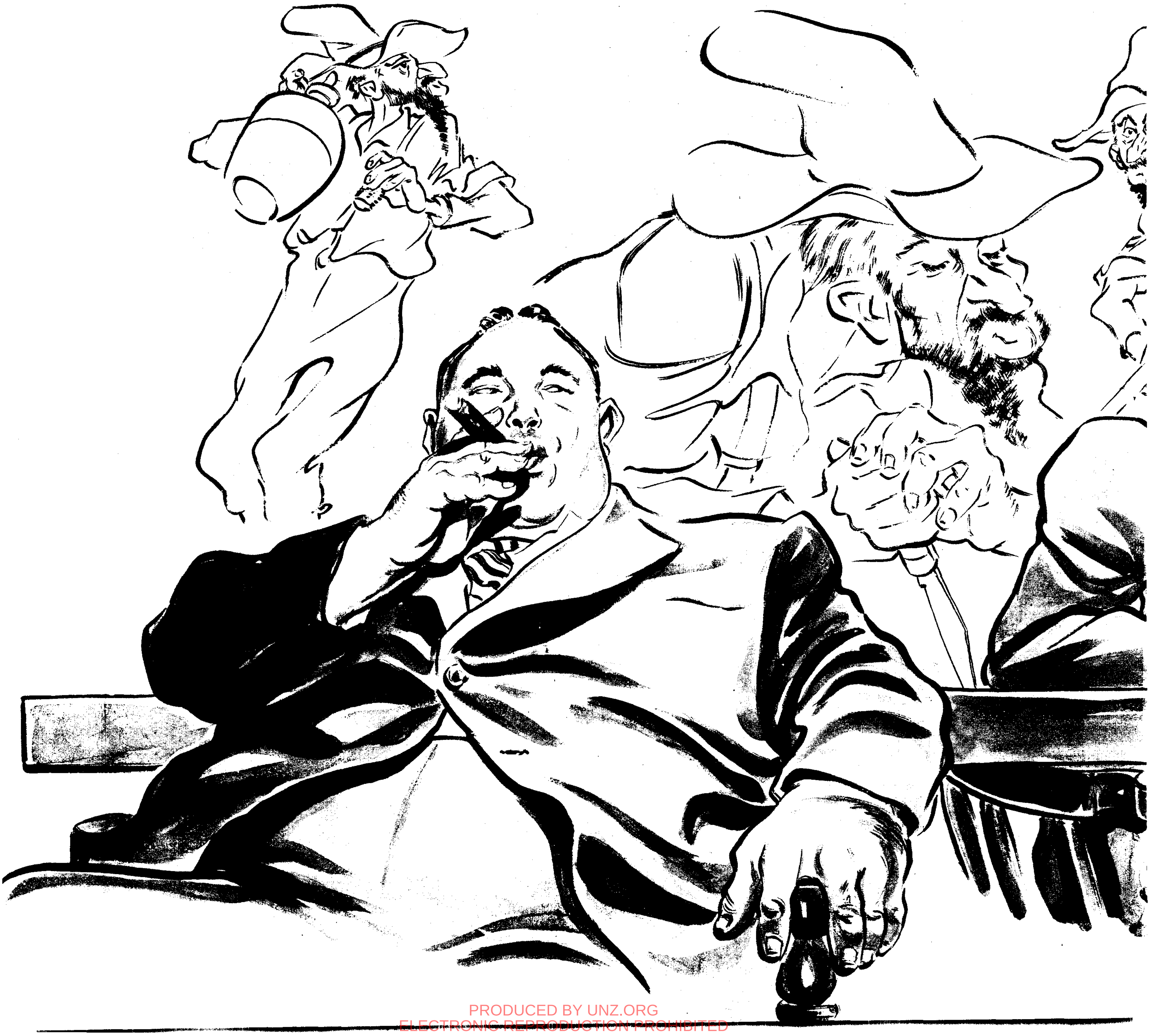
ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

The Mountain Boys at Yale

By RED SMITH

Old Eli's football destiny lies in the capable hands of Tennessee Poet Herman Hickman and the newly arrived Dixie Philosopher, Peahead Walker. The ivy halls resound to Boola-Boola, but now it's sung hillbilly style

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN



or Frank Merriwell Never Had It So Good

THERE are two explanations of the surprising deal that brought Douglas Clyde (formerly Peahead) Walker, a fairly famous head coach, to New Haven, Connecticut, as assistant to Herman Hickman, Yale's plump football professor. Mr. Grantland Rice, the poet, testifies that when he put the question to Professor Hickman, the Poet Laureate of the Little Smokies replied:

"I called for gallant volunteers to hold the elms at
Yale.
I wanted the Horatius type, the breed that never fail.
Then up spake brave old Peahead—the Tiber type
was he—
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand, and save the
elms for thee!'"

That's one version.

Charley Loftus, Yale's director of sports information, is the prosaic type, as opposed to the poetic. When he was asked how come the renowned Mr. Walker had forsaken his position as top dog at Wake Forest College to take a subordinate post in New Haven, he answered readily: "It's part of our de-emphasis program."

"De-emphasis?" his inquisitor asked, perplexed.

"We," Mr. Loftus explained patiently, "are de-emphasizing the faculty."

Take it either way, the fact remains that the union of the forty-year-old Hickman and the fifty-one-year-old Walker is, in the truest possible sense, a wedding of the arts. As Herman is a poet (Mr. Rice rates him the best poet ever foaled in the Little Smoky Mountains—conceding, meanwhile, that he may also be the only one) so Peahead is a philosopher. His speech has the nourishing richness of side meat; it drips with sorghum; it is firm with a marrow of common sense.

There was the time Herman and Peahead were loafing through a holiday at Herman's Blue Ridge Mountain retreat in Fincastle, Virginia, just the two of them sittin' and thinkin' and spittin' in the crick. The poet gestured toward the gray cabin of some neighbors and remarked that they were amiable folk.

The philosopher agreed. "Too poor to paint," he said, "and too proud to whitewash."

When He Was Refused a Pay Boost

When Coach Walker wanted his pay raised in recognition of his accomplishments at Wake Forest, he was turned down. Subsequently, he announced his intention of moving to Yale; Wake Forest alumni, students and friends thereupon raised a holler, and the North Carolina college offered a new five-year contract with an increase of $1,500 a year.

"Too late," the philosopher said. "I want flowers for the living."

He arrived in New Haven with a reputation for tolerance second to none in the South. Meaning that nowhere in Dixie could a large, gristly Yankee coal miner get a warmer welcome than at Wake Forest. ("Thank Heaven for Pennsylvania!" exclaimed Wake Forest's coach, a reconstructed rebel, during one successful season.)

"Did you," Charley Loftus asked, "ever happen to have any Baptists playing for you in that little Baptist school of yours?"

"We gen'ly figgered to have one or two on the squad," Peahead replied.

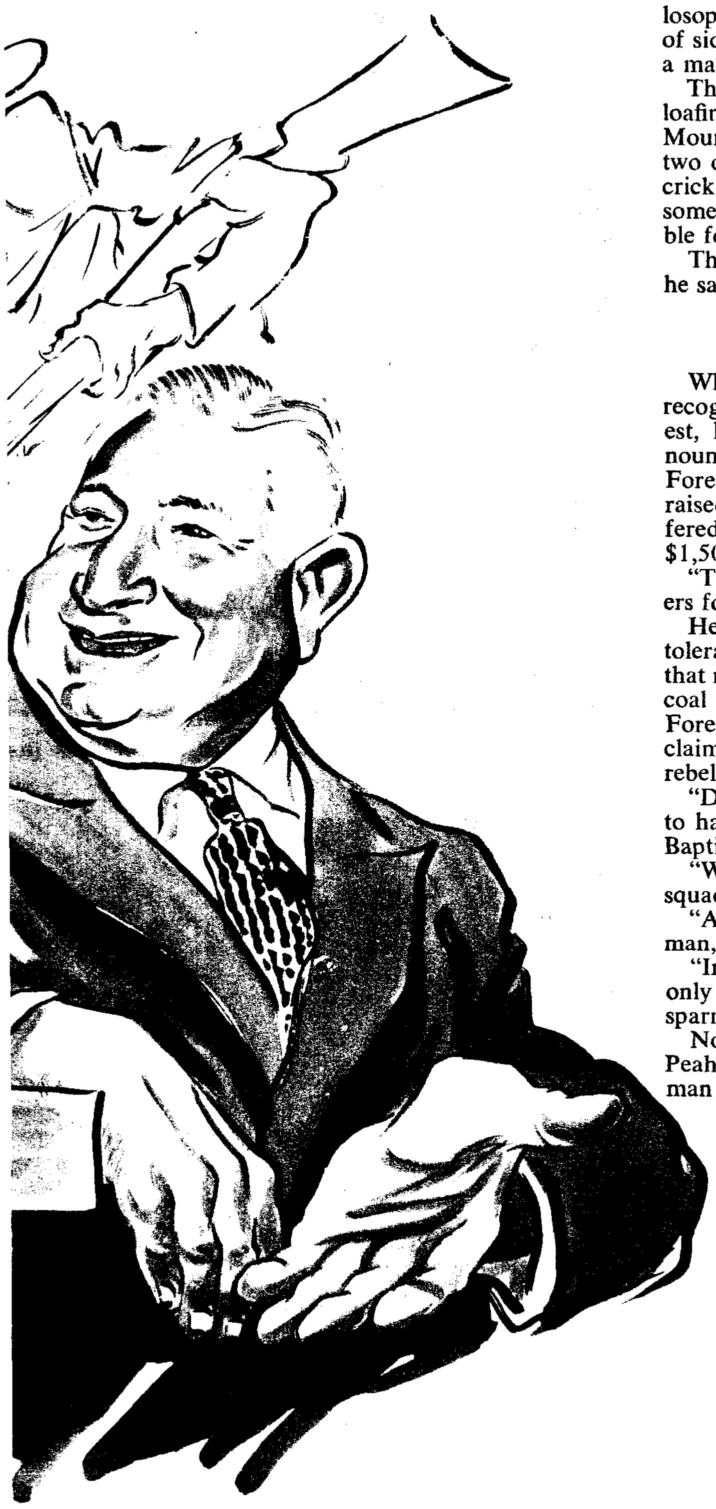
"Are there," asked Mr. Loftus, an untraveled man, "many Baptists in North Carolina?"

"In No'th Calahna," Peahead told him, "the only critter outnumbers the Baptists is the English sparrow."

Northerners who have read about but never seen Peahead Walker, picture him as a mountain of a man with a head the size of a jockey's fist. As a matter of fact, his nickname is just a typical Southern endearment, picked up when he was an eleven-year-old in his native Ensley, Alabama, and it has nothing to do with his appearance.

Peahead is somewhat shorter than average, somewhat thicker through the waist, but otherwise normal of construction, with a head of normal size.

Having answered to his nickname for 40 years, he is endeavoring to shake it now. He is addressed in New Haven as "D.C.," not as "Peahead." There is some question whether this will stick. A few years ago a man named Greasy Neale was an assistant coach in New Haven. Yale tried to scrub up his name and have him known as Earle. Greasy Neale's wife accepted the change; and the chances are Peahead's will, too. But it is too much to ask of anyone else.



Ex-rassler Hickman (l.) and former head coach Walker are old buddies —which is one reason why Clyde Douglas (you know him as Peahead) was willing to quit as grid boss at Wake Forest to become Herman's second-in-command at New Haven

Passing the Buck to the Doctor

Years before Northerners ever met Peahead Walker, Hickman was delighting them with tales about him. This one was typical:

The scene, scarred and battered football field. One player, prostrate, is surrounded by an assortment of people, including a doctor and Peahead Walker. The doctor speaks:

"Peahead, this boy's hurt bad. He cain't breathe."

"Doggone!" says Peahead. "*You're* the doctor. *Make* him breathe!"

"And then there was the time," Herman would relate, "when Peahead was rooming with a divinity student at Howard College. Last night of school, the divinity student borrows Peahead's best suit to wear on a date, and the next day they don't see each other and so, naturally, Peahead never sees his suit again.

"Years later Peahead is rambling around in Coral Gables, Florida, and he passes a church with a sign in front saying, 'D. H. Jones, Pastor.' 'I wonder if that could be old Bull,' says Peahead, and he steps inside.

"Sure enough, there in the pulpit is Peahead's old roomie. He's exhorting sinners to repent and he's got a whole passel of 'em hitting the sawdust trail. Peahead joins 'em, but when he gets up to the pulpit he stops.

" 'Bull,' he says, 'where's my suit?'

"There's no answer, so Peahead lifts his voice.

" 'Bull!' he says. 'I want my suit.'

"The minister looks down and lets loose a roar. 'Peahead,' he says, 'you get the devil outta here. Can't you see I'm savin' souls for the Lord?' "

Hickman and Walker first met in the early 1930s, at which time Herman was employed in the manly art of gouging out Jim Londos' eyeballs and wrenching off George Zaharias' limbs. Herman the Rassler was not yet twenty-five years old but already he had enjoyed a career that was not only checkered, but polka-dotted, pin-striped and tartan plaid as well.

It had included: (a) winning the state-wide Barton Declamation Trophy for his stirring recitation of Robert W. Service's poem Jean Desprez, as a fourteen-year-old schoolboy in Johnson City, Tennessee; (b) capturing the state oratorical championship with a resounding homily on "Daniel Webster and the Constitution" as a student in Baylor Preparatory School in Chattanooga; (c) achieving All-America distinction as a guard on the University of Tennessee football team; (d) establishing a shotput record at Tennessee which endured for 18 years; (e) gaining all-league honors in three consecutive seasons of professional football with the erstwhile Brooklyn Dodgers of the National League.

Now he was capitalizing on his platform presence and his sweaty virility by performing with Mr. Toots Mondt's vast troupe of professional rasslers. Drumming up *(Continued on page 62)*

One Week with God

By HOWARD WHITMAN

In a U.S. version of the Hindu "Ashram," men and women seeking closer communion with their Deity gather each year for meditation and prayer

MOST people reach out for God, but in a vague way. Some are more direct: They simply pack up their suitcases and go to seek Him. I went on such a trip with 208 men and women from all over America—people who journeyed by car, bus, train and plane to the lake country of Wisconsin to spend seven days with God.

Many of these were professional people. There was a liberal sprinkling of doctors, psychologists, social workers, nurses and teachers in the group. They were visiting God in a new way, a way which fused the spiritual route of Western Christianity with the highly intellectual, rarefied route of the mystical East.

This week with God was called an "Ashram" (Ah-shrum). The name and idea were borrowed from India, from the forest schools of Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore and other luminaries of the East. From ancient times in India, the followers, or chelas, of great men have journeyed to the forests and the hills, there to bask in the intellectual, spiritual and mystical light of their leaders, or gurus.

"Why not a Christian Ashram with Christ as the guru?" wondered Dr. E. Stanley Jones, noted missionary to India, who had attended the Ashrams of both Gandhi and Tagore. He liked the word "Ashram," from the ancient Hindu *Asrama* which, according to scholars, had two opposite meanings: "cessation of hard work," and "intensification of hard work." Dr. Jones took both meanings (cessation of ordinary, routine hard work; intensification of inner, spiritual hard work) and started a Christian Ashram in Sat Tal, India, in 1939. The next year he brought the idea home to America and since then, quietly and without fanfare, he has held American Christian Ashrams each summer under sponsorship of the National Council of Churches.

The one I attended at Green Lake, Wisconsin, was at a onetime millionaires' country club, where fleshy men and flashy women of the twenties had come seeking pleasure. To this fantastically lavish place, which now is the American Baptist Assembly, folks of all denominations had come to seek God.

They unpacked their suitcases and plunged straightway into what was called "the morning of the open heart." What better way to begin than by flinging the gates of their hearts wide open, telling why they had come, what they needed, what it was that nudged them out of their complacent niches back home and sent them to Wisconsin to seek God?

A good-looking, earnest woman rose to her feet and said, "I feel that I am very intolerant. I am forever assigning false motives to people. I don't want to be that way. I want to be a radiant, soul-winning Christian."

Her words floated softly through large, low Morehouse Hall, which once had been a gambling casino and now was the central meeting hall of the Ashram. Dr. Jones had begun the morning of the open heart with the simple statement, "All of us have needs. We are a fellowship of those in need. When this week is over, we'll all be different. This is an attempt to have God operate in all of us."

Spontaneously, without being called on and in no special order, men and women stood up and talked. Their sincerity was obvious and they were unashamed.

"I'm very tense, selfish and self-centered. I'm not giving my best because of fear," a plump, grayish-haired woman said. "I want to be free. I want to do what God wants me to do."

A young redheaded man with a crew cut stood up and said, "I need relief from a volatile temper and deep-seated selfishness." A youthful woman in the back row asked freedom from resentment. "I resent the fact that I resent," she said. "I want to feel kindlier toward people. I want to curb my tongue from talking too much."

She was followed by an attractive, prematurely gray woman in a trim green suit, who said, "People don't like me. I'm domineering. I have a harsh tone to my voice. I want to love people. My need is to show them that I love them. I pray for it all the time."

A young minister, glad to be away-from-it-all in the fresh Wisconsin woodlands, spoke out, "I want freedom from resentments against my own parishioners. I'm always telling people how to go to heaven, but often I seem to be pointing them in the other direction!"

A handsome man in his thirties said, "I need to surrender myself more completely to Christ. Then the disciplines of the Christian life will take care of themselves." An older woman followed him, "I want to be so filled with the Holy Spirit that I don't even have to think about my actions, that my life will be a Christian life automatically." A Negro man arose and said, "I am here for the purpose of saying 'yes' to the Lord. I want my life entirely surrendered to God. So far as I am concerned life is vain without Christ at the center."

They went on reciting their needs, spontaneously, without compulsion. None was more eloquent than a little woman with deep-set eyes and a soft, lined face. She spoke but three words—*"I need everything."*

At the conclusion of the morning of the open heart, Dr. Jones told the members of the Ashram, "Now that we've looked *at* our problems, let's look *above* them. Every one of these problems has an open door upward."

The idea of the Ashram is to find the door, not simply the door to a specific problem but, essentially, the door to life. The Ashram is a concentrated one-week search for meaning. "We have no time for a conference," says snowy-haired Dr. Jones, who manages to look like a young man at sixty-seven. "We ask only to be agents of God, to hear His voice through our voices, not to hear the 'wisdom' of men's voices . . . We have come together to study the meaning of our coming together. Instead of trying to find an answer, let's *be* an answer. Let's be, *in cameo*, the Kingdom of God."

A Reporter in Search of God

To live out their miniature of God's Kingdom, the Ashramites begin by tearing down barriers. Since in God's sight all men are brothers, they are brothers at the Ashram. Without backslapping or maudlin emphasis, they simply call one another Brother George, Brother Henry or Sister Martha, as the case may be, and Dr. Jones is Brother Stanley.

Next to fall is the barrier of race. Black or white, the Ashramites eat together, play together, pray together. In some cases Negroes and whites room together, sometimes not knowing about it until they open the door and meet their roommates —and certainly not caring. "We no longer see a person of a certain race," Dr. Jones says quietly. "We simply see a person for whom Christ died."

Barriers of class and (*Continued on page* 40)

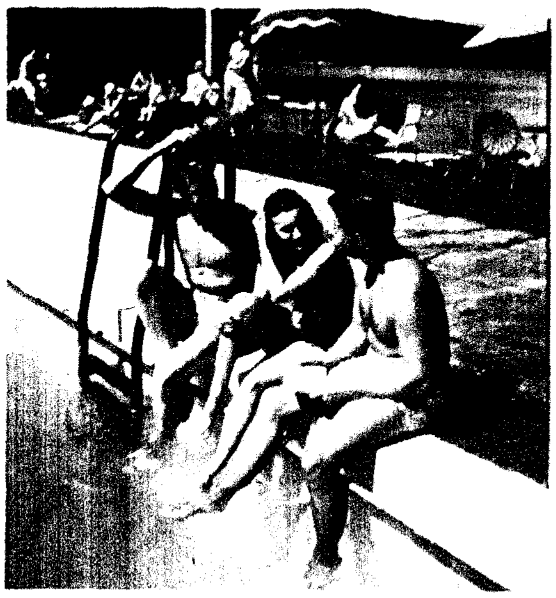
Dr. E. Stanley Jones, Ashram leader, has jus

Men work hour each day. Foreman (in jacket) is James Henderson, Chicago bakery executive

said, "The Lord has risen," and the group has answered, "The Lord has risen indeed." The meeting is held annually at Green Lake, Wisc.

Dr. Jones preaches to outdoor gathering. He brought Ashram concept from India in 1940

The Rev. P. P. Philip, Mrs. Philip, daughter Sally, of India; Mrs. C. R. Webster, Chicago



Larry Gavel (l.), Glencoe, Mo.; Jane Crandall, St. Louis; Ken Brock, Chicago, discuss Bible

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

A Funny Thing About Treasure

By DILLON ANDERSON

I and Claudie only bought the treasure map to help out a friend with a sick mother. When we got to studying it, we found out the gold was located near a town in *very fine print . . .*

THE hot sun was still an hour or so high, and we could already see the tall buildings in San Antonio when we had the blowout. There was a sharp pop, followed by a sour, sick whistle; and we went weaving back and forth until Claudie got our old flivver stopped on the dusty shoulder of the road. Then nothing dented the dry quiet except the husky buzz of a bull bat that dived in the still air above us. I put a stony look on Claudie when he admitted that the tire had been a little low that morning before we left Rockport.

Now, I and Claudie both had money in our pockets—folding money, too—for the first time in weeks, after breaking a crap game at Rockport the night before. Also, it was Claudie's department to keep the car in shape so as to allow me more time for bigger things like making contacts and plans. But do you suppose that big chinchy lug had spent one dime to get the tire fixed in Rockport? No, not Claudie. "It was only a slow leak, Clint," he explained, "so I got the tire extra full where the air was free. I figured it ought to last all the way to San Antonio."

"Claudie," I said, "a slow leak is a lot like one of your sins that has not found you out. It's only waiting to bust right out in the open and put a real crimp in your life."

"Well, you're the boss," he said, "so I guess you're right."

About that time a fellow came along in an older car than ours, and I waved him down. As he climbed out and offered to lend us a jack and a blowout patch, I could see that he was about the countriest-looking citizen I'd laid eyes on in the whole state of Texas. The several days' growth of sandy beard on his lean jaw just about matched his frayed-out straw hat. Some of his teeth were gone and some were gold, and on the little finger of his left hand he wore a silver ring with a big green stone in it.

I put Claudie right to work on the flat tire; then our country friend told us his name was Jonas Lord, and he was on his way to Boerne to take in the Kendall County Fair. He went on to say that there wasn't a better fair in Texas, except maybe the State Fair at Dallas.

"Where's Boerne?" I asked him.

"About thirty miles on the other side of San Antonio," he answered.

"We may see you there; we're about due for a fair," I told him as I peeled a dollar bill off of my money and handed it to him. "Buy yourself a nice treat at the fair, Jonas." He allowed he didn't want to take the money, but he didn't try quite hard enough to give it back before Claudie had our tire fixed; then he drove on ahead of us.

That night in San Antonio, I and Claudie didn't find anything that we were not ready to leave the next morning, so we drove on to Boerne. We got there before noon and went straight to the fairgrounds.

It was September and the weather was still hot and dry, but we didn't notice the dusty heat much since the place was fairly alive with cold watermelons, cotton candy, and shaved ice that had red cherry flavoring poured over it. We also found Jonas Lord, and since he seemed so glad to see us, I asked him to help us take in the Kendall County Fair. Jonas said he sure would like to, but he wanted to be certain we'd let him pay his own way; he didn't want to impose on us.

We started off with the fat stock show and the fine poultry exhibits. We were just in time, too, for the award of the pickled-fruit prizes. We saw a good dusty rodeo and a quarter-horse race. We all threw baseballs at a target that, when you hit it, sprung a trap and dropped a girl into a tank full of cold water. Then there was a long band concert, followed by a good, loud patriotic speaking. Afterward, we saw a dead calf with two heads, and watched a weight-lifting contest that I'd have put Claudie in if we hadn't had plenty of money left from that Rockport crap game. Late that afternoon we sat twice through a dancing-girl show and stayed on for the concert. Claudie bought a button that said, "Oh, You Kid," and pinned it on his coat. Oh, we were all eating high on the hog at the Kendall County Fair.

That night Claudie just about cut the management to pieces at the place where you pay a nickel and swing the sledge hammer to make a little gadget fly up a pole with a bell on the top. Every time Claudie swung, he rang the bell, and the fat man had to give him a ten-cent cigar. Pretty soon the fat man started whining. "Come on over, folks," he said, "I can't stand this. I'm going broke." But he let Claudie swing on at a nickel a swing while the crowd moved in, and in no time at all I had my hat full of cigars.

Jonas Lord just stood there with his eyes and mouth hanging open, watching Claudie go. I knew by this time that Jonas admired us both very much, but here it was plain that my man Claudie was making a real hit with him. Jonas finally spoke up and said to me that nobody but a professional could swing a sledge hammer the way Claudie could.

"No, Jonas," I told him, "we're just having a little fun here at the fair. We probably won't even smoke up all these here cigars. Have one."

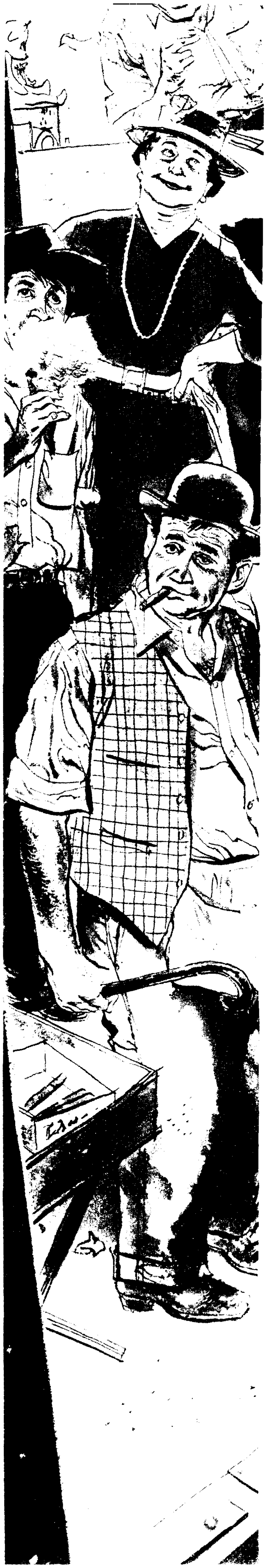
ALL this time the crowd got bigger and bigger. In spite of everything the fat man said, they were all pulling for Claudie, and it went to his head. Claudie, who had been too chinchy the day before to have our tire fixed, was buying tickets twenty at a time and peeling dollar bills off his roll of Rockport money. Finally Jonas pulled me off a little to one side and said he really could use a man like Claudie—not swinging a sledge hammer, he explained—swinging a pick.

"No, Jonas," I said. "Claudie works for me, and, besides, he's only doing this to pleasure himself."

"I need some help from a man that can read maps, too," Jonas said in a more confidential tone of voice.

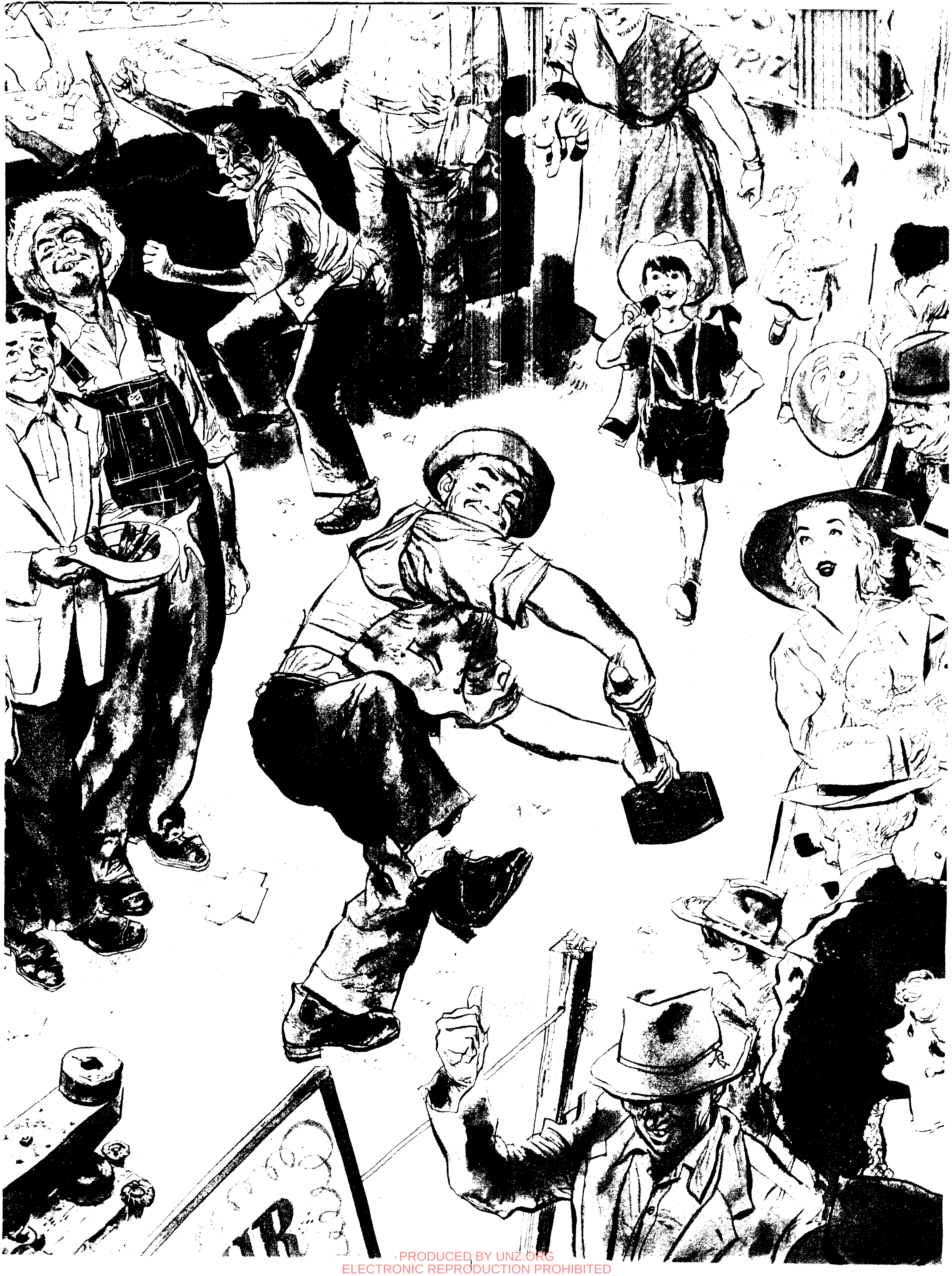
"Well," I told him, "I don't believe Claudie would be worth a damn at that; he even has a lot of trouble with road maps."

(Continued on page 87)



Every time Claudie swung, he rang the bell, and the fat man had to give him a ten-cent cigar. But he let Claudie swing on at a nickel a swing, and in no time at all I had a hatful of cigars

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

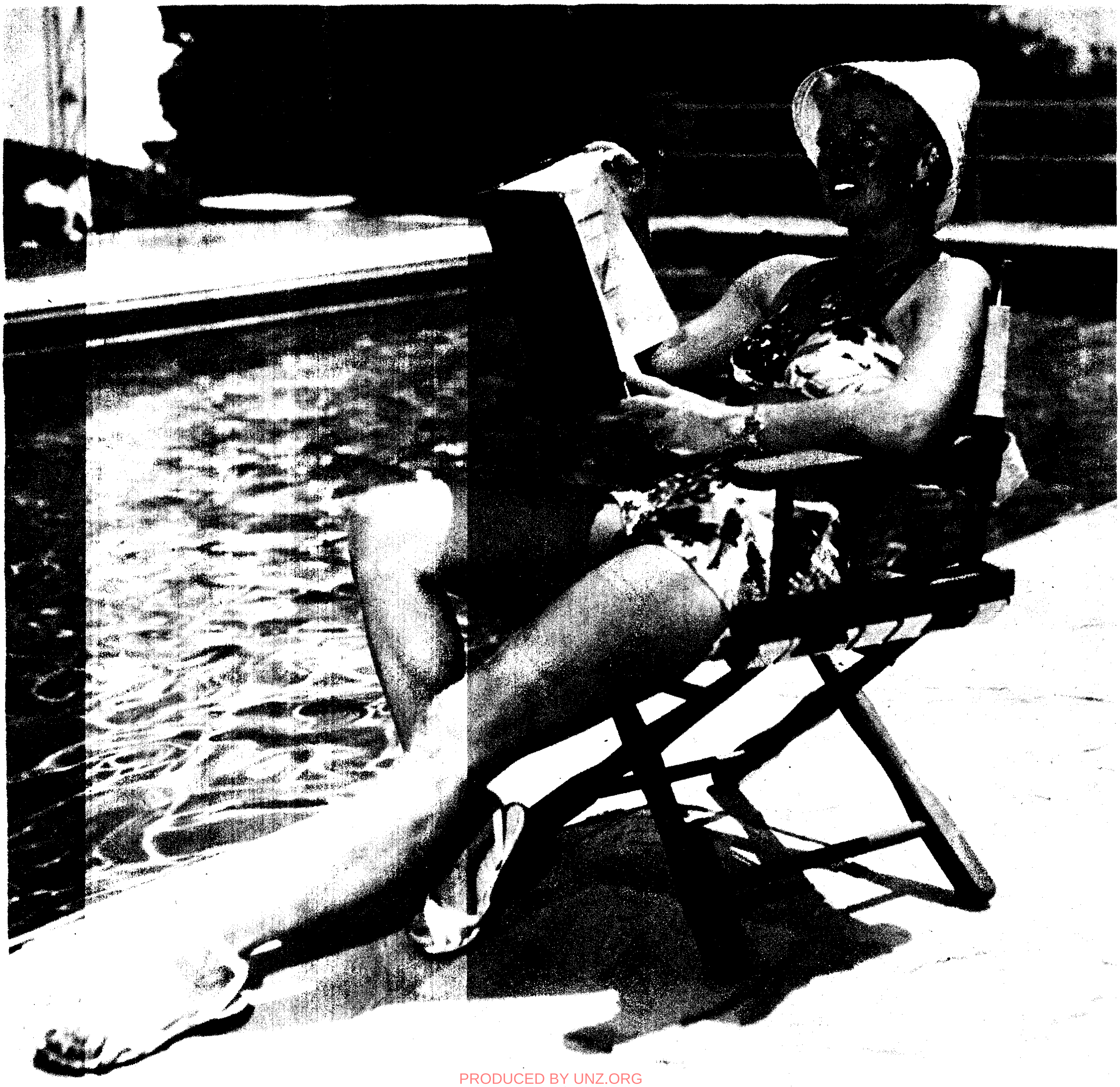

PRIZ
TR

Ginger, actor Tom Helmore, and (r.) Louis Verneuil, who created Love and Let Love especially for Miss Rogers

New GINGER on

Still a treat to the customers after 25 years in show business, a vibrant, ever-youthful Ginger Rogers returns to the stage. The vehicle: a play made to order for Hollywood's jolly Rogers

By NOEL BUSCH



Broadway

In play, Ginger portrays actress who loves twice in vain, finally marries real love (Helmore)

GINGER ROGERS, a gay, ebullient individual who readily admits to forty while still looking like any man's dream girl, approaches life with the simple conviction that it's to be enjoyed. So far, she has been unusually successful in this respect: Her life has been a highly pleasant one, during which triumph has piled upon triumph, in vaudeville, on the musical stage and later—and most emphatically—in films. Now she has taken to the boards once again, for her first stage appearance in more than 20 years, and her attitude is just what you might expect. She's as excited as a teen-ager and happy as a pup.

In recent months, the legitimate stage has been wooed by such other Hollywood actresses as Gloria Swanson, Olivia de Havilland, Olga San Juan and Ann Sothern. For most of them, it's been an experience to be approached with at least a little trepidation. While waiting for her play, Love and Let Love, to open on Broadway, Ginger showed an occasional trace of nervousness, too. But in general, she saw it as a big lark.

"I guess this thing is epidemic," she told an acquaintance shortly before opening night. "Everyone asks, why do these girls do it? And then the rumors start: She's slipping at the box office, she's insanely ambitious, she's got a neurotic drive for power or fame.

"Look, let's not get Freudian about *me*. The last time I consulted my psyche, it was just as serene as could be. I just want to do a play; it's that simple. I think it'll be fun!"

As a matter of fact, the play might be said to have been written with just that in mind. A light, frolicsome affair involving the complicated amours of a flamboyant young actress, it was tailored expressly for Miss Rogers by Louis Verneuil, the French playwright (now domiciled in Hollywood) who wrote last year's Broadway hit, Affairs of State.

Ginger readily admits that Love and Let Love is a frothy, bubbly confection, but she feels that the spectators will enjoy it as much as the star. And she frankly states that she's more interested in winning an audience than in winning a Critics' Award.

It takes a certain lack of self-consciousness for an actress to talk that way, and Miss Rogers is singularly unself-conscious. She is by no means awestruck by her position in life, or by the admiration which has come her way during her very successful motion-picture career. In fact, she talks about herself with a fluency matched only by her ability to see herself (as well as most other things in life) as something pretty humorous.

"Trouble with me," she may say, "is that I talk with excessive redundancy—and I'll bet you two to one that's not what I should've said, either."

This tendency to take life in stride makes friends for the actress wherever she goes. A besotted salesman who recently invaded her train stateroom with insulting familiarity ran into the breezy Rogers charm and went away weak-kneed with adulation. On the same trip, a porter named Henry was equally taken with her; provided by Ginger with a new last name, Aldrich, he responded gleefully to the accurately-mimicked, familiar, high-pitched and quavering cry of *"Hennnrry Aldrich."*

Not long ago, a small boy who pestered Ginger while she was trying to eat a charcoal-broiled steak was greeted with open arms. When his embarrassed mother tried to pull him away from the magnetic Miss Rogers, the actress remonstrated: "Don't take him away. I love him; and Heaven knows when I may find myself in need of another rooter at the box office. Later, she commented with a small shrug, "Why not have fun with people? What's the use being a publicized actress if you keep yourself in an ivory tower?"

The very thought of Ginger Rogers in an ivory tower is astonishing to anyone who knows her. In two decades of movie-making, she has appeared in some 60-odd pictures; during most of that time she was complaining about not having enough to keep her busy. "I've got more energy," she often says, "than I know what to do with." While she was immortalizing herself as a dancer and winning an Oscar for her work as a dramatic actress in Kitty Foyle (not to mention appearing in her share of filmdom's duds), she also found time to explore other territories, with varying degrees of intensity.

Her most publicized off-screen pursuit is probably tennis, and she plays well enough to have entered last year's U.S. Mixed Doubles Championships, partnered with Frank Shields, captain of the current Davis Cup team, but not well enough to last beyond the first round. She has also gone in for badminton, golf and skiing, and she has a fistful of medals to prove that she is one of California's better skeetshooters.

Ginger has not, however, concentrated solely on developing her muscles. She has engaged in such pursuits as song-writing, interior decoration, politics, sculpting, painting, and the study of astronomy, oceanography and French—and in most of these she has achieved somewhat better than average proficiency, even though her interest is usually on the casual side.

"I don't pretend to be a real student," she says. "If I get excited about a subject I go out and buy a stack of textbooks covering it. Then I read the top two, and generally never crack the pages of the others. But at least I *do* read the top two."

Occasionally, her hours on the set have led her into new off-screen activities. Some years ago, during the shooting of a film called Tom, Dick and Harry, she was forced to listen to Alan Marshall, George Murphy and Burgess Meredith—in the title roles—as they talked endlessly and enthusiastically about trout fishing. Finally, becoming fascinated by the subject, she called her mother and said, "I want you to go up to Oregon and buy me a ranch. Make sure it has a trout stream."

Mrs. Rogers did as she was asked, and now Ginger's 800-acre establishment on the Rogue River, with its 4R brand (Rogers' Rogue River Ranch), is her dearest possession. Besides helping her accumulate a personal fortune of a half million or so, it has contributed greatly to her announced aim of enjoying life—for she is now an accomplished trout fisherman, and the Rogue River is famous for its steelheads.

Ginger says she's both a wet and dry fly enthusiast, then confesses: "When *(Continued on page 67)*

In hot weather, the company shifted to Ginger's Hollywood pool for rehearsals

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

How MOBSTERS Grabbed

Minneapolis-St. Paul streetcar and bus riders are at the mercy of hoodlums who control the company. Fares have been hiked twice, service reduced, employees fired. Patrons wonder what will happen now

By GORDON SCHENDEL

WHEN President Charles Green strode into a shareholders' meeting of the Twin City Rapid Transit Company in Minneapolis, last December 18th, he exuded his customary self-confidence. But before the New Yorker could call the meeting to order, he was approached by four city detectives, hustled into an anteroom, and—despite his indignant objections, clearly audible to stockholders—frisked and relieved of the revolver concealed on his person.

The president insisted his hardware was merely a necessary substitute for the bodyguards the chief of police had refused him.

"I need protection!" he shouted, outraged. "A certain politician warned a friend of mine I 'should be careful to look behind me!' "

But though Green possessed a New York State gun-ownership permit, he was informed he had violated a Minnesota law prohibiting the carrying of a concealed weapon—and he was forced to face his company's stockholders throughout the meeting without the reassurance of his nickel-plated gat.

This byplay occurred after a split in ranks of the stockholders' group which a year earlier, under Green's leadership, had wrested control of the company from its former management. Enacted in the staid headquarters of one of the city's most conservative businesses, the incident gained little publicity in the Twin Cities, none at all outside the state. Yet it had national significance. It brought into momentary sharp focus a recent ominous development on the American scene: the expanding infiltration into legitimate businesses of gangsters operating on a national scale—with all that this means in possible resultant corruption of local government.

(Green, incidentally—using virtually the same tactics he employed in taking over the Twin City Rapid Transit Company, as detailed in this article—recently began an ambitious campaign to obtain control of the $28,000,000 United Cigar-Whelan Stores Corporation, which operates a chain of 270 cigar and drug stores across the nation. Whether he will succeed in this latter project is being decided this week at a special stockholders' meeting on September 25th.)

The Twin City Rapid Transit Company, which owns the streetcar and bus system serving the million residents of Minneapolis, St. Paul and suburbs, is a $40,000,000 corporation with 3,000 stockholders scattered all over the United States and Canada. It is a holding company, the peak in a pyramid of eight corporations that operate the system's 773 streetcars, 359 busses and 440 miles of track. Organized 60 years ago in horsecar days, it had a completely unspectacular history—until about three years ago.

Sensational developments since that time were abruptly brought to light when, on September 7, 1950, the Minnesota State Railroad and Warehouse Commission (which holds regulatory and supervisory powers over common carriers) opened a full-scale investigation—as Commission Chairman Leonard E. Lindquist announced—"to determine whether there was truth in reports that racketeering elements have become interested in the Twin City Rapid Transit Company." A special assistant attorney general was appointed, at the request of Minnesota's then Governor Luther W. Youngdahl, to assist the commission at the hearing.

"Where racketeering is involved in a utility such as this," Lindquist warned, "the public pays tribute to gangster elements without getting any return in the form of improved service or economical and efficient operation; stockholders may be deprived of reasonable returns from their properties; and attempts often are made to corrupt public officials!"

At the hearing, which extended over two months, startling charges were made in testimony regarding transit-company stock ownership and management.

However, for the background of the story one must return to 1948. For many years, the Twin City Rapid Transit Company had been run by a board of directors composed of prominent citizens engrossed in their own large businesses. Most had no heavy financial interests in the transit system and regarded its management simply as a pleasant civic duty. It was their hobby—as toy electric railroads are for other men.

Testimony at the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission's hearing disclosed that the directors' financial policies had been carried out with the cautious deliberation of a Union Club chess game: in 20 years they had paid only one dividend, of $1, on the common stock—which despite once having sold as high as $108 has long been listed on the New York Stock Exchange at below $10. During the war when the company, in common with transit companies throughout the U.S., had made unexpectedly large profits due to gasoline rationing, rather than "cut the melon" for shareholders the directors wisely had used these profits to pay off nearly $8,000,000 of the $14,000,000 bonded indebtedness. And instead of converting to busses, like most systems, they continued buying streetcars.

Three years later, the situation had changed to such an extent that Chairman Lindquist of the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission, appearing before a subcommittee of the state legislature, charged that "police characters, ex-bootleggers and five persons involved in the investigations of the Kefauver Crime Investigating Committee are large stockholders in the Twin City Rapid Transit Company."

Before mobsters moved in, Charles Green got control of firm, sold holdings at big profit

The more unsavory principals in the transit-company affair were Isadore Blumenfeld and Tommy Banks.

Isadore Blumenfeld, alias Kid Cann, alias "Dr." Ferguson, alias Fergie the Bull, is Minneapolis' most notorious citizen. Squat, swarthy Blumenfeld, or Kid Cann, not only is a gangster but looks it—from "sharp" tailoring to sinister stare. He has bossed the Minneapolis underworld—with the afore-mentioned Tommy Banks—for 25 years. During prohibition, he and Banks in partnership controlled bootlegging. (Banks in addition monopolized gambling.) Both have been mentioned repeatedly in hearings of the U.S. Senate Crime Investigating Committee.

Millionaire Kid Cann has been arrested more than a dozen times on charges ranging from picking pockets up to murder. But he's been convicted only twice—in 1932, when he was fined $1,500 for operating an alcohol still, and in 1934, when he served a year in the Minneapolis workhouse on another liquor charge. (Previously, in 1928, he was arrested in the shooting of two Minneapolis policemen, but his indictment was nol-prossed. And in 1931, he was arrested in New Orleans as alleged head of a ring running Cuban liquor to the Northwest, but successfully fought extradition.)

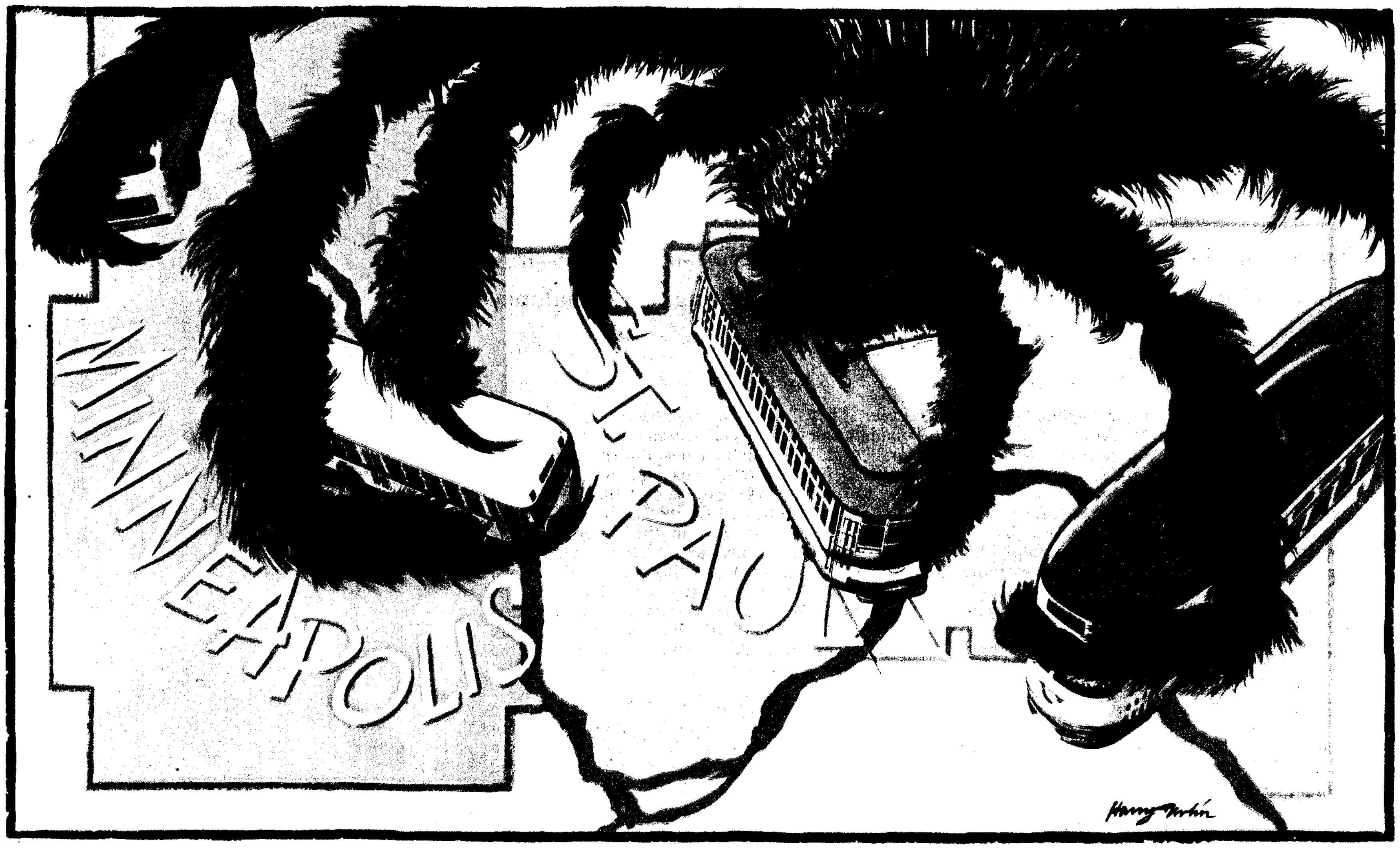
In the 1934 liquor case, Kid Cann, Tommy Banks and five others pleaded guilty as leaders of a huge ring supplying Minneapolis with illegal alcohol. (At this time, the other defendants in this case, Edward "Barney" Berman and Cliff Skelly, had appealed their five-year sentences in the famous Charles F. Urschel kidnaping case in Oklahoma City—in which each eventually served over three years in federal prison. However, last year Skelly received a pardon from President Truman, restoring his civil rights. Kid Cann himself had been indicted in the Urschel kidnaping, but had been acquitted.) A few days after the alcohol-ring indictments, Con Althen, the ring's reputed bookkeeper who had "talked" to the state's attorney, was found riddled with machine-gun bullets, in typical gang-execution style.

In the fall of 1935, Walter Liggett, editor of The Mid-West American, Minneapolis weekly, complained to police he'd been beaten up by Kid Cann and six henchmen, after publishing an article charging Cann with "muscling into" Minneapolis night clubs and establishing a gang-owned liquor store. Police blandly reported Cann "told a different story." So they made no arrests. Liggett nevertheless courageously continued his crusade. And on December 9th, just as he stepped out of his car behind the modest apartment house where he lived, he was machine-gunned to death by a killer in a car waiting in the alley.

Liggett's wife, who had been with him, and a bystander both swore they'd instantly recognized the killer as Kid Cann.

"As he shot," Mrs. Liggett told police, shuddering, "he had a snarling *(Continued on page 72)*

a City's TRANSIT LINE



HARRY DEVLIN

Twin City Rapid Transit Company, serving a million people, is owned by 3,000 stockholders scattered over U.S. and Canada. Gangsters have far less than half of stock, but got control through proxies of the unsuspecting

Stockholder Tommy Banks, one of two hoods who have run Minneapolis gangdom 25 years

Fred A. Ossanna, criminal lawyer, political boss, is new chairman of firm and legal aid

Stockholder Kid Cann, ex-bootlegger and now a millionaire, shares rule of the underworld

There Is a Man In Hiding

By CHARLES B. CHILD

Chafik had no heart for solving the murder because his son was missing, and then the two mysteries merged and the boy's life hung in the balance

CHAFIK J. CHAFIK, of the Baghdad police, took his place at the breakfast table in his house on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings. The swarthy, neat little man, dressed for the heat of the day in immaculate whites, accepted the homage of his family with the indulgence of a Babylonian king. He glanced at his watch, announced, "I am four minutes late," and dipped his spoon into the bowl of *liben* and honey-colored dates.

Leila, his wife, a serene and graceful woman, asked, "My man, you did not sleep well?"

She glanced at her son, a wide-eyed elf of a boy, and saw that his effervescence was precariously corked. Her look constrained him.

Chafik said, "The Compassionate One willed me a bad night. There were comings and goings and voices, and the most objectionable voice was the voice of a cat." He put down his spoon and looked at his son reprovingly.

Faisal began, "My father—"

Leila interrupted: "Faisal's cat had kittens."

"Five," the boy said proudly. "May I keep them? May I, my father?"

It was difficult for Chafik to deny his son anything, but he was incensed by his sleepless night. He sighed. "Ah, what base ingratitude!" he said. "I took this animal into my house as a homeless waif and—"

He stopped, for he suddenly remembered that Faisal had been a waif, too. It was less than two years since the boy, then an eight-year-old orphan, had been one of the pack of homeless urchins who frequented the Baghdad bazaars. Chafik had taken him from that life to fill the gap in a childless, but otherwise happy, marriage, and had never regretted the impulse which had given him a fine son. So, shocked by his unfortunate remark, the little man looked beseechingly at his wife.

Leila's head was lowered; she said nothing.

Chafik took refuge in attack. "Does not my sleepless night suffice?" he demanded. "Am I now denied the brightness of conversation? And must I have kittens underfoot, too?"

The telephone rang, and the Inspector padded on stocking feet to answer it. The caller was Sergeant Abdullah of the homicide squad.

Abdullah said in a voice of doom, "Sir, I trust you have enjoyed breakfast?"

"My stomach," Chafik answered, "is delicate this morning, and judging by your ill-omened croak it is well I left it unfilled. What horror have you to show me?"

"I regret, sir, a corpse." The sergeant went on to give details.

When Abdullah had finished, Chafik got his shoes from under the hall table, for Arab-fashion he did not wear them in the house. He picked up the shoes and returned to his family.

"The evil continues," he said. "Now I have a corpse. They found one on the premises of Mr. Topalian, the jeweler and antique dealer of the bazaars. And Mr. Topalian has vanished. Enough, therefore, of ungrateful cats and pestilential kittens. Respect my wishes and cast them out."

Faisal's wail followed Chafik to the street. The Inspector sought comfort in the wisdom of the Koran, and prayerfully hoped his thoughtless remark, which had distressed his wife, had escaped the notice of their adopted son. Knowing the sharpness of those faunlike ears, he was not sure.

"If the Devil had not given us speech, there would be less misunderstanding in the world," the little man said, as he drove away.

THE establishment of David Topalian was in one of the far reaches of the great bazaar. Inspector Chafik, who had left his car outside the Imperial Bank, where the labyrinth of covered ways began, arrived on foot, and was received by the tall police officer who had telephoned.

Abdullah said, "Sir, the corpse is that of a man named Esiah Constantine. He—"

Chafik gestured for silence, extracted a record card from his tidy brain, and quoted: "Constantine, Esiah. Aged fifty-seven. Resident of Basra. Educated. Assisted in the archaeological excavations at Ur in the nineteen-twenties." He paused and then added, "Believed to be in possession of valuable antiques—allegedly he stole them from the excavations. I will now face his corpse."

They went down a short passage into a vaulted room, cool and shadowy, and brightened by silk prayer rugs on the walls. There were many treasures in the place, which was an exotic setting for the colorful Armenian dealer who normally presided over it in a velvet gown and embroidered skullcap. But Topalian did not preside today, and the corpse of Esiah Constantine was not exotic.

The body was sprawled in a low chair with its head bowed on an ebony coffee table. Two cups, which had been used, were overturned, and drunken flies crawled over the pool of sugary coffee. The back of the dead man's skull was crushed; on the floor was a bronze club shaped like a lion's paw.

Inspector Chafik looked at the club and said, "Ancient Assyrian—a warrior's weapon. Mr. Topalian has a large collection of such relics."

He examined the body, touched the mashed head, noticed splinters of protruding bone, and announced, "The killer stood on the right, possibly after pouring coffee to honor—and disarm—the guest. Three blows were struck. Wasteful energy; one was enough."

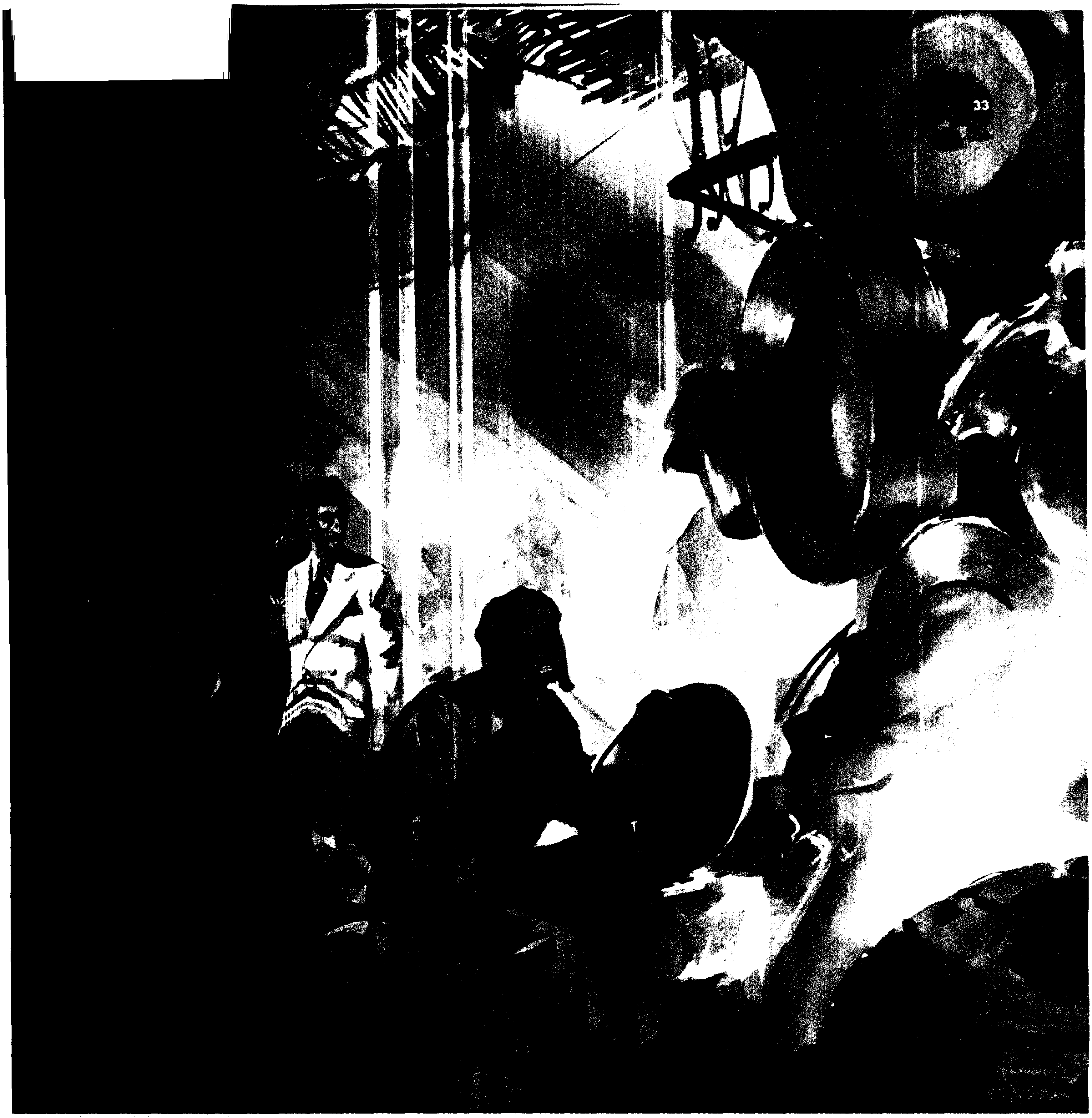
Sergeant Abdullah said, "Sir, the man has been dead some nine hours. It fits the time of Topalian's departure. He—"

Chafik wiped his hands on the coattails of the corpse. "Let us begin at the end, as detective stories are written," he said. "Who found Constantine?"

"The missing man's cousin, sir. George Topalian. I will produce him."

The sergeant brought in a handsome young man whose heavy-lidded eyes suggested that he kept late hours. He was nervous, and the ash of many cigarettes was spilled on his expensive, but crumpled, clothes.

"A candle that burns at both ends should at least gut itself neatly," Chafik said. "However, that is not my affair. Your name is George Topalian. You are twenty-three, unmarried, but not inex-



"Human tigers prowl this jungle at night," Inspector Chafik said, and then he finished the thought with a finger across his throat

perienced. You work for your cousin, who is thirty years your senior. You discovered the unfortunate gentleman who lies here. Inform me of the circumstances."

The young man would not look at the body as he answered, "My cousin expects me to open the shop at seven thirty, but I was perhaps half an hour late this morning. The door was still locked—"

Chafik interrupted: "Your cousin has a residence in the Jenub district; he also has a sleeping room above these premises. You feared he had stayed the night and would reprimand you for lateness?"

George Topalian's handsome face became sullen. He nodded.

"So you knocked?"

"There are witnesses. Our neighbors—"

"They will talk later. With diffidence toward an elder, you knocked, and there was no answer. Then?"

"I unlocked the door and went in. I saw Constantine."

"You knew him?"

"I knew of him—that he was coming from Basra to sell something."

"What?"

"A chalice. The funeral cup of a Sumerian noble."

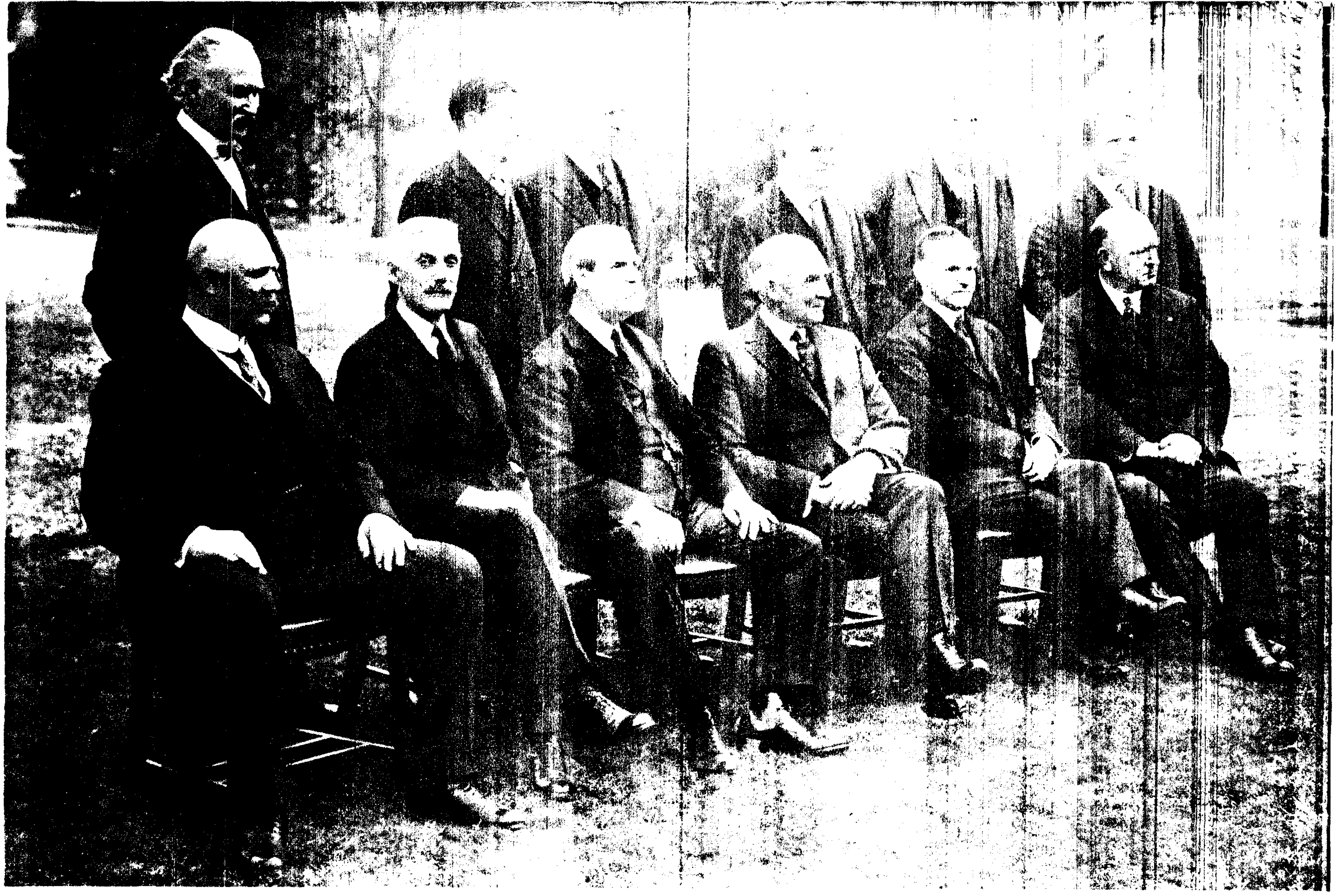
Chafik thought: So my records are correct. Constantine did steal treasures on that expedition years ago. Now he tries to sell them. And to what better dealer could he go than David Topalian?

Aloud, the Inspector said, "The killer apparently took the chalice away. I need a description."

The young man shrugged and answered disdainfully, "I can't help you. I care little about antiques; I like modern things. But any collector can describe the chalice; they all knew Constantine had it."

(Continued on page 50)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE



HARRIS & EWING

Harding and Cabinet: Standing (l. to r.), A. B. Fall, Interior; Will Hays, Postmaster; Attorney General H. M. Daugherty; Henry Wallace, Agriculture; Hoover; J. J. Davis, Labor. Seated: John Weeks, War; Andrew Mellon, Treasury; Hughes, State; Harding; Coolidge; Denby, Navy

S

This President, writes his onetime Secretary of Commerce, "had neither the full experience nor

By HERBERT HOOVER

VIII

I HAD been so nonpartisan in both word and deed during my first five years in public life that on my return from Europe in 1919 I had no standing in either political party.

In serving under a Democratic President during the World War, I had given him the full loyalty he deserved in his gigantic task. Some people felt that because of this, I had a Democratic complexion. They thought so all the more because of a letter I had written during the 1918 Congressional campaign, urging the election of men who would support the President regardless of party. I had believed—and my belief was borne out—that if Mr. Wilson suffered a political reverse, his position would be weakened in the impending peace negotiations.

But for peacetime I believed in two-party government. My observation of Europe's political struggles had confirmed this feeling into a positive fervor.

I had two generations of Republican blood in my veins. A registered Republican from my twenty-first birthday, in 1912 I had contributed to Theodore Roosevelt's campaign, and the same year joined the National Republican Club. All this was known to my colleagues.

My Washington war work had given me an intimate close-up of the Democratic party in its political aspects—all of which reinforced my Republicanism. It was obvious that the Democratic party was a chaotic combination of a conservative Southern group, a set of plundering big-city machines, and the whole lunatic fringe of greenback, "free silver," and agrarian fanatics and near Socialists. This third element had come to dominate the party through Bryanesque demagogy.

There were, of course, men of the highest purpose and ideals in the Democratic party. Woodrow Wilson had been a beneficent accident due to a last-minute compromise in the Democratic convention of 1912 and a split in the Republican party. Other fine exceptions were Secretary of Agriculture Houston, Secretary of War Baker, Interior Secretary Lane, Bernard Baruch and Vance McCormick.

I disliked such Republican phenomena as Senators Penrose, Watson, Knox, Lodge and their followers. But the Republican rank and file in the North and West, comprising the majority of skilled workmen, farmers, professionals and small businessmen, gave the party a cohesive group of opinion whose American aspirations I greatly preferred.

After my return from Europe I had taken part in the public debate over the ratification of the Versailles Treaty (which included the League of Nations Covenant) and had joined in the proposal to attach a reservation to Article 10—the one guaranteeing the territorial sovereignty and integrity of League members. A question had arisen over Article 10 in which, rightly or wrongly, it was interpreted as a military guarantee of the boundaries of every country which was a League member. It seemed a useless question to pursue, and I therefore joined in endorsing a reservation to Article 10 which would clarify it.

I had made many speeches in favor of our joining the League subject to such a reservation.

Shortly after my return home a host of friends—political amateurs—began to work for my nomination for President in 1920. A committee of engineers and former colleagues in public service broke out with measles of Hoover Clubs and insisted that I announce myself as a candidate.

It was obvious enough that I could not be nominated by either party, even if I wanted the honor.

KEYSTONE

Mr. Hoover and the Hardings returning to U.S. warship after touring Alaskan town. Shortly after the Alaska trip, Harding died, in 1923

INTERNATIONAL

Hoover visited West Point on Lafayette-Marne Day in 1920. With him are French diplomat Jean Parmentier, superintendent Gen. MacArthur

CABINET

Continuing Herbert Hoover's Memoirs of Public Life

the intellectual quality that the position needed." Able men were among his advisers, but others were crooks

When personal protestations failed, on February 9, 1920, I issued this statement: "I have not sought and am not seeking the Presidency. I am not a candidate. I have no organization. No one is authorized to speak for me politically." However, my name was placed in some scattered primaries, both Republican and Democratic.

Wherever I had any authority to prevent this I did so—except in one case. In California, Senator Hiram Johnson was a candidate for the Republican nomination for President on a violent anti-League of Nations platform. His nomination would have pledged the party to abandon the League altogether. None of the other avowed Republican candidates—General Leonard Wood, Frank O. Lowden and Warren G. Harding, who supported the League subject to the Article 10 reservation—would oppose Johnson in the state primaries.

My friends urged me not to disavow my name in those primaries, so as to allow an expression on the issue of the League (with the reservation). As the senator controlled the state organization, there was no possibility of his defeat. But a reasonably large vote for me might show enough protest in the state party to prevent the national convention from out-and-out opposition to the League. Therefore I consented to leave my name in the primaries—although I refused to make a single political speech or statement.

Johnson joined certain papers in an orgy of personal abuse against me. Their general line was that I was a British citizen; was possessed of untold millions, etc., etc. The returns showed 370,000 votes for Johnson, 210,000 for me—an extremely good showing, considering the circumstances.

Without any organized country-wide campaign, there were a few delegates for me at the convention. However, Governor Nathan Miller of New York put my name in nomination (as his friend William Ward explained to me at the time) in order to bring out the support for me in the galleries. He wanted the League, and he wanted me in the Cabinet. The galleries seemed to impress the Republican leaders.

I took some part in the Harding campaign, making two poorish speeches. Will Hays, the Republican national chairman, complained that they were "too objective."

The deeper issues were badly confused. Harding's main appeal was to get back to what he called "normalcy." It was just what the people wanted after the strains of the war—a sort of "leave-me-alone" feeling after a fever.

My concern was that Harding not desert his original position, avowed as a senator, of being for the League with reservations. But he wobbled a good deal. He privately assured me and others that he favored the League. Many of us protested to him whenever he leaned the wrong way. Senators Borah, Norris and Johnson, all League opponents, likewise bombarded him every time he leaned the other way.

As a matter of fact, the American people were moving away from the League and the Versailles Treaty, and soon public opinion crystallized. I have noticed on several occasions in our national life that after a long and bitter debate on some issue, our people usually resolve in the negative. By the election there was no doubt that they would not approve ratification of the League.

In 1919—if the Article 10 reservation had been attached to the treaty—President Wilson probably could have secured the two-thirds Senate vote needed to ratify it. But by this time, a year later, only a doubtful half of the Senate would support it. American sentiment steadily solidified against the League until it finally took its place in our attic of lost causes.

Soon after the election the President-elect sent word to me that he would like me to join his Cabinet. I had had little personal relations with Mr. Harding. Our first meeting had taken place in Washington during the war, when he was a senator and I was Food Administrator. He had been announced at my office late one evening during a period of particular anxiety. The thought had flashed through my mind

(Continued on page 79)

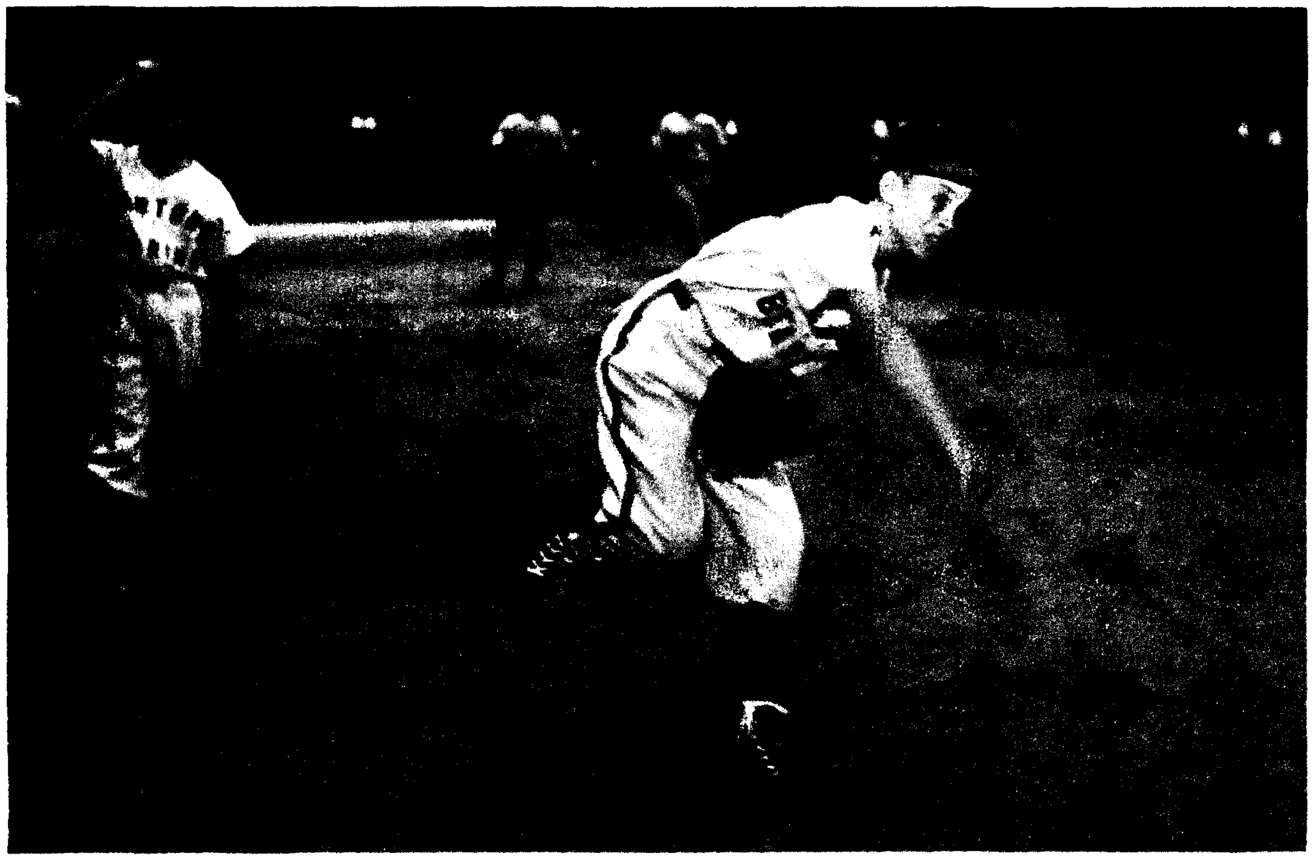
Two Little

RAY (RED) MENEGAY, JR., of Canton, Ohio, has a good right pitching arm that can make baseballs do just about anything he wants them to. His side-kick David (Bucky) Wagner of East Sparta, Ohio, is a fly-nailing ball hawk. Red hit .360 this season, which is rather sensational for a pitcher; and Bucky wound up with an average around .525, which is an out-of-this-world mark for anybody. Both diamond stars are only twelve years old. This season one of their dreams of glory came true.

Bucky and Red are Little Leaguers who play for the Canton Bearings, one of four teams sponsored by the nearby Timken Roller Bearing Company, which employs their fathers. This year, they made Timken's All-Star team, and, finally, by winning more votes from their home fans than any of the other stellar kids, they qualified for paradise: a chance to travel to Chicago's Comiskey Park with their major-league idols, the Cleveland Indians.

Little League ball, which has won national attention in the last two years, is organized baseball for boys from nine through twelve years old. Their game is scaled down to a diamond approximately two-thirds regulation size. And a 200-foot drive by Bucky Wagner for the Bearings is the gallant and effective equivalent of anything pushed to the 380-foot mark by the Indians' giant first baseman, Luke

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR SHAY



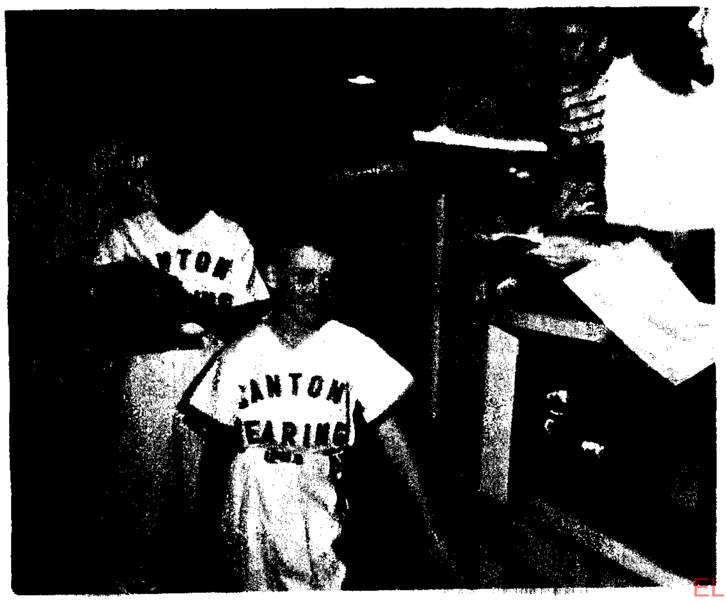
Thrill of a lifetime—Ray (Red) Menegay, Jr. (r.), Canton, Ohio, and David (Bucky) Wagner of East Sparta, both 12, went to Chicago with Cleveland Indians, got a chance to warm up with team before the game. Said backstop Birdie Tebbetts, who caught Red: "The kid's got talent"

Early morning induction into Tribe occurred when kids looked for mail at hotel desk with the Indians' Bobby Avila and Birdie Tebbetts

At breakfast, the boys ate little, reveled in game-winning tips from George Stirnweiss (left), Sam Chapman (center) and Lou Brissie

In locker room at Comiskey Park, outfielder Barney McCosky quizzed kids, found them up on game. Mike Garcia listens in approvingly

On way to field for warm-up with Cleveland Indians, youngsters walked shyly in front of Nelson Fox, the White Sox's second baseman



In interview by Jimmy Dudley, sportscaster for Cleveland's WERE, Bucky and Red said "hello" to teammates on the Canton Bearings

Big thrill for Little Leaguers was chance to sit in press box with Dudley. Indians gave them perfect day by beating White Sox, 7-0

Indians (For a Day)

Easter. The accomplished delegates from Canton were, however, far from complacent about the big-league jaunt to Chicago. They took it with the aplomb of beagle pups loose in a rabbit hutch.

From early morning to sundown for a full day, Red Menegay and Bucky Wagner sopped up joy without let-up in the company of their heroes. At the Indians' hotel, Bobby Avila, the second baseman, and George (Snuffy) Stirnweiss, utility infielder, took the boys in hand and fixed up the how-de-dos with such real-life supermen as Bob Feller, Al Rosen, Larry Doby and Jim Hegan.

Over at Comiskey Park, the crowds pushing past tried to catch an earful of the baseball talk Feller was pouring into Red's spinning head, as the great pitcher walked with the kids into the clubhouse. In the locker room, Manager Al Lopez helped them get into their Bearing uniforms. Kidding them, various Indians stopped by to flick the boys' ears and tug at the peaks of their caps.

Then Bucky and Red were out on the field itself, warming up with Lou Brissie and Merrill Combs. As Red nervously hurled what he hoped would be a big curve to Birdie Tebbetts, Bob Lemon looked in. "Don't matter if his mouth is open," Lemon considered; "might even help, for all anyone knows." The pitch was good.

Meanwhile, Bucky was eying the bat rack when Larry Doby walked over. "Here," said the big outfielder, "let me show you how to get full power when you swing." Bucky paid strict and eager attention.

In the dugout, before the game started, the kids didn't say much, just listened to the men who were fighting toward a pennant and feeling good about it. There was a lot of kidding around. Manager Al Lopez said something serious to Dale Mitchell and Bob Feller; both nodded agreement. Sam Chapman tousled the kids' hair as they left for their next big thrill.

Just as the game started, they sat down to watch from a rare vantage point, the press box, and "their" team put another one in the win column (7-0). They heard sportscaster Jimmy Dudley tell it to Cleveland over station WERE and got a chance themselves to talk to the fans over Jimmy's mike. But the clock caught up with Ray (Red) Menegay, Jr., of Canton, Ohio, and David (Bucky) Wagner of East Sparta.

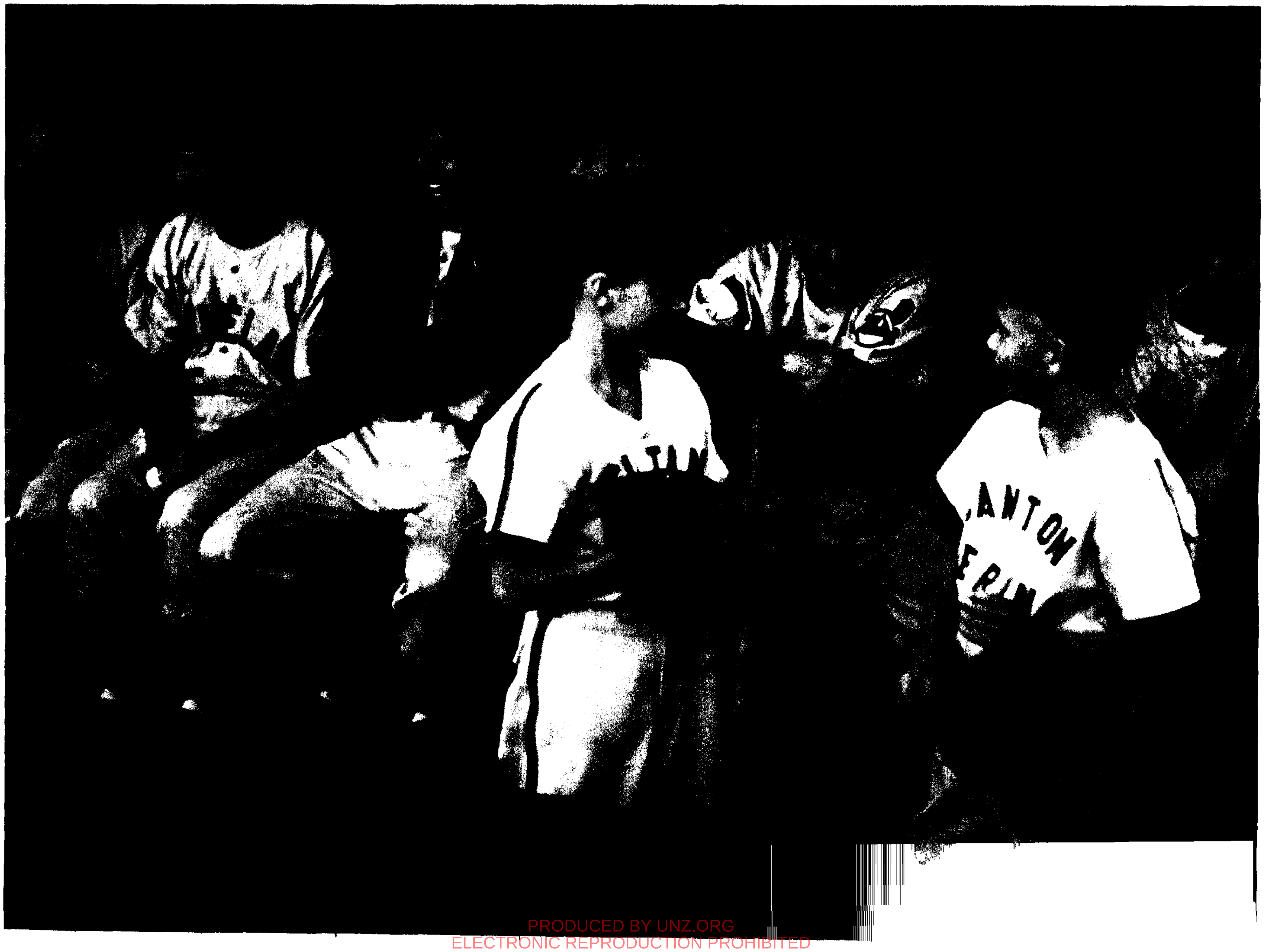
"You got to come back again, sometime," Bobby Avila said enthusiastically. "You see how it makes us win."

Both boys were dreaming of coming back—in Indian uniforms. But all they did was grin and nod. The dream persisted as their train pulled out for Ohio—and home.

ARTHUR SHAY

Cleveland pilot Al Lopez helped Bucky and Red dress. Al's son is Little Leaguer, too

In dugout, with Bob Feller (in jacket) just a hand's-reach away, Manager Lopez told boys to "love the game with all your hearts"



AFFAIR of HONOR

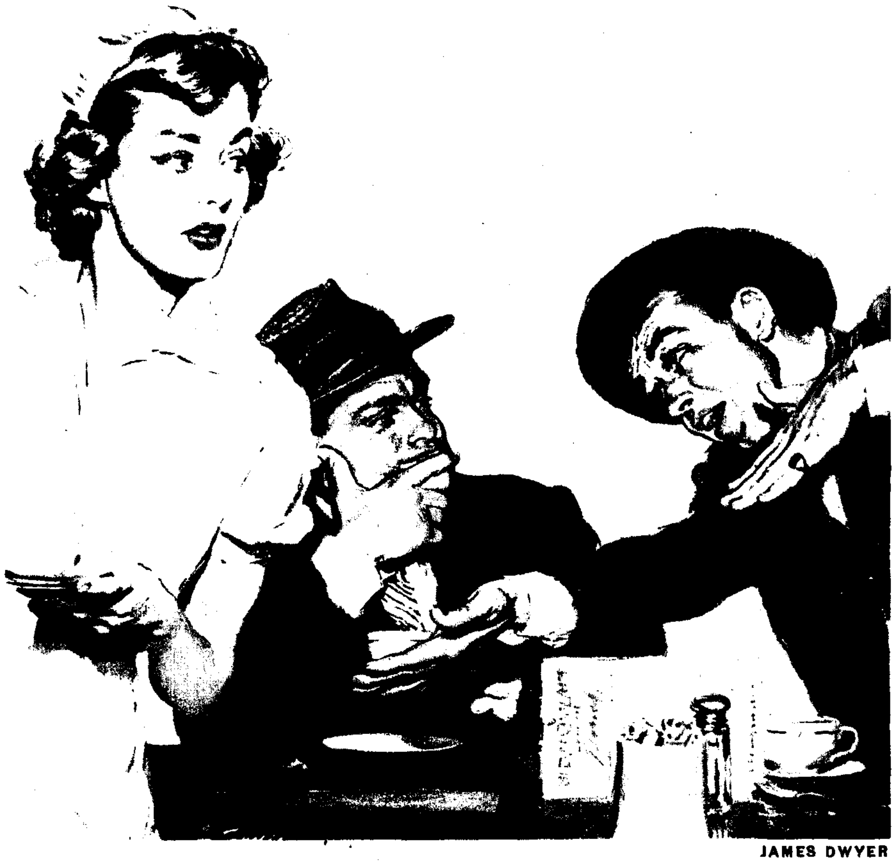
By CHARLES CARVER

SO THERE he was, barreling along at eighteen thousand feet," the stranger said, "and not a Jerry fighter to be seen anywhere. But Mankowicz was sweating it out like it was his first ride over Germany."

I looked pointedly at my watch, but I knew that wasn't going to stop him, and I had no one but myself to blame for nodding to him and mentioning that it was quite cold for this time of year. He had looked normal enough, dressed in his pin-stripe suit and carrying the usual zipper brief case under his arm. How could I have guessed that five minutes later he'd have me cornered and be banging my ear about some character in a bombing plane?

"This Mankowicz was a big blond Pole," he continued rapidly, "and he was supposed to be a navigator." He gave a short laugh. "Navigator! What a joke. 'T.O.' they called him—Target of Opportunity—because he never could find the primary unless he was in the middle plane of a big formation. Strike at Hamburg, hit Bremen. Strike at Dresden, hit Prague. They had a saying that Mankowicz thought wind drift was a new brand of soap."

The stranger tapped my chest with one hand and motioned to the waitress for coffee with the other. So it's going to be a long one, I thought helplessly. But he seemed so eager to tell me about it, so obviously afraid that I might go away and leave him in the middle of his story, that I stirred in the sugar slowly and reassuringly.



JAMES DWYER

"Then the second plane began the long slide downhill to the target"

"The pilot of Mankowicz' plane," he said, "got to be a pretty sharp navigator himself—he had to. One night, for instance, after a run on a rail yard near Leipzig, the pilot and Mankowicz went round and round over what course to follow back to their new base near Bordeaux. Mankowicz seemed so sure of himself that the pilot finally gave in, and damned if a field didn't show up just where Mankowicz had said it would.

"But when the plane taxied to a stop, a squad of characters in queer hats came running over, and the tail gunner, who could speak Spanish, gave the alarm. They were at Bilbao, Spain! The pilot poured the coal to it and they got away, in the nick of time, with the sound of carbines popping in their ears.

"After that little fiasco the pilot won all the arguments, and it was a lucky thing too. He made a monkey out of Mankowicz plenty of times and he rubbed it in without mercy. 'Pilot to Christopher Columbus!' he'd shout, after Mankowicz had pulled a particularly dumb bobble. 'We hit China mebbe you think soon, hey?'

"Mankowicz didn't have any sense of humor, and he either got sullen mad or just quietly hurt, either of which made the pilot feel swell, since that's the type of unsympathetic apple this pilot was."

"Yeah," I said. "I remember the exec of a can I was on just after Pearl—"

"Let me finish," he broke in roughly. Then he added, in a mild, half-pleading voice, "I want to tell it all."

"Okay," I said. "Tell it all. Tell me the whole story."

"Well, Mankowicz took all the ribbing like a little man, but you could sense that he was waiting for the Big Chance. Someday, he figured, fate would knock on his door and he'd wind up covered with roses—you know, like that 'dreams of glory' cartoon you see of the little kid saving Hedy Lamarr from a mad elephant or something."

"It never happens," I said. "I remember once off Tunis in a storm—"

"It did to Mankowicz," he said quickly, not taking his eyes from mine, "on a three-plane diversionary mission near Frankfurt. He got his chance to prove himself, a chance to show the pilot that his judgment was as sound and as quick as his. Sounder and quicker, in fact."

"How?" The spell was beginning to creep over me.

"It was broad daylight," he said, "about eleven thirty in the morning, and there wasn't a puff of ack-ack or a Jerry fighter to be seen. With the help of the other two planes, or maybe by counting off the miles on his fingers, Mankowicz managed to get his bunch to the target area without winding up over the Adriatic or the Red Sea or the South Pacific.

"Then, just as the lead plane dropped out of formation for the bomb run, they started opening up from below, and it was like seeing little brown balls of smoke materialize like magic in the sky. Only, of course, there were also little magic pieces of steel whistling from each one. A fellow could get hurt up there."

"Yeah. So?"

"So the lead plane got through and dropped its bombs before they got the range.

"Then the second plane began the long slide downhill in the direction of the target, and Mankowicz' pilot followed it at about a three-thousand-foot interval.

"By that time, the gunners below had corrected for the first plane, and Mankowicz saw a couple of beautiful bursts straddle the plane they were following, one above and one below."

"Got the range, huh?" I said.

He nodded. "Mankowicz realized it too. He knew that the next burst would be right on the button. So the guy's Big Moment had come at last. Quick as a flash, he yelled into the intercom mike, 'Navigator to pilot, turn ten degrees in either direction. Turn ten degrees in either direction.' "

"So he's a hero," I finish. "They all take him out and buy him a beer and apologize."

There was pain in the stranger's eye. "Not exactly," he said. "You forget, this pilot is a *very* smart cooky. He figures that if he does exactly the opposite of what Mankowicz says, everything will come out all right. So he doesn't change course even a tenth of a degree. Smart, see?

"Mankowicz yells again, 'Navigator to pilot! Change course ten degrees in either direction!' and the pilot yells back, 'Evasive action is what they expect, stupe! I'm going to hold it.' And on the word 'hold' a piece of stuff rips through the fuselage, leaving a hole a horse could gallop through. A couple of horses, side by side."

He seemed gratified by my expression of amazement. "You're wondering what happened, aren't you?" he said grimly.

I nodded.

"Well, the pilot told everyone to bail out. It was all he could do, since there was oil splashing around like a fountain and the controls were getting slushy. They had to kind of hurry."

He sighed. "They all jumped and they all made it in. In fact, they spent the next two and a half years in the same prison camp."

I COULDN'T help laughing at the thought that occurred to me. "Brother!" I exclaimed. "If they didn't give that smart pilot the treatment, there was something wrong. I'll bet he dug a hole somewhere."

"They took care of him," the stranger said. "Took turns reminding him of it three times a day. Three times a day for three hundred and sixty-five long days—that's one thousand and ninety-five reminders!"

"But you said they were in prison for two and a half years. What happened to the rest of the time—he go crazy?"

"No," said the stranger. "He bought them off."

"Sounds expensive," I said.

He answered slowly: "It wasn't money." His voice suddenly grew tired, incredibly tired. "They made him swear to tell the story, complete, to a perfect stranger at least once a week until he had told it once for every day they let him off—five hundred and forty-seven times in all."

"The poor devil," I said sympathetically. "Do you suppose he is actually doing it?"

He drew back, offended. "Of course he is," he said. "He gave his word of honor."

Before I could say anything more, he pulled a small black notebook from his pocket. "Would you mind signing this?" He held the notebook out to me.

I noticed suddenly that he was blushing. "Mankowicz," he explained in a low voice. "It's my monthly report to Mankowicz." THE END

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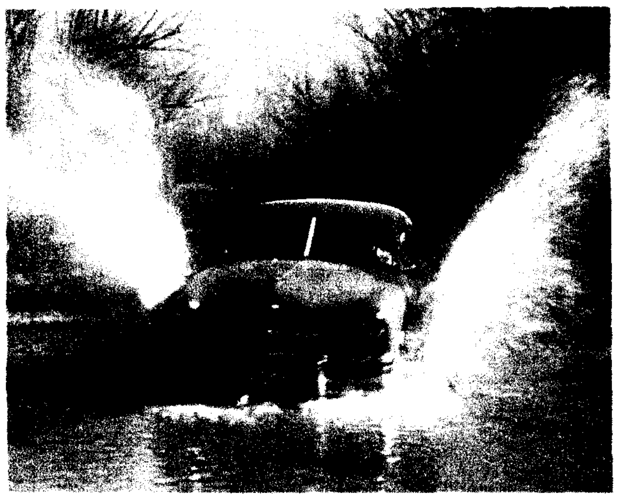

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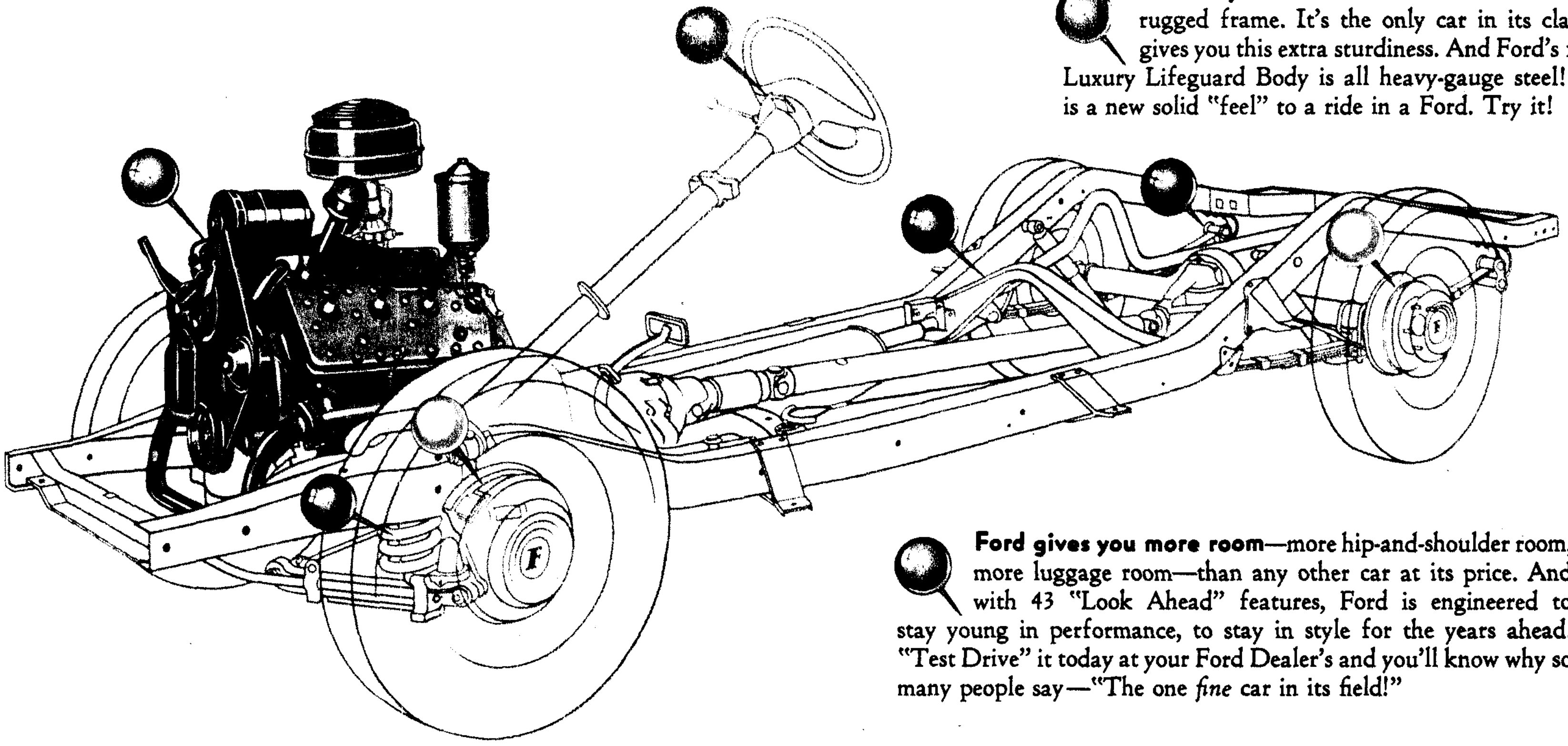

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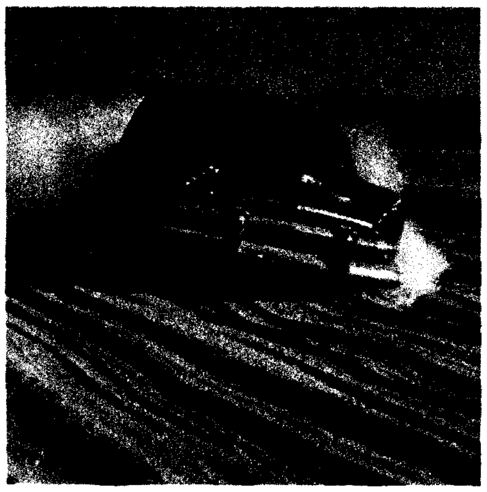

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One Week with God

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

cash dissolve completely. An executive bunks with a laborer, a society hostess with a shopgirl. All titles are left at the gate, exchanged for "Brother" and "Sister"—to an Ashramite "the highest title in the universe," one of them told me, "because it puts you in God's family." Even barriers of brains go by the board. The Ashram makes no distinction between "those who teach and those who are taught."

Finally the "barriers inside us" must go. Dr. Jones tells the Ashramites, "Elsewhere we're not free, we're not spontaneous, and we're not happy. We have masks on. Here, let's be 'supernaturally natural.' "

A Rich Woman's Luxury "Farm"

The assembly ground at Green Lake is a good place to be natural. It is, in fact, a good place for almost any purpose. The Baptists, who own it and allow the Ashramites and other groups to use it, can themselves hardly believe the story of how it got into their hands. They feel the only logical explanation is that God made the arrangements.

The 1,050 acres with a two-and-a-half-mile frontage along Green Lake was originally the estate of millionaire Victor F. Lawson, onetime owner of the Chicago Daily News and president of the Associated Press. His wife, Jessie, whom he met when they were singers in a church choir, was the prime mover in building up the estate from an original 10 acres to one of the wonders of Wisconsin—at a cost of $8,000,000.

A dairy enthusiast, Jessie Lawson put in cow barns lined with white glazed brick specially shipped from Belgium, each one wrapped in tissue paper, at 35 cents apiece. Each of her cows had a printed name plate in a glass-enclosed frame above its stall. Because her Jerseys had to go over a hill to get to pasture, she spent $45,000 on a tunnel to spare them the exertion. Her barn staff wore spotless white uniforms, and if a neighboring farmer came by to bid on a calf he was first stopped at the barn door by one of these attendants to have his shoes scraped, lest he introduce germs.

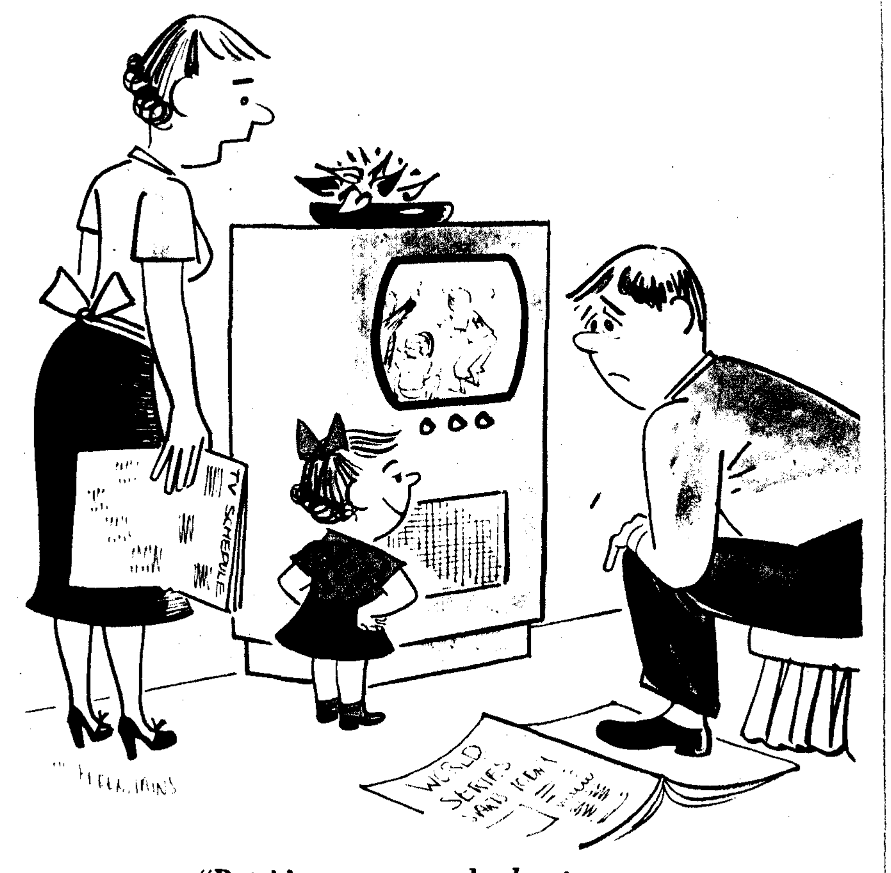
Although it is doubtful that Jessie Lawson foresaw the eventual use to which her rustic realm would be put, the architecture certainly had a prophetic tang. She built her 280-foot Guernsey barn (now known as "the Abbey") with a huge Gothic window at one end flanked by twin silos which make it look like a rural version of Notre Dame Cathedral. Her bull barn with its expensive hardwood paneling easily became one of the several lodges for delegates to religious functions, and the nearby silo now is ideal as a prayer tower. The sheep barn, which she thoughtfully equipped with central heating, is extremely comfortable for winter delegates. And when rural ministers get together, they couldn't ask for a finer meeting place than what once was Mrs. Lawson's pine-paneled piggery.

After the death of the Lawsons (Jessie in 1914, Victor in 1925) their estate was sold to a Chicago realty firm. The shoot-the-works twenties were at their shootingest and Lone Tree Farm, as the Lawsons had called it, was energetically converted into the Lawsonia Country Club—complete with Hollywood swimming pool, swank Normandy-style hotel, excellent golf course and diverse other accouterments, including a gambling casino made out of Mr. Lawson's enormous garage.

This bubble burst with the depression, though the estate continued to function as a resort under tutelage of a Chicago bank until 1943. Then the chauffeured cars which had spun playfolk up from Chicago and Milwaukee were stalled by the gas shortage, and Lawsonia closed its doors.

The American Baptists bought the estate for $300,000 (Mrs. Lawson had spent $300,000 for swamp drainage alone), and found it eminently convertible to a religious assembly ground. One of the first

SISTER



"But it's a program she has to watch. It's a school assignment"

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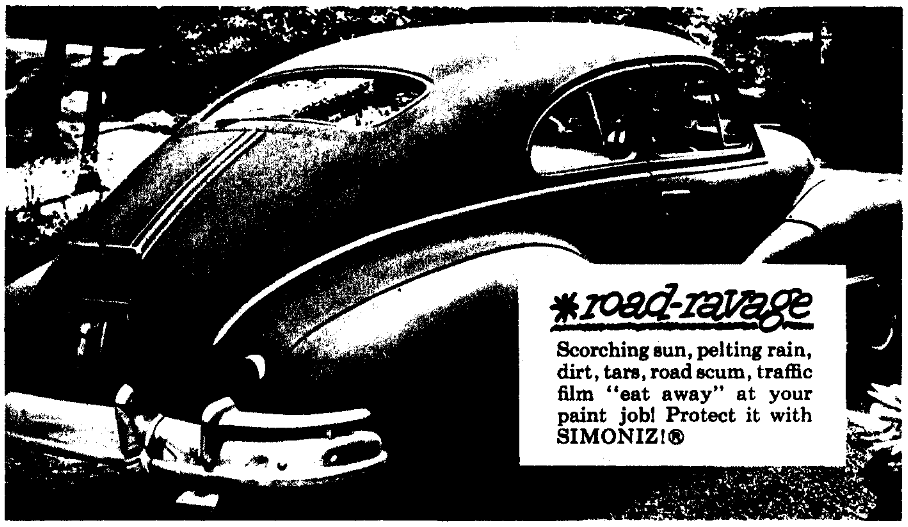

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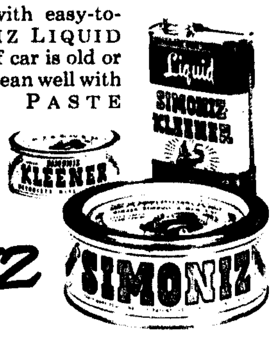

TODAY MORE THAN EVER
Motorists wise SIMONIZ
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official acts was to rename the Lawsonia Hotel the Roger Williams Inn and remove slot machines from the basement.

The members of the Ashram, many of whom came by bus rather than chauffeured limousine, enjoyed—in their "supernaturally natural" way—all of the luxurious trappings. They swam in the Hollywood pool, played tennis, lolled on the hotel's rich terrace, went speedboating on the lake. That's part of the Ashram. "Piety set to music," Dr. Jones called it, "a gaiety that laughs at the rhythm of things." As a girl Ashramite put it, "Religion isn't something to go around crying about."

The Ashramites had their fun, but they never forgot Whom to thank for it. Their day began at 6:00 A.M. (Gandhi got his chelas up at 3:45). Immediately they went into "silent time." Without talking to anyone they emerged from the ex-luxury hotel, the ex-bull house, the ex-cow barn, and silently made their way to the Vesper Circle, an amphitheater by the side of the lake. There they sat on chairs and benches under the wide-eyed morning sky and slowly let a new day sink into them. Some read their Bibles. Some read inspirational tracts or poems. Some cupped their chins in their hands and sat motionless.

In the last minutes before seven-fifteen breakfast, the silent time ended with a few people standing up and telling what came to them during the silence. One morning, a woman said, "It came to me why I don't mind telling my age any more. When I was thirty I did mind because I didn't really know Christ then and I figured I had only so long to live—thirty years, forty, fifty at the most. Now I know age doesn't matter because I have all eternity."

Inspired by Senate Chaplain

Another morning a young Negro rose and said, "I've been reading from Dr. Peter Marshall, the late chaplain of the United States Senate. This is what stuck with me: 'Where we are wrong, make us willing to change. And where we are right, make us easy to live with.' "

One woman said after a silent time late in the week, "Up to now I've been afraid I'd go back the same old gal as I came. Now I know I won't." She sat down with her face placid and relaxed but tilted a bit higher than before. A man said, "I feel about 50 pounds lighter—cleansed of pettiness."

At their "family meeting," the Ashram's form of self-government, the members decided to have a continuous prayer vigil with volunteers taking hourly stints so that someone would be talking to God 24 hours a day. A room in the hotel was set aside as a "prayer room" with a single chair in the center facing a white-covered altar on which an open Bible lay, framed by burning candles and vases of yellow snapdragons and daisies. At all hours Ashramites who had signed up for the prayer vigil came to the quiet little room. At two and three o'clock in the morning they padded along the woodland paths with their flashlights, some in dressing gowns, to keep their appointments with God.

There was a notebook in the prayer room for "prayer requests." One person wrote: "Send a revival, dear Lord, and let it begin in me." Another: "Please pray that I will say a great big 'yes' to God." Another: "Pray that I may be used by God to make a better world." Across one page was written in a large hand, "Please pray for a brilliant young doctor who is apparently going to pieces and turning to alcohol, drugs and women instead of to Christ."

But the Ashram idea of prayer is not just "the gimmes." People in this world work for their keep. At the Ashram everybody works. For an hour each morning the men donned their dungarees and work shoes, the women their housedresses, and work was their worship. The women sewed layettes of flannel, for babies in Europe. They also scoured utensils in the kitchen, cleaned vegetables. The men, swinging picks and mattocks, heaving shovels, widened and filled a stretch of road near th lake front.

One foreman of the work period wa James Henderson, vice-president and Chicago manager of a big baking company, a flush-faced, booming-voiced man of sixty. He looked much more like a hard-hitting businessman, one of the dynamo type, than Christ's chela at an Ashram. What brought him here? I wanted to know but he was too busy swinging a pick into a shale ledge for me to interview him during worktime. Finally, in the playtime of the afternoon, I got him out on the lake in a speedboat. He told his story as the spray spurted by us and the hull of the Pilgrim slapped at the waters of Green Lake like one of his own pie makers patting dough.

"My father died when he was thirty-six and I was seven," Henderson began. "My mother was left with mortgages on our farm in County Derry, Ireland. I have never known such a faith in my life as that woman had. Through prayer, miracles were performed. Instead of going to the poorhouse she raised the money—and raised the family. Faith did it. Nothing but faith. Today, as a businessman, I believe in constant communion with God. I find I must pray always, not just when I'm in need. I pray all during the day. I have a 'quiet time' in my office at the end of the day. I am convinced that you can be a good businessman and a good Christian. It doesn't have to be dog eat dog. The wicked prosper like a green bay tree but soon they are cut off."

ESTABLISHED
1367
REA
COLLIER'S
GARDNER REA

At the wheel of the Pilgrim was handsome, tanned Ken Brock, a photographers' model. On the outside Ken seemed to belong at a Hollywood cocktail party. But on the inside he was right at home.

"I'm not pious at all," Ken remarked. "I'm just interested in God. I like to ask people how they feel about God just as casually as I might ask, 'Where do you buy your suits?' When I'm in Chicago I pray going to work on the elevated. I say, 'Thank you, God, for a wonderful day yesterday, for giving me the power to take whatever happens and to use it for a growing personality.' "

Across the greensward, straddling a garden bench, alone, pecking away at a portable typewriter, I found Loyal Thompson, a minister from Kewanee, Illinois.

"What are you writing?" I inquired.

He drew a slip of note paper from the machine—

"When black oak, white oak, yellow pine,
Each one distinctly God's design,
Respond to breezes through the leaves
They waken sylvan melodies.

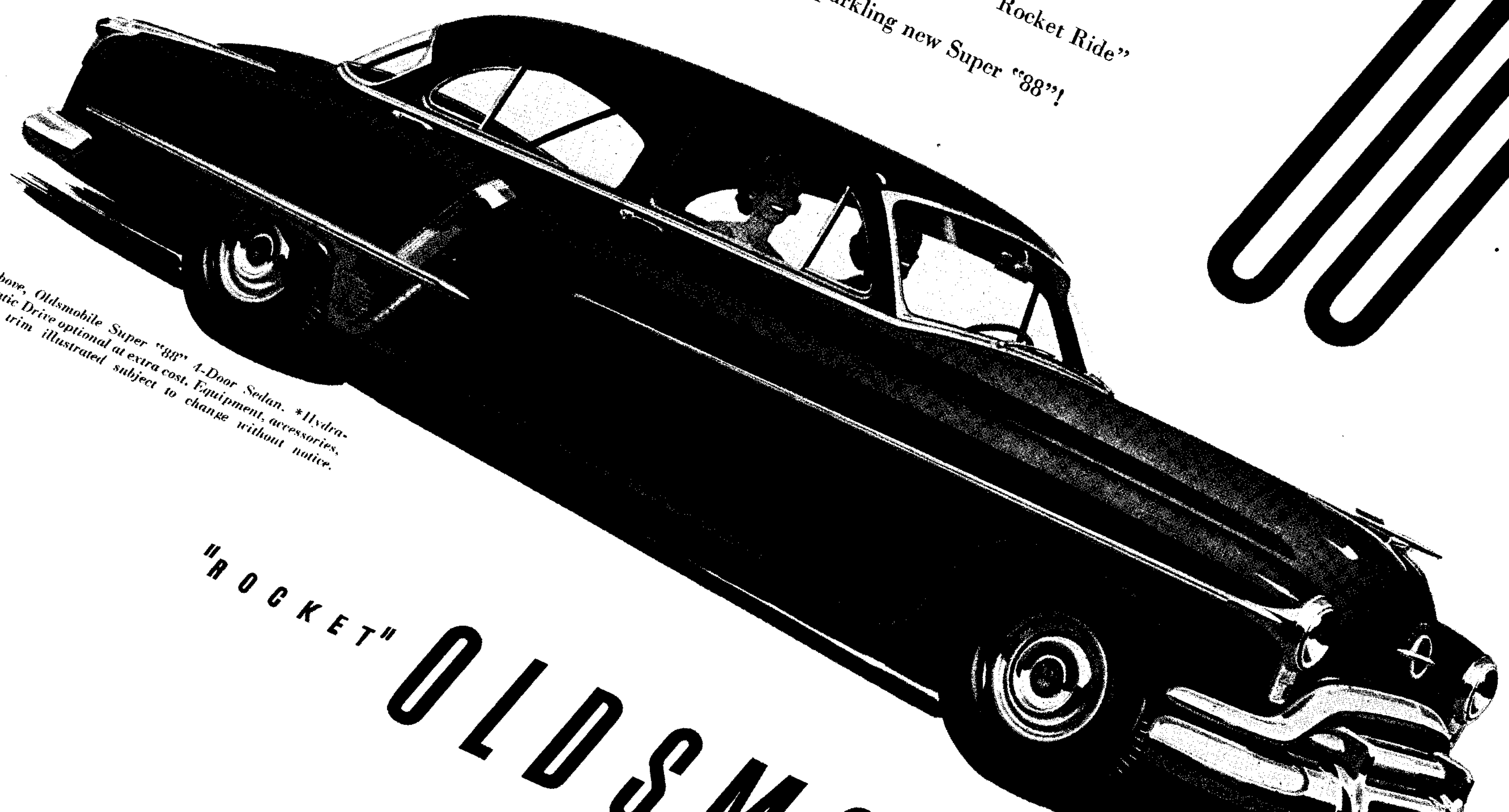
"When black folk, yellow folk and white
Their voices in high hopes unite
They blend in one harmonious song
That wakens faith and makes us strong."

Thompson's "black folk" stanza echoed later when I sat on the hotel terrace with

Ride the "Rocket"
and Rule the Road!

Go as you've never gone before! Take the wheel of a "Rocket" Oldsmobile—thrill to the exciting highway performance of America's most famous high-compression engine. Here's brilliant power—and top economy! Amazing acceleration—and nimble driving ease! Owner-proved durability—*plus* the superb smoothness of Oldsmobile Hydra-Matic Drive*! Try that wonderful "Rocket Ride" yourself today—in Oldsmobile's sparkling new Super "88"!

SUPER "88"



*Above, Oldsmobile Super "88" 4-Door Sedan. *Hydra-Matic Drive optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories, and trim illustrated subject to change without notice.*

"ROCKET" OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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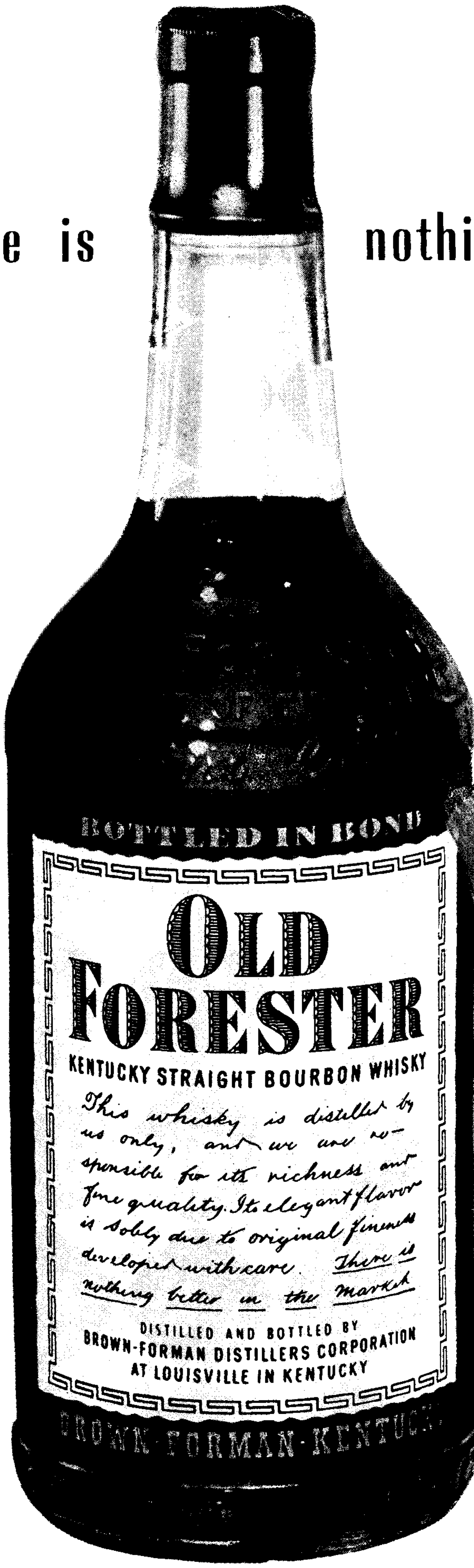

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Let this finest of Kentucky bonded bourbons make your favorite drinks more delicious than ever! Tonight, serve and enjoy famous Old Forester—America's Guest Whisky since 1870.

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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

Gladys Payne, a Negro schoolteacher from Washington, D.C. She told of the time a streetcar conductor in the nation's capital rasped at her, "You got no right on here." At the Ashram one wasn't aware of any fundamental difference in Gladys Payne any more than in the variously colored petunias in the urns at the Vesper Circle. But Gladys Payne was no fool. She knew how deeply prejudice is rooted in the loam of conditioning. "The Christian attitude," she said, "is this: 'I know I'm prejudiced, but I'm sorry for it. And I'm doing my best to do something about it.' "

In her schoolroom she teaches equations by the golden rule, phrasing it this way: "What you do to one side you must do to the other." She believes that goes for prejudice, too. "I used to be resentful. I'd look for slights because I was a Negro," she declared. "But now God has shown me that understanding is a two-way street. I mustn't be too resentful, too bitter. I mustn't harbor too many hurts."

High up on Judson Tower, from which a neon cross shines at 200 feet across Green Lake, I talked with Jean Freeman, a psychiatric social worker from a hospital in California. She had crossed half a continent by bus to attend the Ashram. Why? What did a psychiatric social worker want here, I wondered.

Faith Might Be the Remedy

Miss Freeman explained: "I have a patient, a mental patient, who has been given everything. He has had every kind of treatment. But he doesn't get well. Now I am looking for faith. Perhaps that's what he needs."

"But would one patient mean so much to you?" I asked.

"One patient is every patient," she said, gently. "When treating people it is necessary really to care. In your mind you see them as well people and you want to make that vision come true. Medicine becomes love wrapped up in faith. Do you see why I have come to the Ashram?"

All of them came for their reasons.

Stanly Zager, a drugstore owner from Washington, Iowa, came because he thinks truth is the mainstay of mental health and God is the way to truth. He realized that after his mother drowned herself in the Iowa River 20 years ago. Today Zager is a director of the Iowa Society for Mental Health. "The Bible," he says, "is the greatest book on psychology ever written."

John Philip Koeller, a lean rawboned raspberry grower from Oshkosh, Wisconsin, came because he was sure there was only one way to live. "That's to be born again in Christ," he said. "I myself was born again in 1893." Koeller will be eighty-two on November 11th.

Several hours of each day were devoted to meetings—lectures, sermons, question and answer discussions—presided over by the Ashram faculty: Dr. Jones; Dr. John Biegeleisen, of Eden Theological Seminary, St. Louis; Margaret Applegarth, formerly of the World Council of Churches; Canon Quintin Warner, of London, Ontario; Anna Mow, of Bethany Biblical Seminary, Chicago; and the National Council of Churches' Harold H. McConnell, director of the Ashram.

"Togetherness" Out of Doors

These sessions set the formal tone. But the osmosis of ideas took place in the in-between times: at work and at play, in walks along the old Lawsonia bridle paths, climbs to the lookouts atop the stone water towers, in idle drifting in rowboats on the lake, or just lolling on the greensward in the sun. This was the "togetherness" of the Ashram; I saw them—people who only last week were strangers—sitting about on the stone benches or on expensive settees in the rose-carpeted hotel corridors, talking intimately about God and their problems.

"Isn't this what the psychiatrists call 'group therapy'?" I asked Dr. Jones.

"Of course, it's group therapy," he replied. "They're submitting themselves to God and to the group. We'll use psychology, we'll use science—we'll use anything so long as it illuminates the face of Christ."

He paused, then added in a whisper, "Talk about emotional illness—I've never seen such swift and complete healings as take place right here."

Fear, I found, was widely prevalent among the Ashramites. Most of them were afraid of something. "I've been more afraid of life than I have of death," a middle-aged woman told me. Another said, "I think I am even afraid of myself." Anxieties, prevalent in our day, were perhaps more rampant in this group because they had faced up to them, brought them closer to the surface. Each morning after the silent time the group marched back to the hotel for breakfast singing the Ashram's theme song, I Will Not Be Afraid. A typical stanza:

"His arms are underneath me.
His arms are underneath me.
His hand upholds me,
His love enfolds me
So I'm not afraid."

This was the Ashram's therapy for fear. Turn your fears over to God. Surrender to Christ and let Him handle things. With Him at the center, with Him in control, what is there to fear?

Mel Holtz, the Ashram's music director, a tanned young Rock Islander who looks like the hero of a movie Western, explained, "That's why the psychology of Christianity appeals to me. God is always with you. It's a terrific thing always to have someone with you."

Twenty-two-year-old Dorothy Bell, putting her finger on a prime value of group therapy, said, 'We're learning not to be overwhelmed by our fears and anxieties because we're learning that we aren't the only ones who have them, that others do, too."

The Ashram seeks, then, to smite fear at its heart: aloneness. Aloneness from God. Aloneness from others.

Throughout the Ashram, Dr. Jones hammered home his notion of Christian discipline as "not a whipping up of the will, but a surrendering of the will to God." He denounced "guilt-ridden piety" and told with mixed scorn and pity of a businessman who lashed his arm painfully to a bedpost each night to atone for his sins. This he called "imposed discipline, unnatural, a suppressing of human nature."

To the atoners-for-vice Dr. Jones recommended, "Do not try to lop off this sin and that sin, but go to the center of all sin—the self—and offer it up in surrender." All of one's natural urges would still remain, he acknowledged, "but they would be used in the service of God."

Dr. Jones Defines a Rut

The keynote of the Ashram was *growth,* intensified, rapid growth squeezed into a week's time. People were to change at the Ashram. To the woman who said, "I'm about to jell into the kind of person I don't want to be," Dr. Jones replied, "The Ashram is an attempt to break up that jelling process." He wanted to boot people out of ruts. "A rut," he said, "is a grave open at both ends."

To show they had crawled out of such graves, the Ashramites got together at the week's end for a session known as "sharing." Here, in the once gay and frivolous casino of the Lawsonia Country Club, they told what seven days with God had done for them.

"I came here with lots of little problems," said a schoolteacher. "Now I've forgotten what they were!"

A physician stood up and said, "Only twice in my professional career have I ever prayed with my patients. Now that I personally have felt prayer's power I am going to pray with all of them."

A Negro man announced with meaningful simplicity, "This has been the first week of my life in an unsegregated world. I have lost my resentment against white people."

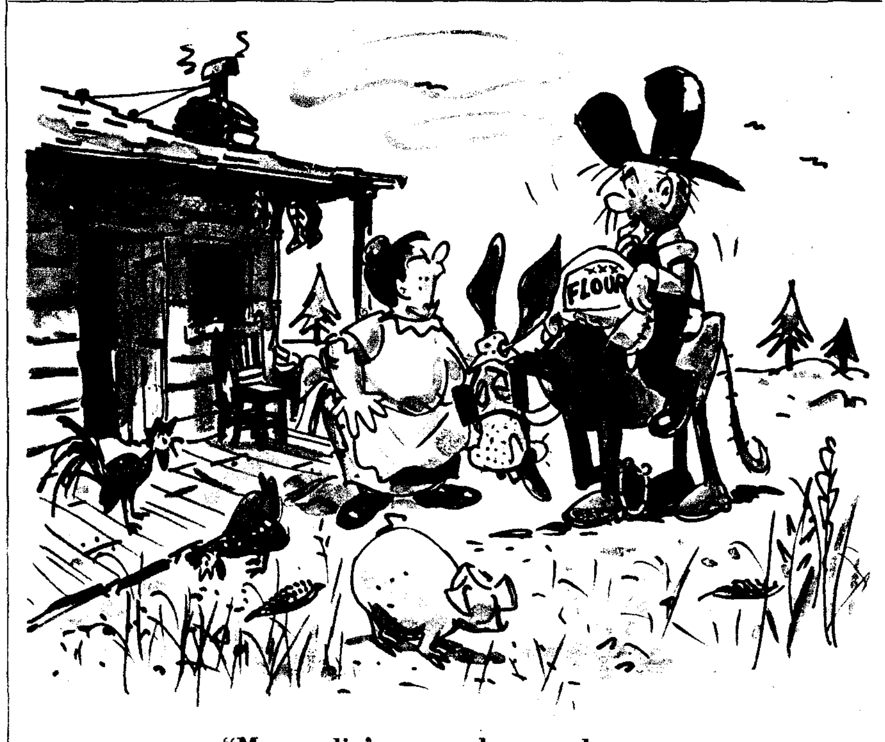
A young husband said, "I came here needing to learn humility. I think I've learned it. I've learned that by submitting myself to the group I can have a better time, do a better job."

An energetic little woman in her fifties said, "I've been pushed out of my complacency. I've been disturbed, upset. I've been knocked out of my smugness and comfortableness. It's good for me!"

"I had been going after the Holy Spirit too fast," said a young wife. "Now I see it was puppy love. I was throwing myself at God instead of reaching for His hand. Here, with others, I have learned how to reach. I have a new concept of 'we' and 'us.' "

A little old woman stood up. She said, "That partnership idea: it's not me alone or God alone—it's *us* working together. That's what gives me confidence. *God and I* can work things out." THE END

KENNESAW



"Me needin' a new dress and *you* buy flour in a paper sack!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

Make getting there as much fun as being there...

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RODEO SISTERS

The Lucas girls started out by riding to school on an old farm horse. Today they are among rodeo America's top stars. Their specialty is tearing holes in space to the clatter of racing hoofs

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL TUCK

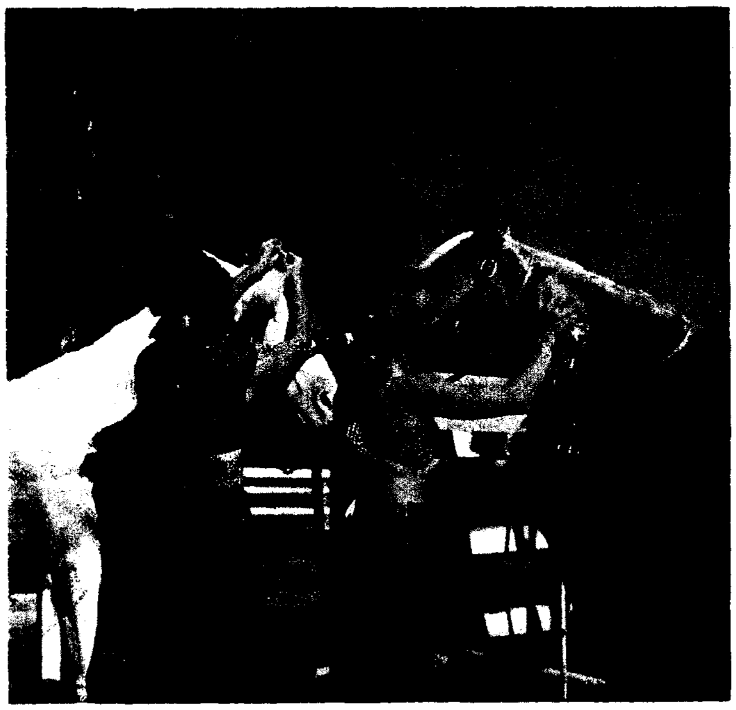
LOOKING like angels and riding like the devil with hives, Shirley and Sharon, billed as The Lucas Sisters, are among the best of the two or three dozen trick riders in the U.S. today. Their agile, quick-as-a-trigger partners are snow-white Pete and palomino Cotton-Eyed Joe, a couple of horses worth something over $5,000 a piece. Together the foursome, accompanied by Mrs. Karmen Lucas, the girls' mother, hit every rodeo they can in high country and low, from the big RCA (Rodeo Cowboys Association) show in Denver in January to Western state fairs through September, October and November.

Shirley, twenty-seven years old, and Sharon, twenty-three, are fearless and skilled enough to do anything on a speeding horse. In a Split to the Neck, for example, they hold the saddle horn, swing off the racing horse, hit the ground with one foot, bounce up again, twist completely around and land astride the horse's neck facing his rear, then reverse and go back.

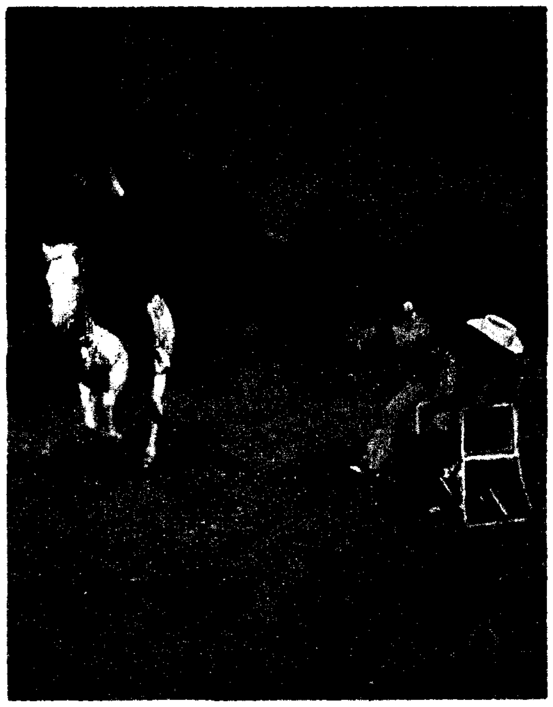
How did the ladies Lucas get to riding? Their mother doesn't rightly know, but she thinks it may have started the day in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, when Sharon and Shirley, six and ten at the time, galloped off to school standing upright on an old farm horse. They spent a good deal of their time after that practicing trick riding. They were just having fun, they thought. Then, in 1945, their father died, and necessity came riding round the bend. The girls rode out to meet it.

The Lucas sisters became a sensation in just one season, after they got going. Currently, they earn upward of $25 a minute for their eight- to ten-minute act. Off the rodeo trail, they often make more than that. In the six years of their professional career, they have made a movie short on trick riding as an art, and have doubled in danger for some of the screen's slickest stars. They have figured in such films as Hellfire, Women of Distinction and Annie Get Your Gun. This summer they worked in MGM's Westward the Women. Pretty and agile as they are, a friend speculates, they could probably revolutionize the whole danged hoss-opera business, if they had a mind to. But the Lucas sisters don't want to play that way just now. "We're not glamor girls," they say.

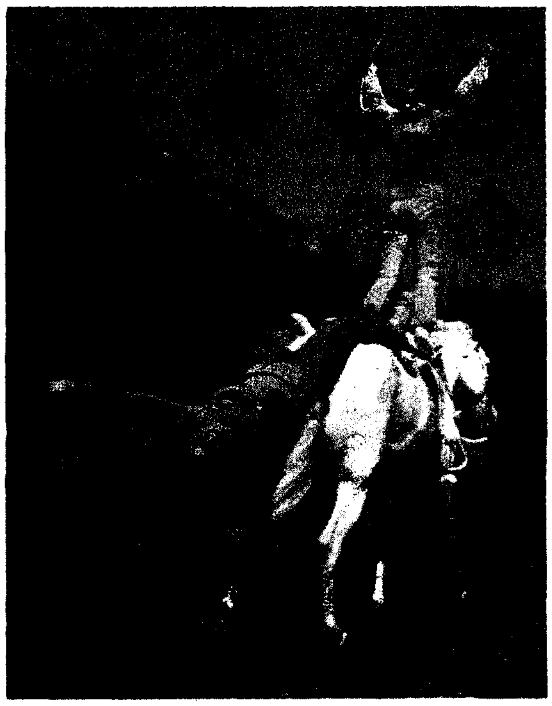
That's what *they* think. OREN ARNOLD



Cared for like infants, Lucas girls' horses are geldings—strong, calm, facile troupers



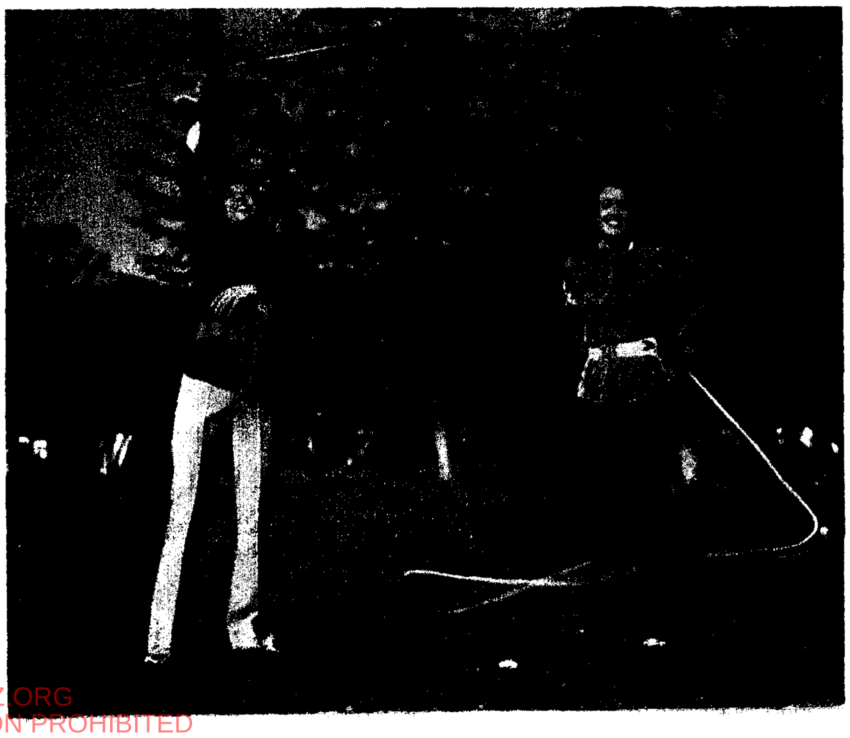
Sharon does Split to the Neck on galloping Pete, as Shirley coaches and mother watches



In show-stopper, Sharon hangs in a Suicide Drag while Shirley does a Hippodrome Stand

Almost always on the road, the Lucas family travels in truck they fixed up as home and office. Horses ride in a trailer behind them

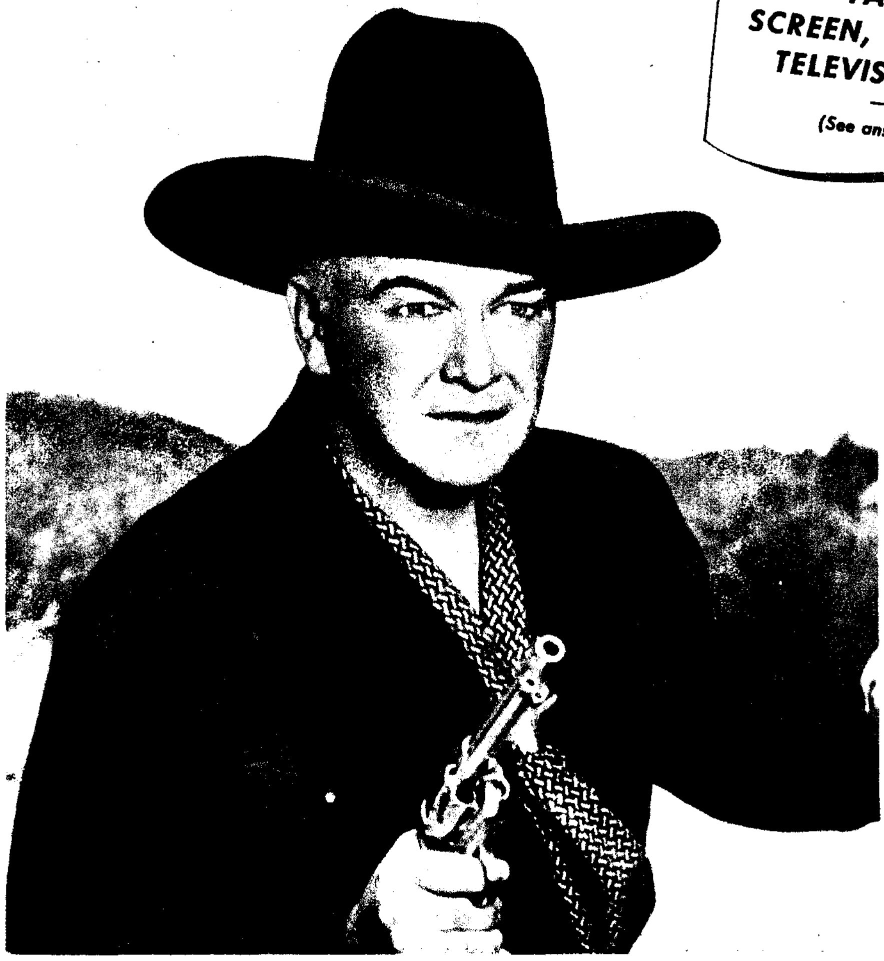
Dyed-in-the-wool Westerners, the girls are experts with ropes, too, but don't much care for "fancy" acts, prefer danger on a fast horse

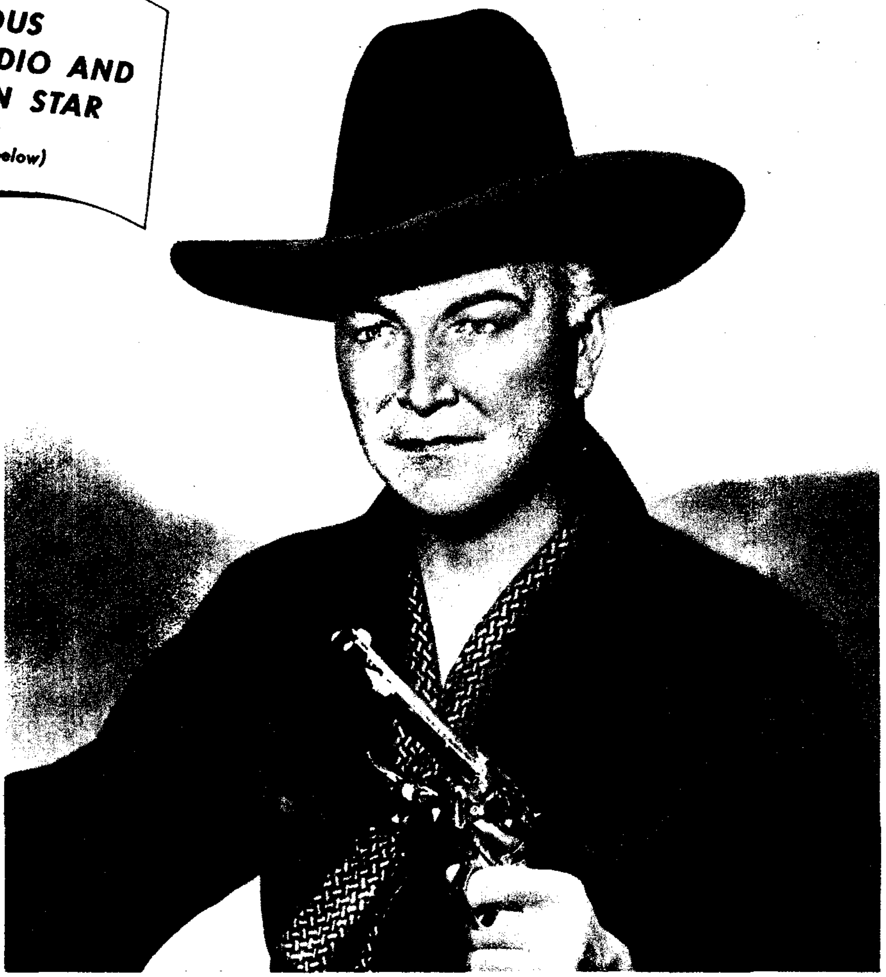


Which is *really* "Hopalong Cassidy"..?

FAMOUS
SCREEN, RADIO AND
TELEVISION STAR

(See answer below)





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3
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What eating! Broiled chopped beef topped with melted CHEESE on bun. Top with onion ring and pimiento olives and parsley. Serve with sweet pickles and potato chips. *M-M-m-m!*

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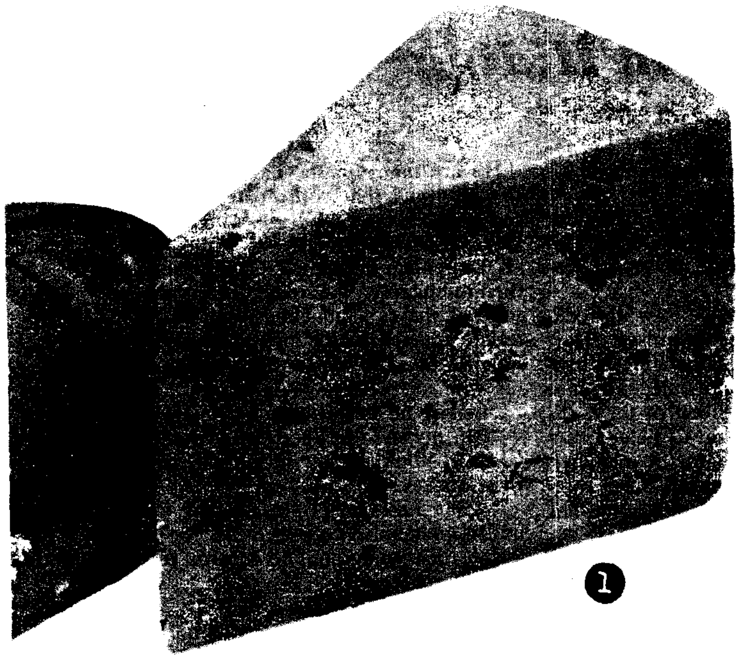
CHEESE FOR EVERY TASTE . . . FOR EVERY OCCASION



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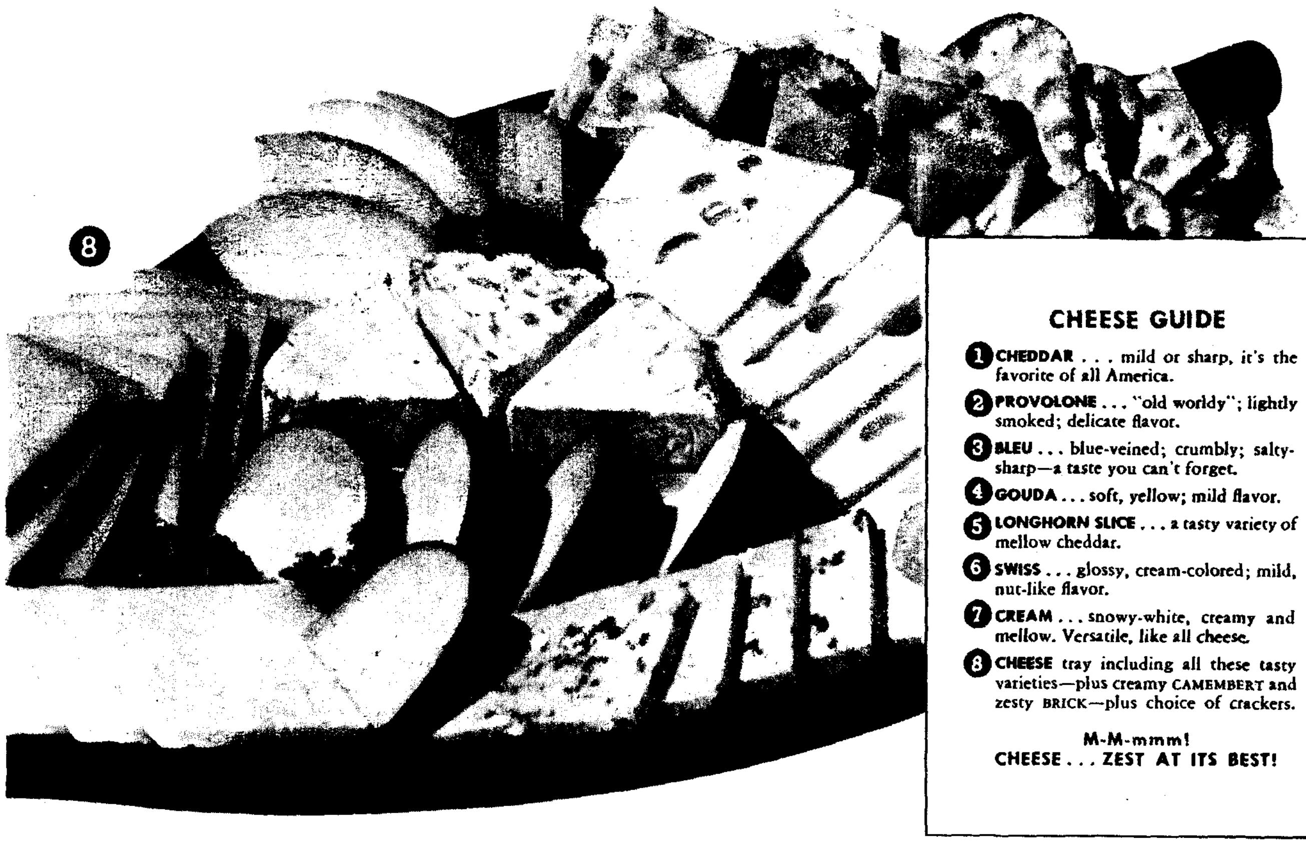
AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION • Chicago 6, Illinois



CHEESE GUIDE

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DRY Milk
MILK

LIVE BETTER
Longer... Stronger
WITH DAIRY FOODS

WATCH
PURITAN
SPORTSWEAR

There Is a Man in Hiding

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

Chafik was disturbed because his records had missed this important fact, but he said, "So when you found the body, you ran for help?"

"First I went to see if my cousin was upstairs."

"Thereby establishing that nobody was hiding on the premises. Excellently done!" Chafik took out a packet of Ghazi cigarettes and offered one to the witness. "Now, your cousin's disappearance. When did you last see him?"

TOPALIAN lighted the cigarette from the Inspector's match and answered, "Last night, about eight o'clock. We were closing. He told me to get porters for a customer's purchase."

"Several porters means a bulky object," Chafik said. "Was it the object that formerly stood outside in the entrance passage? I noticed a portion of lighter-colored floor. Observation is the fetish of my trade," he added apologetically.

"You observed correctly. It was a Meccan bridal chest. I found porters, escorted them to the purchaser's home, saw delivery made, left—"

"Wait," Chafik said. "I cannot stand on the curve of time and see all dimensions at once. Had the customer departed before you went for the porters?"

"Yes."

"And your cousin was here when you returned?"

"He had gone upstairs to rest and to wait for Constantine. I did not disturb him. Furthermore, I was in a hurry."

Chafik detected evasion in the young man's reply, so he asked with deceptive mildness, "You had an engagement, perhaps?"

Topalian stared down at his cigarette; his heavy lids concealed the expression in his eyes. "I was to meet a friend," he said.

"For the sake of tidy records, give me his name."

"We—he—we were to meet at the Shahrazade Cabaret. No, it was the Roxy. But he didn't turn up. I—" He stopped abruptly.

The Inspector would not let his confusion pass. "The sequence of events may refresh your memory," he said. "To whom did you take the chest?"

"To Dr. Ghaffari."

"Ghaffari, Mohammed," Chafik quoted. "Aged sixty-two. Ph.D. from London University. He buys antiques rather than food." The little man smiled, then asked, "At what time did you make the delivery?"

"I—I don't remember."

"Be at ease, the doctor will remember. You see, I try to help you," Chafik said kindly.

"Ghaffari wasn't at home. He had an appointment, too. Before he left my cousin's shop he gave me a key."

"You were in the doctor's house alone after you dismissed the porters?"

"For a few minutes. Why the Devil do you ask so many questions?" the young man asked angrily.

"How timely to mention the Devil! He was busy here, directing Constantine's murder, the disappearance of the chalice, the disappearance of your cousin—"

George Topalian interrupted vehemently, "Now you implicate my cousin!"

"I have made no accusation, yet. How much was he to pay for the chalice?"

"I don't know. He complained that the price was high, but he hoped to get it lowered. Besides, he had a buyer, an American—they are all foolish about antiques. So why should he kill?"

"An eloquent defense," Chafik said. "Let us, however, be factual and consider only the facts of his disappearance. Who saw Mr. Topalian last?"

The inquiry was addressed to the Inspector's assistant, who brought in a very old man clad in tattered battle dress.

Sergeant Abdullah said, "The next witness, sir. Shah Murad, the bazaar *charkachi*. Formerly of the Levies."

Chafik noticed with pity how the watchman strained to come to attention. "Did he see Constantine arrive?" he asked Abdullah.

"His evidence is that he saw the deceased admitted to these premises. Half an hour later, he states, Topalian left in a great hurry. Murad claims he saw him turn the corner into the Street of the Coppersmiths. Since then so far as I can ascertain, no eyes have beheld the Armenian."

"What was Topalian wearing?"

"The robe he favors, sir. Also a hat with a brim, such as Christians wear."

Chafik said dryly, "An odd costume for a man who planned to disappear."

The Inspector went outside. The bazaar was roofed by straw mats which were rotted by the weather; sunlight and shadow made an intricate pattern over the unpaved way. The Street of the Coppersmiths was entered through a narrow arch a few yards from Topalian's shop.

The street was a place of thunderous noise and of sudden, leaping flames that brushed the workers at their forges with glowing color. Numerous passages, barely wide enough for a man on foot, led into mysterious reaches. Chafik shrugged, knowing the hopelessness of searching such a maze.

"Human tigers prowl this jungle at night," Chafik said. "If it were known that Topalian carried an object of value—" He finished the thought with a finger across his throat.

"A body," the sergeant said thoughtfully, "is difficult to hide."

"Its presence," the Inspector agreed, "would become evident in this heat in two days. In three days," he amended, flinching from the odors of the open drains. "You will instruct the police to alert their noses."

"That will be done, sir. But what of Constantine?"

"Yes. Constantine. The discovery of a dead Topalian would not answer the questions raised by the corpse he left behind."

The little man stopped, stared at the corner of the Street of the Coppersmiths and ran. He was blocked by the crowd that had been attracted by rumors of murder.

"I swear I saw him!" Chafik exclaimed to Abdullah.

"Mr. Topalian, sir?"

"No. Faisal—my son. He should be at school."

"Boys look very much alike, sir, and there are many in the bazaar. They rush this way and that with great energy. It is the way of boys. I have daughters," the sergeant added smugly.

"Daughters undulate," Chafik said. And then, unhappily, he remembered the episode of the cat and kittens and his unfortunate remark at the breakfast table. He hurried back to the antique shop to call his wife.

"Leila," he began.

"Oh, my man!" There was relief in her voice. "You got my message?" his wife went on.

"What message? I am closeted with an uncommunicative corpse."

"I called your office to inform you that Faisal's school—"

"Yes? Yes? What, my wife?"

"They have reported he did not attend this morning."

Chafik was shocked and silent. He wanted to rush home, but duty restrained him and it was necessary to reassure Leila.

"A childish prank, my wife. I shall discipline Faisal," he added sternly. "Inform him, when he comes home, that his father will not speak to him for twenty-four hours." And with fond words for Leila, the Inspector hung up.

Then he beat his fists together and exclaimed, "All because of the cat. That monster and her kittens!"

"Sir?" Abdullah asked.

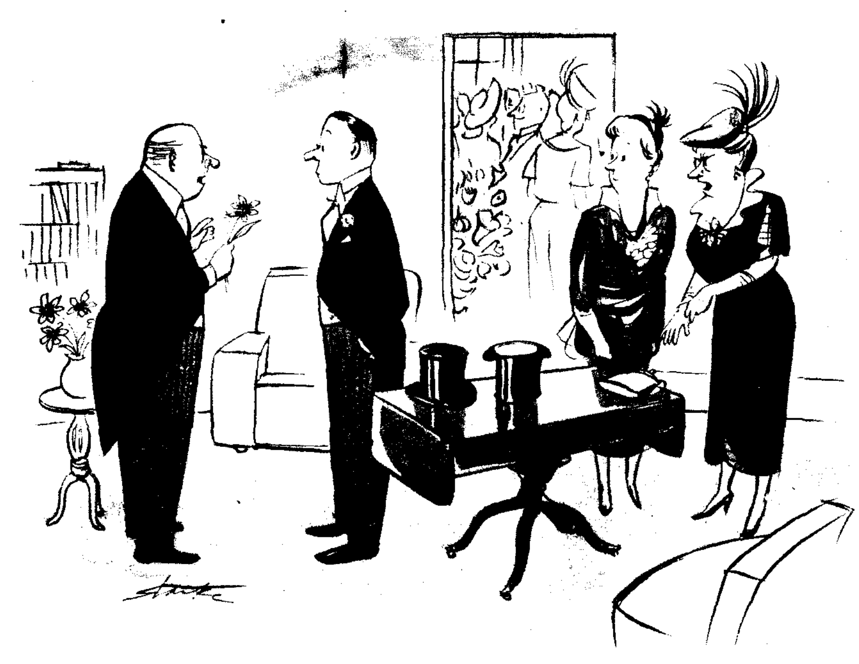
"Nothing, nothing." The Inspector sought escape in action. "I am going to Dr. Ghaffari, who perhaps can describe the object Constantine brought to Topalian. I assume he, like all collectors, knows about it," Chafik added. "As for yourself, check on the cousin. That young man's alibi was unsatisfactory. And, Abdullah—"

"Sir?"

"If you should see my son, reprimand him severely and send him home. He does not belong here, not in the bazaars, not now."

THE man the Inspector wished to see lived at the back of the bazaars, in a house that thrust its ancient foundations into the river's slime. It was once a Turkish palace but now housed many families; Ghaffari had rooms on the first floor.

As Chafik picked his way through the refuse of the streets, he had a feeling that he was being followed, and he looked around. He saw nobody suspicious, and was distracted by a boy who resembled Faisal. The urchin wore a ragged gown and a



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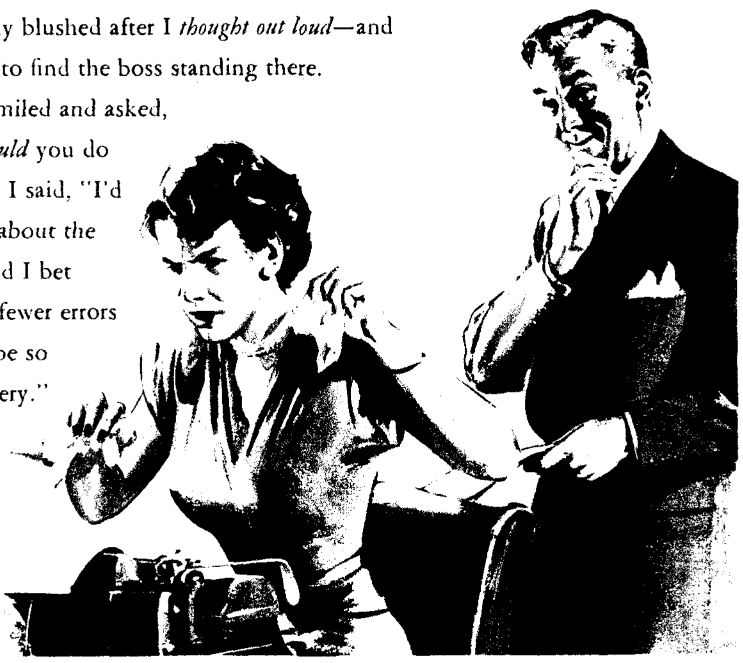

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wisp of turban. He skipped blithely on naked feet, balancing a basket on his head; light portering was the precarious livelihood of these waifs, and they could be hired for a few *fils*.

They grow up to become entries in my criminal records, Chafik thought sadly. This might have been Faisal.

The youngster passed, then twirled, like a ballet dancer, across the Inspector's path. He had a sharp, bright face, too-wise eyes, and an engaging smile. "Sahib?" he said.

"I am not shopping," Chafik said. "And I have nothing to carry." He reached into his pocket for a coin.

The urchin ran backward before him. "Policeman Sahib, I am not to take money. I have a message."

Chafik stopped.

"I am to say that yesterday the Armenian merchant, Topalian, and his cousin, quarreled. About women. The young one has many women. The elder threatened to banish the younger from Baghdad, unless—"

"Who sent you?" Chafik demanded. "How do you know I am a policeman?"

The boy did a pirouette, kicked up his heels, laughed, and disappeared.

"Was it Abdullah?" Chafik wondered, as he walked on. "No, he would never send such a message by a seedling! So who?"

At Dr. Ghaffari's house, he rattled the heavy knocker.

THE doctor was a tall, stooped man who peered at the Inspector with tired, sunken eyes. His clothes were threadbare, but he had gracious manners and bowed as he recognized his visitor.

"I am honored, Inspector! Come in, come in! If I had known of your visit I would have prepared coffee."

"I am on duty, Doctor." Chafik was well aware Ghaffari had no coffee in the house. To save money for antiques, the doctor bought the dross that merchants scraped from their sacks.

Ghaffari lived in three large rooms which opened off the entrance hall. Light came grayly through barred windows and touched the treasures that crowded every corner. The man had once been wealthy, but now his dinars were interred in this magnificent collection.

Chafik said, "I have come for help. You know about Topalian?"

"Yes. I heard. It's incredible. I saw him yesterday and he was in fine spirits and happy about an important deal. I cannot believe—"

The Inspector was in a hurry and stopped Ghaffari. "I am informed the deal concerned an antique which Constantine brought from Basra. It has vanished. Did you know of it? Can you describe it?"

"Can a man describe Paradise?" Ghaffari's eyes shone, and color touched his sallow cheeks. He went to a cabinet and reverently lifted a crystal cup which filled his two hands like a bowl of light.

"This," he said, "is Sumerian craftsmanship, but compared with the chalice you ask about, it is clay. The chalice is of this size and shape and made from a block of lapis lazuli worked so fine it shames an eggshell. Yet it is strong; gold is fused with the lapis. And the color! The sun-flecked blue of the canopy of God's Throne!"

"It would appear you have seen the cup," Chafik said.

"Constantine showed it to me in Basra years ago."

"So it is true then that he hid it from his superiors when they excavated the death pits at Ur?"

Ghaffari shrugged. "Who can blame him? But permit me to continue. The chalice is a funeral cup. When a Sumerian noble was buried, they put a cup filled with rare wine in his hands. And round about him were guards and attendants—"

"Slaughtered," said Chafik, "to attend their master's afterworld comforts. It is well I was not a policeman in those days. What value do you put on the chalice?"

"Value? You mean money? Inspector, one does not estimate such a treasure in dinars! I was shocked when Topalian said Constantine was going to sell. I had thought better of him."

Chafik was puzzled. The chalice was so rare that a warning circulated among the police of all countries would frighten away all prospective buyers. "And so," the Inspector said, "Constantine's murderer must be aware that if he tries to sell, he will be paid by the hangman."

The doctor insisted on showing his collection and Chafik went politely from room to room. He was overwhelmed by the beauty he saw, and he felt pity for the man, living in poverty amid such wealth.

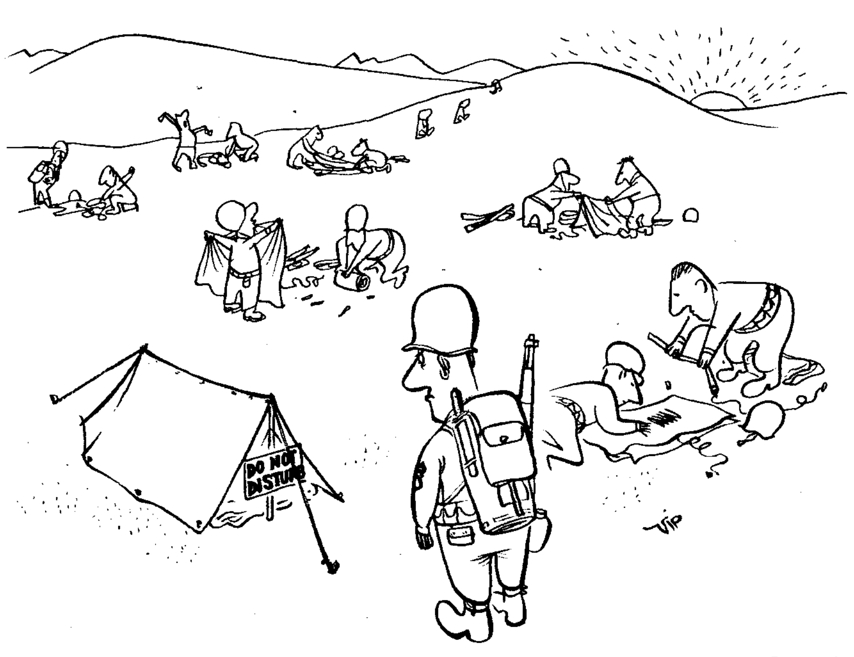
When they returned to the hall, the Inspector examined a large chest and asked Ghaffari if he had bought it from Topalian. The doctor nodded, raised the heavy lid, and launched into a discourse.

"I believe this dates to Sheba," he said. "The painted designs are Meccan, but there are traces of others underneath. However, the years have taken their toll, and perhaps I did not get a good bargain."

He pointed to cracks in the side of the chest and then let the lid fall. It closed like a slammed door and wafted odors of myrrh and frankincense into the room.

"I am told," Chafik said, "that young To-

VIP'S WAR



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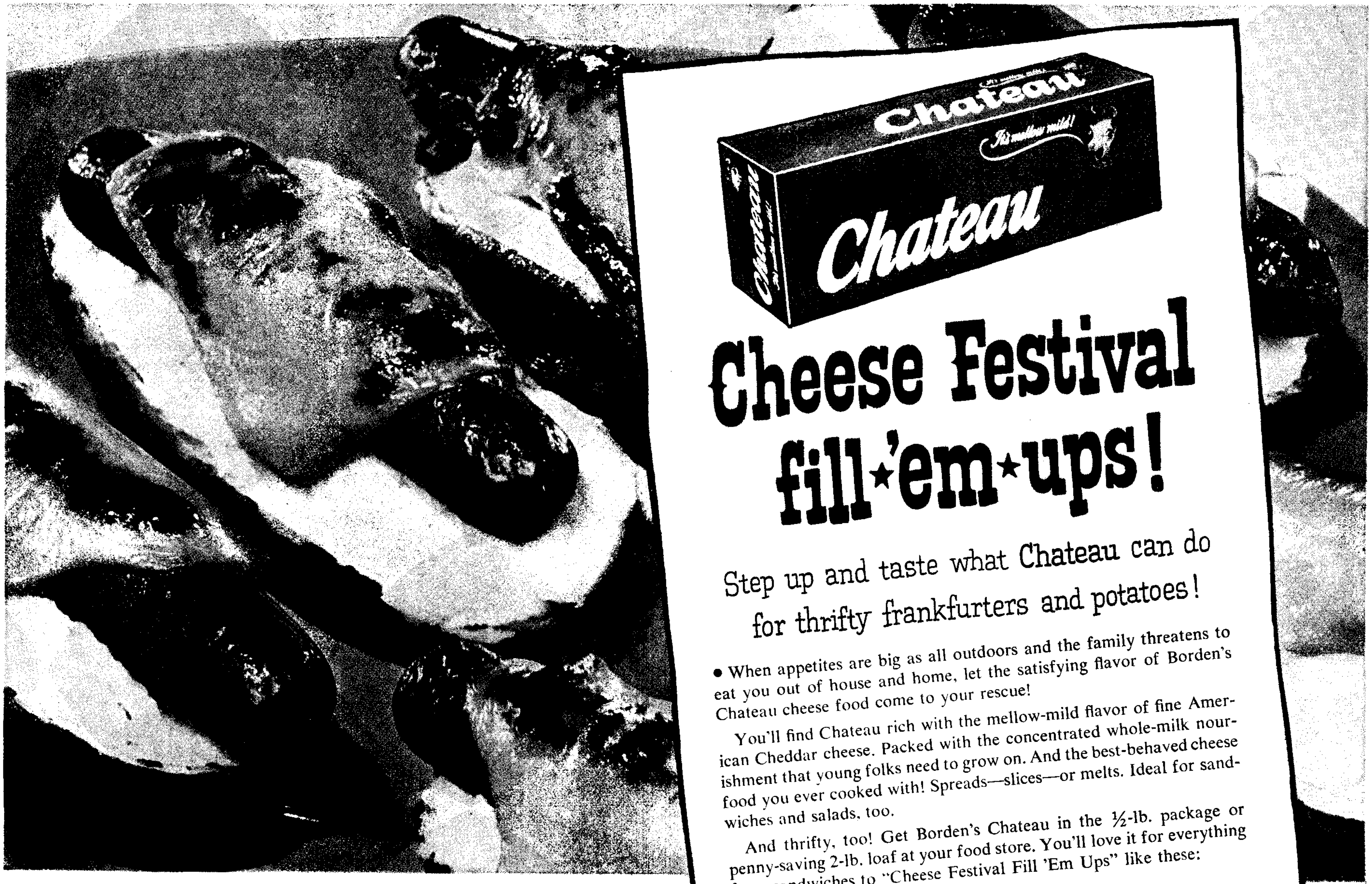

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palian delivered this in your absence. You considered it safe to trust him with the key to your house?"

Ghaffari said, "I know the young man well and have always found him exemplary, except for—"

"Women?" Chafik suggested. They both smiled.

As he prepared to go, the Inspector asked, "Doctor, when you returned, did you find the chest open?"

"Open? Let me think." Ghaffari turned and looked at it. "Yes—yes, I am sure I found it open."

The little man salaamed and left. On the doorstep he threw down the stub of his cigarette, and, looking back a moment later, saw Ghaffari pick it up.

So he also denies himself the comfort of tobacco, thought Chafik. Surely the Compassionate One has afflicted him.

Anxious to telephone his wife for news of Faisal, he walked rapidly, and it was some time before he realized that a bazaar boy was running after him. He stopped, turned quickly, and the boy just as quickly backed away.

"Sahib! A message!"

"Another?" Chafik asked.

"Sahib, Hassan Ali, the beggar of the Street of the Leatherworkers, yesterday boasted he would rob the Armenian, Topalian."

The Inspector reached for the boy, and clutched air. The boy was as elusive as smoke. Bewildered, Chafik continued on his way.

"There is organization behind this," he told himself. "Only the All-Merciful knows if the intention is to hinder or help."

As if he had been sent in answer, a third boy appeared from nowhere with the same breathless "Sahib?"

"Deliver your message," Chafik said with resignation.

"I am to tell you to forget about Hassan Ali. After he boasted, he fell down drunk from drinking much arrack, and slept all night."

"I thank you," Chafik said. "The original rumor would have reached me on a police report and would have caused tribulation for both Hassan Ali and myself until the truth was known. Therefore I am grateful to whoever directs you, fleet-footed Father of Long Ears."

And courteously saluting the grinning urchin, he turned and left.

THERE was no news of Faisal. Inspector Chafik stood at the window of his office overlooking Al Rashid Street, and saw in the ugly, brown city the reflection of his mood. Somewhere among those half million people of all races and creeds was his son.

He reproached himself bitterly. Now he was sure Faisal had misunderstood the remark about the stray cat, had remembered that he had once been a homeless waif and, believing himself unwanted, had run away.

But I cannot divert men to find him, Chafik thought despairingly. I am a policeman. There is murder.

Sergeant Abdullah came in. He was as emotional as the stone image he resembled, and was excellent therapy for the distracted father.

In his usual ominous voice, Abdullah said, "Sir, I have checked the alibi of the younger Topalian. He lied. He was not at any cabaret. Nor did he go home last night. And, sir, by careful inquiry I have learned that yesterday he—"

"Quarreled with his cousin about a woman," Chafik said.

"A fierce and wordy argument. But, sir, how did you know?"

"I have ears, many little ears. You reexamined Topalian?"

"He is stubbornly silent and refuses to detail his movements after he delivered the chest. I have detained him."

"Did you establish how long he stayed alone in Dr. Ghaffari's house?"

"There are no witnesses, sir. The porters departed immediately."

Chafik looked down at the signet ring on his left hand. "What else, Abdullah?" he asked, absently.

"One of those miserable urchins who frequent the bazaars—"

"I adopted one," Chafik said softly.

Abdullah went on, flushing, "The waif commanded me to tell you that four days ago Dr. Ghaffari purchased a chain and iron collar, suitable for a large dog. I could not detain my informant."

"It would be easier to catch a gazelle. These young messengers are bombarding me with wild rumors. Ghaffari has no dog. Yet, I wonder—I wonder."

The Inspector looked at his watch. "So late? I am going home. Continue to press the search for the elder Topalian. If his body does not appear within a few days, it will mean the man has left this city. Although why an honored citizen should turn murderer and thief is beyond me."

WHEN Inspector Chafik reached home, he found his wife in tears; Faisal had not returned and it was already night.

The stillness in the house was heartbreaking. Chafik remembered the busy feet, the treble voice, the uproar of a lively boy, and he repented moments of anger when meditations had been disturbed. He held Leila and tried to comfort her with passages from the Koran, but grief overcame him and he joined her in tears.

"How fortunate that we are not English and do not find it necessary to inhibit emotion," he declared.

Presently he gave Leila a sedative, arranged for a neighbor to sit with her, and went out into the dark streets. He wandered, searching, and questioning the police patrols; duty would not permit him to assign men solely to the quest for his son.

At dawn Chafik went to his office and fell asleep in a chair. And it was there that Abdullah, arriving early, found him. The sergeant, too, was red-eyed and weary.

"Sir," he said with pity, "I regret I have no news of Faisal."

"You, too, have been searching?"

"I took the liberty, sir."

"Keep to your duty. We must both remember our duty," Chafik said, and added less harshly, "but thank you, Abdullah. Is there news of Topalian?"

"None. Today, perhaps, the noses of the police will discover—" the sergeant stopped suddenly, remembering the missing Faisal. Hurriedly he said, "I have to report a singular incident. There was another of the bazaar waifs outside as I came in."

"Yes? Yes?"

"He told me to tell you that Dr. Ghaffari has made large purchases of food. I held the child briefly, but his teeth were sharp." Abdullah tenderly nursed a wrist.

Chafik reached for a cigarette. "So the little ears are still busy. Could it be?"

No, it was too fantastic. "Yet, it is strange," he went on, "that a man who has never squandered more than fifty *fils* a day on his stomach these many years should suddenly indulge his appetite."

With little heart, but still pursuing this elusive notion, he began a busy day. Other things than the Topalian case required his attention, and the Inspector occupied himself with these until the call to prayer reminded him that the day was ending.

Chafik thought: Another night. Darkness, and all it shrouds. My son—

Violently, he swept the papers from his desk and shouted, "To the Pit with duty! To the Pit with Constantine and Topalian! I will divert every man. I—"

Sergeant Abdullah appeared at the door. "Sir," he said, "a boy wishes to speak with you."

The boy was frightened. His bare toes curled and uncurled on the cheap carpet.

"What now?" Chafik asked.

"Sahib," the boy said breathlessly, "I am to say there is a man in hiding. The proof is his stomach's demands. He who sends me has found a way into the hiding place and has entered it to seek final proof."

The Inspector, with a tiger's leap, reached the boy, seized the slack of his gown, and shouted, "Who sent you?"

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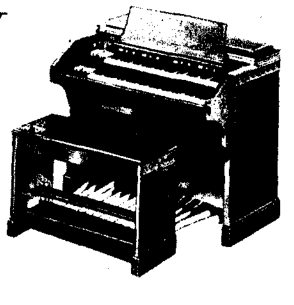

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"I will not talk! I am Faisal's man!"

There was a ripping sound as the threadbare garment tore. Brown buttocks vanished through the door and disappeared down the gloomy corridor, as the boy outran the police.

"Imbecile!" Inspector Chafik exclaimed. "Imbecile!"

"I could not stop him," Abdullah said defensively.

"I am the imbecile! How could I doubt that Faisal was behind all this? He is of the bazaars. He mobilized his old friends and directed their inquisitive ears to help me. And I was too stupid to understand his messages."

The moment of revelation passed. "Faisal! Where has he gone? Into what danger? I must find my son, Abdullah!"

Chafik calmed himself and forced himself to sit at his desk and light a cigarette. "A man in hiding—misered *fils* spent suddenly on food. Oh, Merciful One! A chain and an iron collar but no dog! Abdullah, get the young Topalian from the detention room."

When the sergeant returned with George Topalian, Chafik stood on tiptoe in an effort to match the young man's stature.

"You are foolish and stubborn," he said, pointing his chin accusingly. "You gave me a lying alibi for the night your cousin disappeared, because you went with a woman, probably a married one since you protect her with your silence. You quarreled with your cousin about her because he had stern morals. So, enough. Tell me, when Dr. Ghaffari left the shop after purchasing the chest, did he slam the door?"

Topalian stammered, "Yes—yes, I think I heard it slam."

"Neither you nor your cousin actually saw Ghaffari reach the street?"

"No, the passage leading to the door is at an angle."

"And when you returned with the porters, the chest was locked?"

"It had been padlocked."

Inspector Chafik's face was a mask. He reached into a drawer, grabbed his gun, and ran.

THE crowds that filled the bazaars parted for the madman with a gun. He shouted, "Compassionate One, grant me time!" He was hatless, his pomaded hair was in disarray, and he had torn open his collar.

When Chafik reached the old house by the river, he hammered on the door and his voice cracked as he demanded admission. There was no answer, and he butted the door with his shoulder.

At that moment it opened, and he fell into the dark hall.

He lost the gun on the tiled floor and scrabbled with bleeding fingers to find it. A figure materialized from the shadows and Chafik saw an arm raised to deliver a blow. He rolled clear and was shocked by pain as his shoulder hit the gun.

He seized it and rose to one knee.

In the smoky light from an oil lamp in an adjoining room, he saw the dull gleam of metal—an ancient battle-ax poised for another blow. He steadied his wrist and fired twice.

The shots echoed in the vaulted hall. Inspector Chafik rose and looked down at the still form of Dr. Ghaffari, and said in prayer, "God forgive me." He turned quickly away.

He searched the rooms until he found a door hidden by a wall hanging. It was locked. He blew out the lock with his gun and did not feel the splinters that lacerated his face. He went down winding steps into the cellar of Ghaffari's house.

Ghaffari's prisoners were in an alcove strewn with straw. The man had an iron collar around his neck and was fastened to the wall by a chain. The boy was bound with rope and both were gagged with tape.

Chafik released Faisal, saying over and over, "My son, my son." He took the boy in his arms and wept.

Faisal's lips were torn by the tape and he whimpered, "Father, it hurts. But, my father, there is the man."

Inspector Chafik used the barrel of his gun to force a link in the chain. He said, "Later we will remove the collar. It does not exactly adorn you, Mr. Topalian."

The antique dealer was unharmed, but shock had left its mark. He shook his head and said, "Ghaffari is a madman. Why did he keep me chained and feed me so lavishly? How did I get here?"

CHAFIK said, "After you sold Ghaffari the chest and he asked to have it delivered, he gave his house key to your cousin. Then he went out and slammed the door. But it was not the door he slammed. It was the lid of the chest. He was inside it."

"Then Ghaffari attacked me after George had gone for the porters!" Topalian exclaimed. "I remember that now, and a nightmare of suffocation."

"You had been bound, gagged, and probably chloroformed. And you journeyed, sir, in the chest, escorted in all innocence by your cousin, who was in too much of a hurry to heed the porters' grumbles about excessive weight. Your suffocation was real; you survived because there were cracks in the chest and because Ghaffari did not want you to die. Only one murder was planned for that night—Constantine's."

"Murdered?"

"For the chalice. Ghaffari admitted him to the shop, posed as your friend, and then killed him. Afterward, he put on your robe and hat and walked out boldly. He had correctly calculated the fading eyesight of the bazaar's ancient watchman. After vanishing into the maze of streets, he removed the robe and went home without exciting suspicion. He had the chalice, and he had his alibi."

Topalian shook his head. "But why didn't he kill me?"

"Because, sir, he couldn't dispose of your body. In this heat and in a house where there are other families—" Chafik raised his thumb and forefinger to his nose. "He had to keep you alive until the search for you as the murderer had died down. And if my son and his friends had not noticed the change in Ghaffari's shopping habits—"

The Inspector heard a noise upstairs. He checked his gun and ran. The doctor's body was gone from the hall and a trail of blood led to one of the rooms.

Chafik followed it. The dying man was in a chair by the moonlit window. He had taken the chalice from its hiding place and sat holding it with both hands. The beauty of the lapis and gold transfigured his waxen face. In his last moments, Dr. Ghaffari forgot pain.

He slowly raised his head, recognized the Inspector, and whispered, "I did not take it for money. I could not let it go—into alien hands—far from our land."

The deep-set eyes became brilliant. "This," Ghaffari said in a suddenly strong voice, "is how the Sumerian was buried, holding his funeral cup. Where is my escort to the next world? The slaughtered ones—the—"

He bowed his head over the chalice; even in death he embraced it. . . .

When Inspector Chafik was able to leave with his son, Faisal looked up anxiously and asked, "My father, did I do well?"

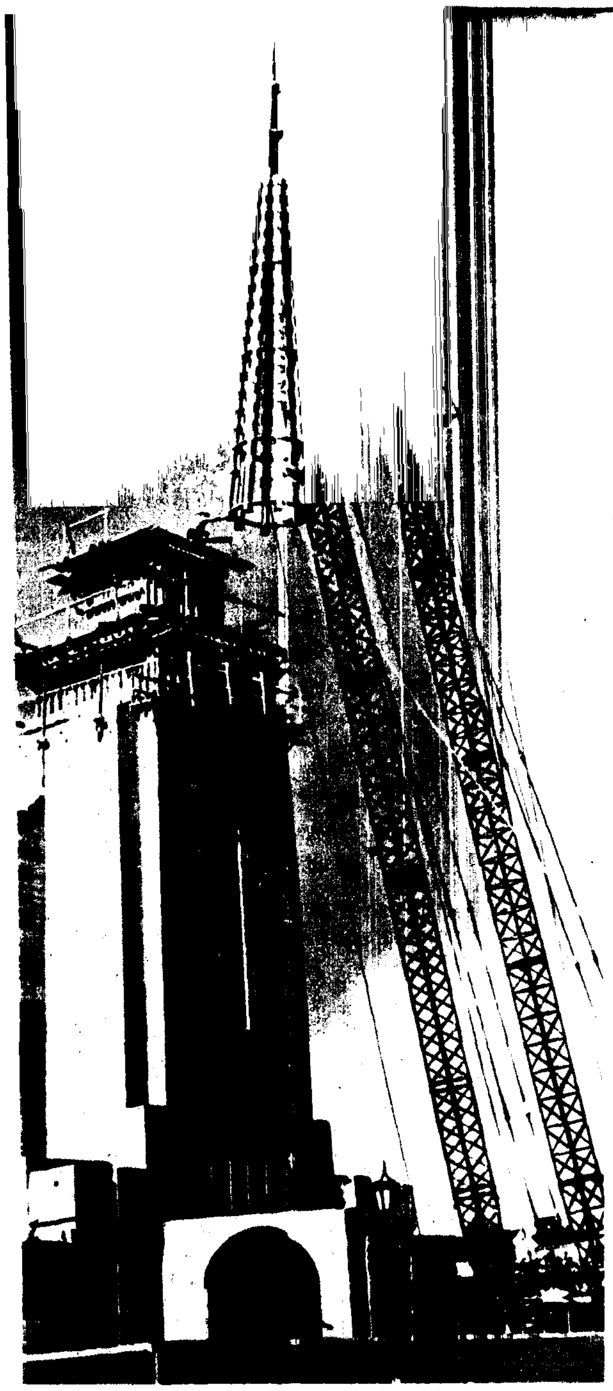
"My son," replied the little man, "it was not well to distress your tender mother, and me, and I do not think it was wisdom to enter a murderer's house. But, my son, yes, you did most well, you and your army of little ears!"

"Then, if I did well, am I to be rewarded?"

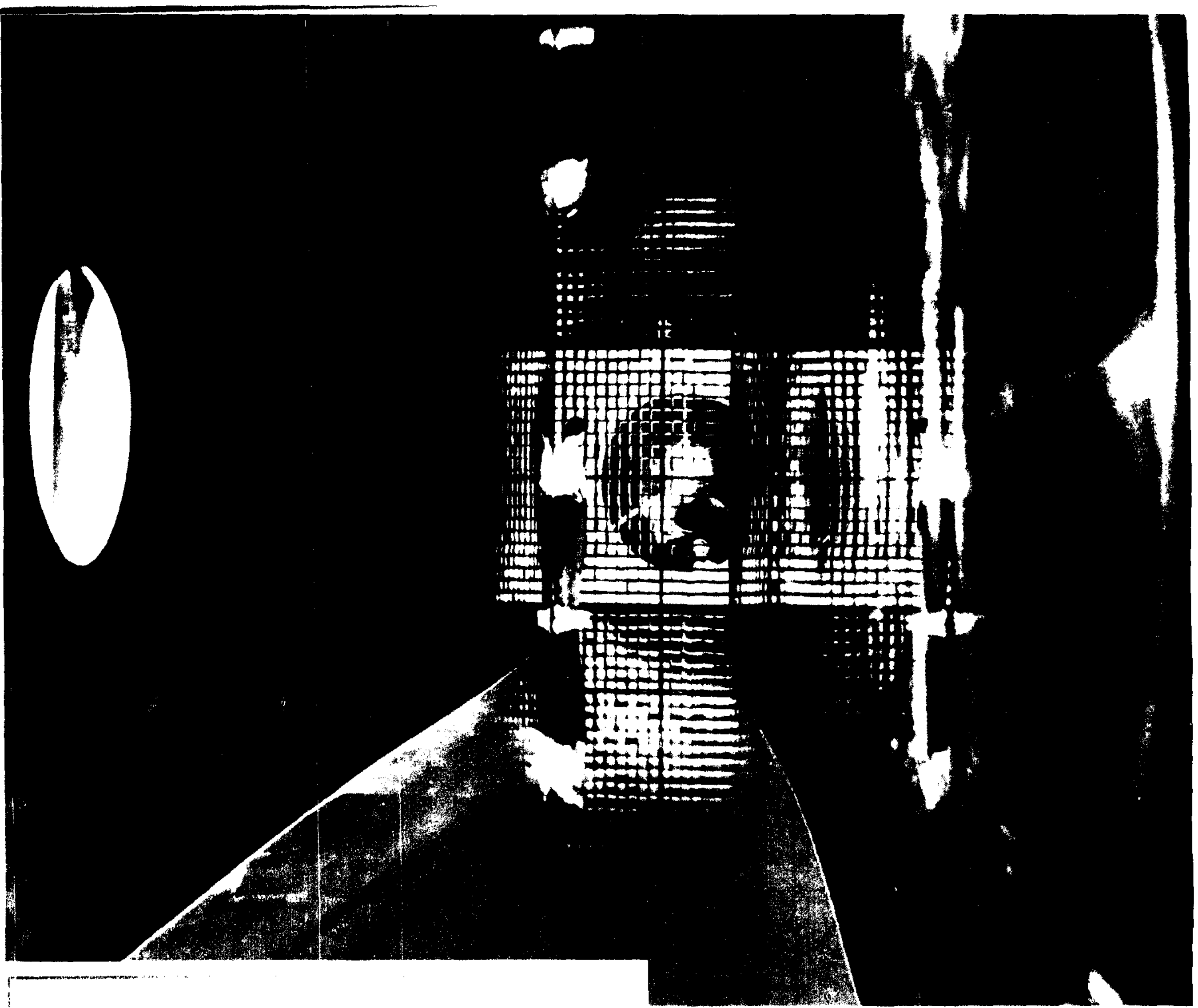
"Ask, my son, ask!" Chafik said, embracing the boy.

Too late he saw the calculating look in those large eyes. Too late he remembered that Faisal had been whetted on the stone of the bazaars.

"My father," Faisal said innocently, "it is sad to be homeless, as I know. And have you not shown me that one must have compassion for a waif—such as the cat and her five kittens? I did what I did because of them. So, may I keep them?" THE END



HOW TO SWING A STEEPLE 80 FEET UP. Here are two cranes completing the 80-foot lift of a prefabricated steel steeple, and about to swing it over its base. United States Steel has won a world-wide reputation as fabricators and erectors of steel work for everything from football stadia to church steeples, from bridges to television towers.



CAVE OF THE WINDS. This largest "supersonic" wind tunnel in the world—at the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, Lewis Laboratory, Cleveland—is capable of providing air velocities up to twice the speed of sound for aeronautical research. The tunnel's testing chamber measures 8 by 6 feet, and has flexible walls of highly-polished U·S·S Stainless Steel plates, specially made by U.S. Steel for this vital defense project.

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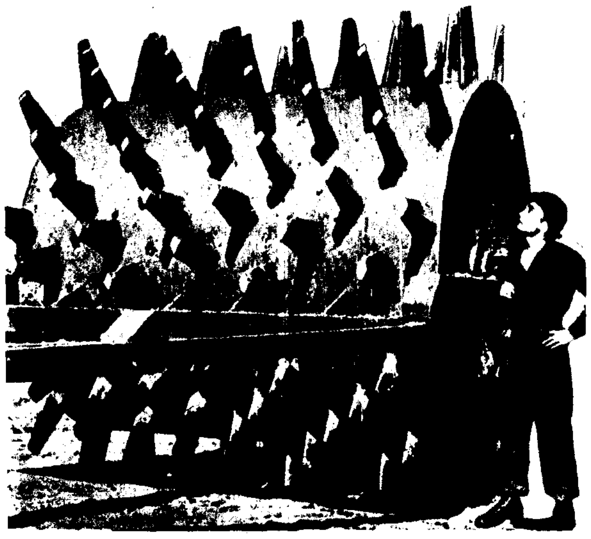
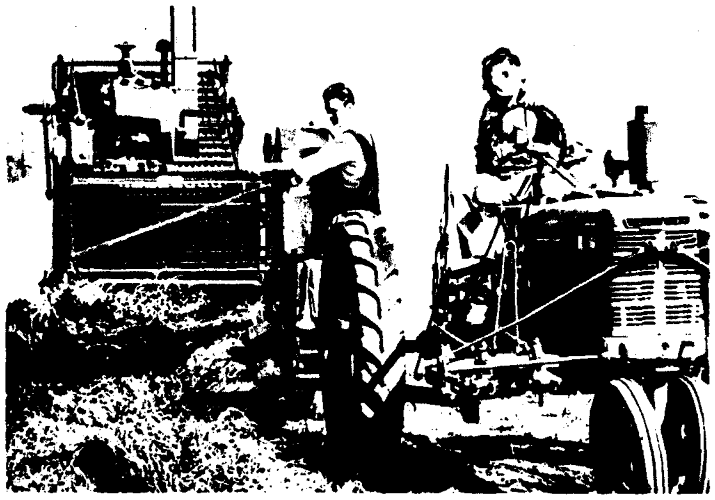


GIANT SHEEPSFOOT ROLLER. Army Engineers find this 36-ton steel roller a very useful tool for compacting and leveling off fill in the construction of airstrips. Although the defense program will require increasing amounts of steel, the constantly-expanding facilities of United States Steel should enable it to supply steel for many essential everyday uses, too.



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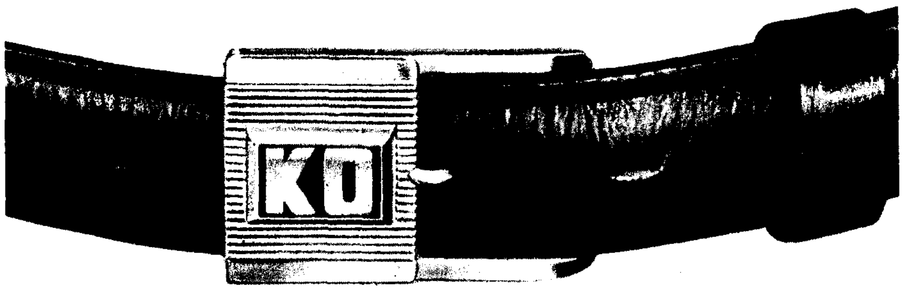

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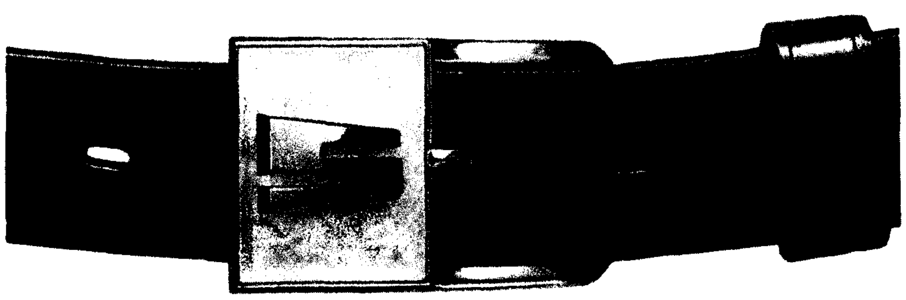

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Epidemic at Sea

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

sudden, fleeting smile, yet a smile so faint, so transitory and, above all, tinged with such native sadness it broke only for an instant his deep and natural tranquillity.

"Are you careful of yourself, Doctor?"

"Indeed I am. Besides, this is my work."

"Do not worry, Doctor Sahib. I am strong. And it is my work, too."

By this time, except for emergency calls, I had placed myself more or less in quarantine. At the captain's suggestion, to allay suspicion, it was given out that I had caught a chill and was indisposed. I stopped going to the dining saloon, and all my meals were brought on a tray to my cabin. In the evening, as I sat at my solitary dinner, hearing the music of the orchestra on the deck above, it was difficult to restrain a mood of bitterness. In that frenetic whirl, how little they guessed their danger.

THERE came to my mind Barbey d'Aurevilly's tale of the *bal masque* held by the French king at Avignon, where the court had retired to escape the pestilence prevailing in Paris, and where, at the height of the gaiety, when all the revelers unmasked themselves, a gaunt stranger stood revealed in their midst, bearing on his hectic features the fatal stigmata of the Black Death. With equal morbidness I watched my own person for the first sign of the disease. And in this state of heightening tension I cursed the slowness of the ship. Although we were moving full steam ahead, Colombo, the nearest port of call, was still eight days away.

Twice a day I reported to the captain. His anxiety, without doubt, far exceeded mine, but his years, and the habit of command, helped him to control it. When he heard what I had to tell him he nodded once or twice, considering me with harassed, irascible eyes, seeming about to look beyond me to his board of directors in Liverpool. Then, dismissing me, he forced out a few words of encouragement: "Good. You're doing all right. See you keep it up."

But could we keep it up? In the course of the next forty-eight hours, first one, then three more of the stokers, who had been suspect overnight, went to join the others on the afterdeck. A total of fourteen now. And one of the earlier victims had lapsed into a coma and seemed likely to die at any hour. Under this added load, I could not sleep, and though I spent most of the daylight hours in the lazaretto, even at night I could not keep away from the stern of the ship. And there, watchful and mute under the stars, was the serang.

It is difficult to describe the solace which flowed toward me from him as he stood there in meditation, silhouetted against the taffrail, with his long arms folded on his chest, motionless as a statue. A silver whistle, symbol of his office, hung by a lanyard from his muscular neck.

When a sick man groaned faintly with pain, Hasan would step forward, without a sound, to succor him, and then, returning, would fold his arms, while the ship, an atom detached from earth and lost upon the ocean, surged slowly forward.

He had no fondness for speech. But despite the silences of our long night vigils I gathered, gradually, some fragments of his history. He was from the Punjab, but his parents, sturdy and nomadic Pathans, had wandered to southern India. There he had, as a boy, taken to a seafaring life. For nearly forty years he had sailed the oceans of the world, and fifteen of those years had been spent on the Rawalpindar. Small wonder he regarded the old ship as his home. Indeed, he had no other, no place on shore, neither family nor friends in the great land mass of India. He had never married. The tackle block which, falling from the masthead, had so frightfully broken and disfigured his features, had turned his thoughts from women.

By religion he was a Jain, yet there was in him something far beyond the teaching of the sects, a faith inculcated by the purifying eternal wind, the beauty and the desolation of great waters, by waves pounding on gray rocks and on palm-fringed beaches, by blue-white snow upon distant mountain peaks, lush jungles steaming in the tropic sunset, by the mysteries of a thousand landfalls and departures.

In all his life he had acquired neither property nor money; his few possessions, contained in his ship's chest, might be worth a few rupees. The thought hurt me and, in an access of mistaken sympathy, I exclaimed, "Hasan, you are doing so much in this emergency, the Company must give you extra pay."

He frowned. He was silent for a long moment, a disconcerting silence broken only by the slow thud of the propeller shaft and the wheezing rattle of the sick. Then he answered, "What use is money, Doctor Sahib, to one who has all he needs? I am well enough the way I am."

He was unmistakably sincere. He had no interest in money; he had always despised it. He knew none of those feverish desires with which it is inseparably linked. Instead he had courage, self-control, and faith. The men he worked among lived poor and died poor.

Standing with him, in the liquid moonlight, I was stung by a strange pang. Beside his clear simplicity, the world's values suddenly seemed cheap. A great party had started in the saloon, brilliantly illuminated by colored electric globes. The raised voices and bursts of laughter, the popping of champagne corks, the incessant sound of jazz intensified in me the feeling that mankind had sacrificed the spirit for the flesh, had become sapped of virtue, dreading any prospect not insulated by ease, by the smug protection that can be bought with money.

On the following day we lost two of our patients. It was Hasan himself who sewed their shrouds, who in his hoarse and hollow voice read aloud a short prayer before their bodies were cast overboard at midnight.

No fresh cases developed. And a week later, in the sulphurous light of early dawn, we anchored off Colombo. The Singhalese port doctor and officials came aboard, and all formalities were completed. Before the first of the passengers was awake, the yellow flag had been lowered and the sick men taken off to hospital. Several of the patients showed signs of having passed the crisis, but three, helpless and delirious, a mass of running sores, were carried to the lighter, like children in the arms of Hasan.

OUR passage through the Bay of Bengal was brief and uneventful. I had barely time to realize that the epidemic had been confined before we had navigated the mud flats of the Hooghly and were anchored alongside the quay at Calcutta. A general celebration marked our arrival—sirens blowing, streamers floating in the breeze, final rounds of drinks, the docks crowded with people waving and shouting greetings to friends meeting them on the dock. Suddenly, at my elbow, I heard the familiar shrilling of Miss Jope-Smith.

"Oh, look, look, Ronnie. There's that absurd creature again."

Once more I followed their gaze. And there, again, down in the after hold, knocking out the hatch battens to unload the baggage, his squat figure, foreshortened from above, more ungainly than ever, was the object of their mirth, Hasan.

The huntress from Cheltenham swung round, and smiled at me. "Where did you keep him all the voyage, Doctor dear? In a special cage?"

"Yes, in a way, it was a cage," I said. "But isn't it queer, Miss Jope-Smith—the animals were all outside."

Another of A. J. Cronin's adventures will be published soon in Collier's

Pledge Brother Pig

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

boy named Jackson, was sitting on the floor, waiting for me. "Let's go to the city, Rud, and pick up some girls," he said.

"No," I said.

"Listen, I know a telephone operator. I mean, I don't actually know her, but Humphrey does. He's—"

"No, no." I went down the hall to our room, and Jackson followed me. I sat down on the bunk.

"Listen, Rud, I know a Tri-Delt. Maybe you know her, too. Eloise Taggert?"

"No," I said.

"Well," he said, taking a deep breath, "John Ramsey used to go around with her, see. The Phi Psi? Well, anyway, he's a Phi Psi, and my cousin Harry from Alamogordo, New Mexico, roomed with John Ramsey last year, and no one knew it but John Ramsey had an apartment off the campus and he was going steady with Eloise Taggert, and my cousin Harry—you remember him, he wouldn't pledge here because I was a member—went over to John's apartment one Friday night and— Listen, let's telephone Eloise right now."

"No," I said. I lay down on the bunk, and Jackson shrugged and went out of the room, and I lay there and began to think about Pauline. I had not had any dates with her last year until spring; school had been almost over by then. I had thought about our last date all summer long and as I lay there on my bunk I began to think about it again.

THE next day was the fifth and last day of rush week. It was normally hysterical—normal for rushing—until shortly after lunch. It was about one thirty or so, and everyone else had gone down to the game room and I was alone when somebody began to bang the big brass knocker on the front door.

I answered it. There was a big blond boy standing there. He was dressed in a sober blue suit and a rush tie; he was rather fat. His face was scratched and bruised and his nose was bleeding.

"I'm Berle Robbins," he said. "Those damn' Betas. I'm sorry I couldn't get here for lunch."

"What?" I said.

"I was at the Beta house this morning and they tried to lock me in a room over there. When your fellows came by to pick me up, they said I'd been taken to the hospital with appendicitis."

"They hit you?"

"No. This happened to my face when I jumped out of the second-story window trying to get away and slipped."

I realized that if the Betas wanted him that badly—to a man they were a pretty pallid, febrile crowd—then he must be worth something to *any* fraternity. "What did you say your name was?"

"Robbins. Berle R-o-b-b-i-n-s." He looked at me keenly. "Say, I don't think you know who I really am," he began. Then he stopped and said, "Listen, show me where I can wash, will you? I'm bleeding on your carpet."

I TOOK him into the downstairs lavatory. He stopped his nosebleed, straightened his tie, and then we went into the drawing room and sat by a window. I had a speech that I used during rush week. It always began with a little history. "In 1857—"

"Oh, I know," he interrupted. "I know how your fraternity was founded in 1857 and about the first chapter at the University of Virginia being in a log cabin and all that. You see, I always investigate everything very thoroughly. You don't have to give me any rush talk to get me to join. I want to join. But how are you financially?"

"What?" I said.

"Is there any chance I could look at your account books?"

There was no reason that he could not, but no one had ever asked me that before. "The Tri-Delt house is right next door," I said, stalling for time.

"I know. I hold the mortgage on it."

"Yeah," I said, staring at him, and not knowing what to think about him. "Anyway, it is, and if you watch closely you can see the girls on the second floor undressing. Would you like to come over to the window and—?"

"I'd rather see the books."

"Well, come on upstairs," I said.

Our president that year was a boy named Wilson, and as Berle and I passed Wilson's room on the second floor I saw that a poker game was going on there. We stopped just inside the door, and I said, "Fellows, this is Berle Robbins."

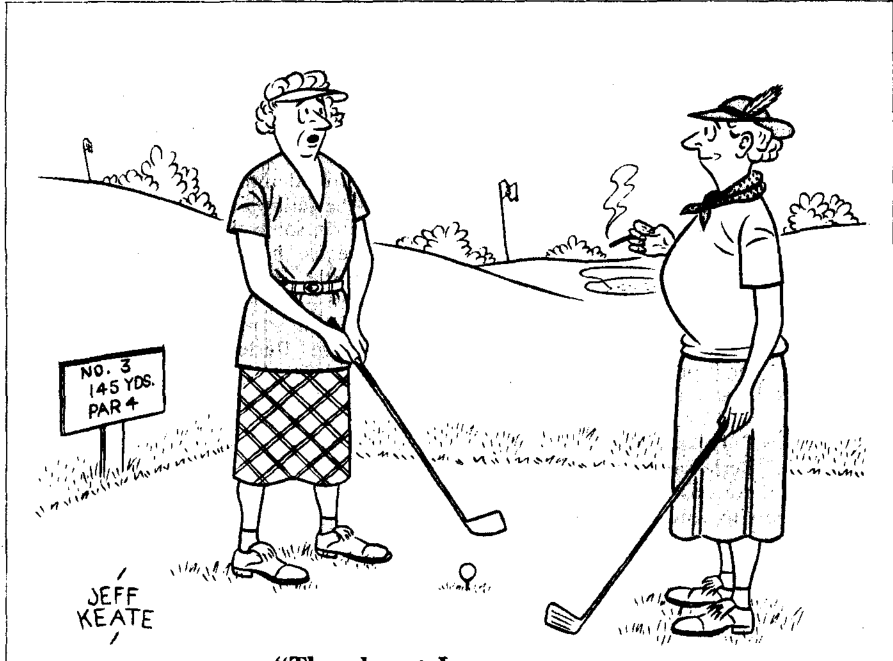
As president, Wilson had taken a bigger beating than any of us. "Why, I'm glad to meet *you*, Berle!" he cried, automatically. Then he suddenly turned white and said, "Did you say Berle *Robbins?*"

"That's right," Berle said. "From Tulsa."

Wilson took me into the hall and closed the door to his room. "Do you know who we've got?" he said. "Haven't you heard of the Robbins Oil Company? The Robbins Land and Development Company? The Robbins Drilling Company? The—?"

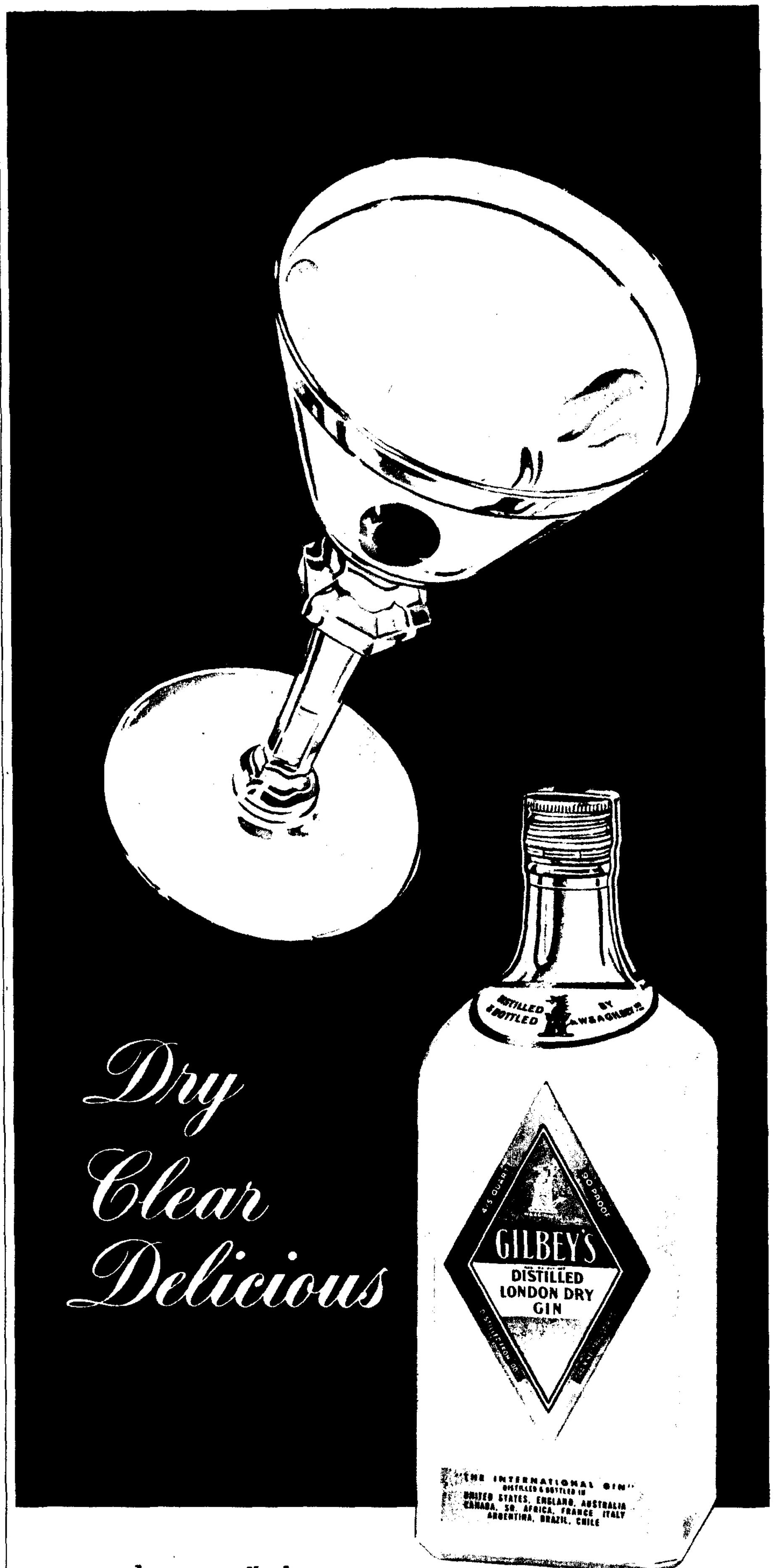
"Him? Why, he's only eighteen."

"Nineteen," Wilson said. "The piece on



"The closest I ever came to a hole-in-one was a six"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE



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him in the paper last year said he was eighteen. He inherited it all from his father. Last year. The father hated the mother and left it all to the son. Oh, it was all in the papers." Wilson gripped my shoulder. "Do you know that last year his gross income was over thirty million dollars? We've got to get him. What's he like?"

"He's a pig," I said. "Listen, he wants to meet the treasurer and look at the books. If you let him, he'll pledge."

Wilson looked stricken. "Arden's not here. He went home. His father's sick, and he took the books along to work on them."

"So?" I said.

Wilson took a deep breath. "Listen. You go get some whisky. Get Baines and McFarlane and Oscar and tell them to get some whisky. Wait in the library and I'll bring him in and we'll work on him."

For three hours we kept Berle in the small library on the second floor, giving him the Complete Treatment. We wanted him to pledge. He wanted to pledge, too. He was as nice to us as we were to him. We lighted his cigarettes—he lighted ours; we offered him a drink and he went down to his convertible and came back with some forty-year-old Scotch. He wanted so badly to pledge and we wanted him to just as badly—but first he wanted to see the books. If we had had the books, we would have made him a present of them, but we didn't have them. It was a very delicate situation.

Tension like that can lead to escape and the escape can become pretty complete, in a temporary sort of way. Berle passed out sitting in his chair, the smile of good fellowship frozen on his face. Hiccuping softly, Wilson leaned over him and gently fastened the pledge button to his lapel—and Berle was ours, income and all.

CLASSES began the next week; blind dating began, too. For three or four weeks at the first of the year all the fraternity pledges would have blind dates with all the sorority pledges. Since none of them knew one another, it was the only way they could get acquainted. I was the social chairman that year and so I had to go around to all the girls' houses and make a list of how tall they were—they would go out with anyone whom they did not consider a midget. I managed to keep everyone pretty much on the same level, but I was too busy doing it to see Pauline. It was Wednesday before I could call her.

"Well, where've you been?" she said.

"Around, around," I snarled. "Listen, I'll be over in five minutes."

"Oh, I can't tonight, Rudyard."

"Why not?"

"I'm tutor this year and I have to keep study hall for the pledges on week nights."

I just hung up the telephone, and went slowly down the hall to my room. Jackson was lying on my bunk in his bathrobe, trimming his toenails. I sat down and stared at him. He was all right and I liked him, but he wasn't Pauline.

Friday night at eight o'clock I rounded up the pledges, made certain all their little buttons were fastened, and sent them out. They were to pick up their blind dates and bring them back to the house for bridge, or dancing, or catch-as-catch-can. Berle looked pretty disgruntled, but he went out the door willingly enough. Thirty minutes later he returned, alone.

"Hey," I said, "where's your date?"

He paused at the foot of the stairs and gave me a bitter look. "You think you're pretty wise. Well, let me tell you I'm no damn' fool." He ran upstairs.

I followed him. "What happened?"

"Why, I went over to that house like you said, and told them I'd come to pick up Peggy Kramer, and they said have a seat. So I waited, and the biggest, fattest girl I ever saw waddles down the stairs and up to me and says, 'Are you by any chance Berle Robbins?' I said, 'Hell, no,' and left."

"Berle, I know it's hard on you," I said. "But you can do it. I know you can."

"The hell I can," he said.

Wilson had been walking down the hall and, attracted by the sound of high voices, he stuck his head in the door and asked what was going on. I told him. He looked at Berle sternly and said, "All the other pledges go on blind dates, Robbins. You are no exception."

"You can't make me," Berle said.

"What makes you so sure?"

Berle hesitated. "Well, I didn't want the news to leak out at this time, but I'm engaged. It's not fair to make an engaged man go out on dates."

"Is she on the campus?"

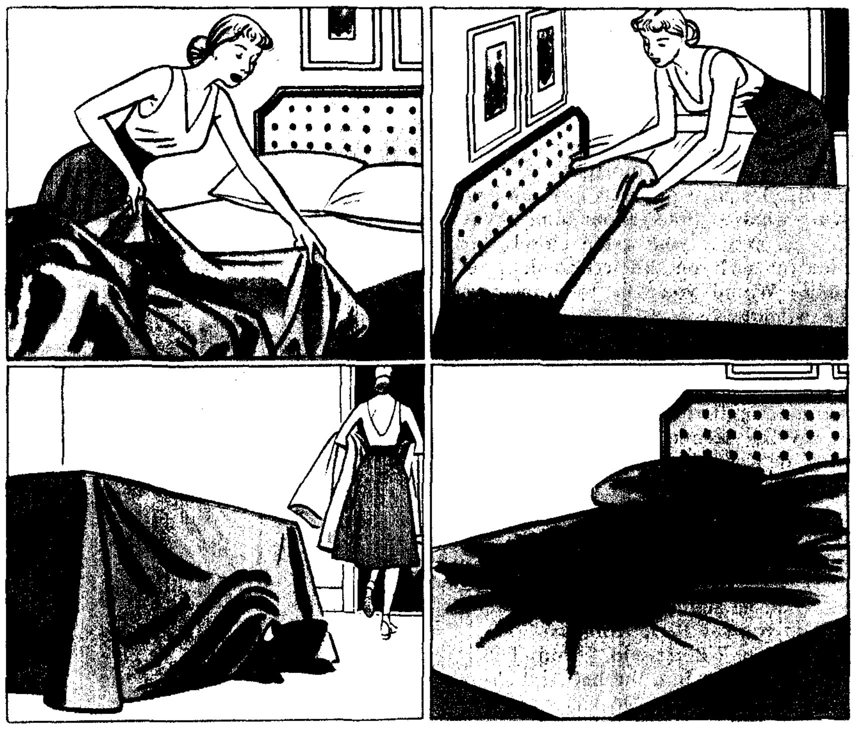
"Yes, she is. And—"

"Then bring her around," Wilson said. I could tell that he thought Berle was lying. "We'd all like to meet her."

The next afternoon, about three o'clock, a bunch of us were sitting outside the house on the lawn, waiting for Berle to show up with his fiancée, and Jackson was telling us about a car hop he had become acquainted with in Midland, Texas, the previous summer.

"And what color were the lady's *ojos?*" Wilson asked sarcastically.

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

"Her what?" Jackson said.

"*Ojos*. Eyes."

"Oh. They were blue."

"A blue-eyed Mexican?" Wilson said.

"Listen, I told you she was Spanish. She was from Mexico, and a trained nurse."

"Yeah? Who trained her?"

"I don't know that, but—"

"How old was she?"

"Thirty-three."

"What did she want to do—adopt you?"

"All right," Jackson said, getting angry. "If that's the way you're going to be, I won't tell you what happened after she took me home to her tent."

"Tent? She was living in a tent?"

"Well, a lot of people were."

"Some of Midland's finest, eh?"

"I told you there was a boom on."

"Look," someone said. "There's Berle."

"And with a girl."

Jackson sat up. "Who is she?"

I sat up too, and saw Berle coming up the walk with a girl. She had on a pink sweater and a tweed skirt, there were pearls at her throat, and she was looking up at Pledge Brother Pig, and laughing. She was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen.

"Well, Pauline Hearn!" Wilson said.

"Pauline!" they all said.

"My name's Herbert Jackson; I don't believe you've met me," Jackson said, slithering forward.

Pauline smiled at me. "Hello, Rudyard. Can't you stand?"

"No," I said, lying there.

"See?" Berle said, holding out Pauline's hand. There was an emerald on it only slightly smaller than a full-grown man's eyeball.

"Well, congratulations!" they all said.

"And when's the blessed event?" Jackson asked. "Oh, I meant *happy* event, happy event," he added quickly, and laughed nervously, although I don't think anyone had heard him.

WELL, everyone was overjoyed. We all went inside and it got kind of gay, too gay for me, and I left. I didn't have to see them together more than two seconds to know that she adored him and there simply wasn't a chance for me. I left, but Jackson stayed and he learned something that afternoon that affected him deeply. After Berle had taken Pauline home and had come back to our house and was just going upstairs, Jackson caught his arm and said, "Stop."

"What?" Berle said.

"Fellows," Jackson said to the room at large—almost everyone was there—"we can't let him marry that girl. She told me they were cousins."

"Don't be silly," Berle said. "She's my second cousin. Lots of people marry their second cousins."

"Not in my family," Jackson said.

That made Berle angry. "Oh, yeah?" he said.

"Somebody get me a paddle!" Jackson bawled.

"Now, let's stop a minute and think," Berle said. "I can't marry just anybody. I've got to think about my estate. I've got to be selective. I've got to think about my heirs. It's like—well, you remember Cleopatra married her brother so the throne of Egypt would have an heir? Well, that's what Pauline and I are going to do."

"Have heirs?" Jackson said.

"Certainly," Berle said.

That night there was a special meeting of all the members to vote on whether or not Berle would have to go on blind dates. Jackson was convinced that either Berle was acting against man and nature, or that he was simply trying to get out of blind dates. The only thing I was convinced of was that if there was any way I could keep him and his money away from Pauline I would do it. We voted four times, and each time Jackson and I lost. Berle did not have to go on blind dates.

"All right!" I said at last, rising to speak. "I know why you're doing this. You're afraid of losing him and his money. And I want to tell you guys that it's unfair to the rest of the pledge class. If they go on blind dates then he goes too—or I quit as social chairman."

No one said anything.

"Okay, I quit." I left the room, with Jackson muttering at my heels. We marched upstairs to our room.

A few minutes later Wilson came in. "Rudyard," he said, "you're taking this pretty hard, old man. You wouldn't—"

"You'll see in the spring," I said.

"Listen, Rud. You wouldn't let that boy be a pledge all year and go through all that hell and then before initiation blackball him and kick him out, would you?"

"Yes," I said.

Well, at lunch Monday somebody telephoned me, and I had to leave the dining room to take the call.

"Rudyard? This is Pauline."

"I don't want to talk to you."

"Rud, we can't help it."

"He can't. He's a pig, and I don't guess you can resist thirty million dollars."

"That's not true. Money doesn't have anything to do with it," she said. "Don't you know me better than that?"

I did, and I knew it didn't. I only said it because it was the first nasty thing I could think of.

"I love him, Rud. You can't help falling in love."

"Then you should know how I feel," I said. "Don't you?"

She hesitated, and then at last she said, "Yes," and her voice was faraway and muffled because she knew I loved her and she could not help not loving me.

"Then leave me alone," I said, and I hung up. I loved her, but I hated her—and at the moment I couldn't tell which was the stronger. My broken heart was all I had left from our brief affair and I was going to coddle it.

FOR the rest of the year, living in the fraternity house was, for me, like spending nine months in Lapland—I just didn't speak the language. The word went around that I was out to get Berle, and all the brothers put the freeze on me. All except Jackson. He talked to me, almost constantly.

The year passed, of course. In January, Jackson had a bad case of flu and was hospitalized. There was a very queer wet February that year with a lot of rain, and then it was spring. I was twenty years old and a little lonely but not very lonely.

I had decided that I wasn't going to blackball Berle after all. He didn't matter that much to me. During that year, living with all the guys in the house and not being a part of anything they did and having them not speak to me all that time, well, somehow that had helped me grow up—or at least grow up more than they had. I knew that what happened in our small life at school did not matter too much.

Berle had got along fine that year. He had even found time to do a little something for the fellows. He had given Arden, our treasurer, some tips on the stock market and helped him buy a few shares of stock for the fraternity—everyone had voted on this—using his and the fraternity's money in such a way that the fraternity could not lose. Berle wanted the fraternity to show a profit, and the boys were all for that. The first semester they made a large fifty dollars.

One night that spring I was working on a theme, and about midnight I ran out of typing paper. I went out into the hall. The only light I saw was from Wilson's room. I started not to go in, but I did. Wilson and Baines and McFarlane and Oscar were all talking; they stopped as I came in.

"Got any typing paper?"

Wilson pointed at his desk.

I picked up some and started out of the room, but they were all looking so sad that I asked, "What's the matter?"

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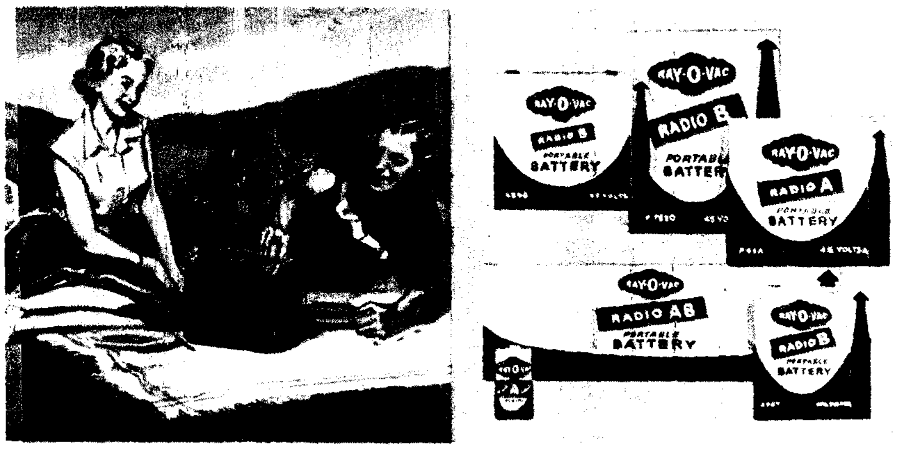

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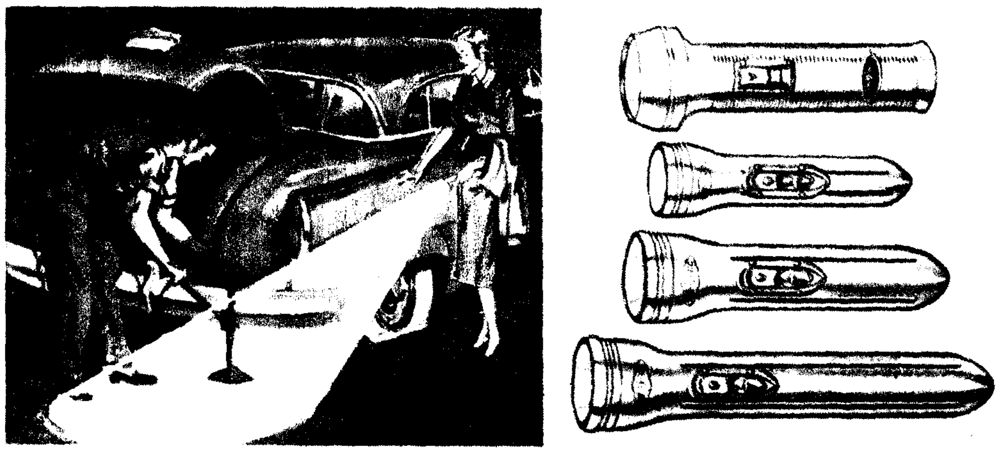

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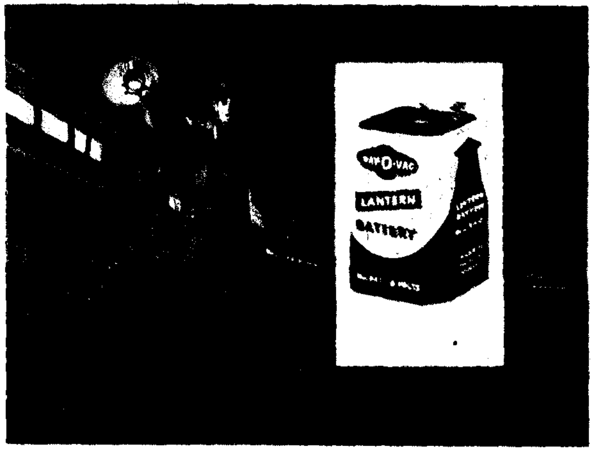

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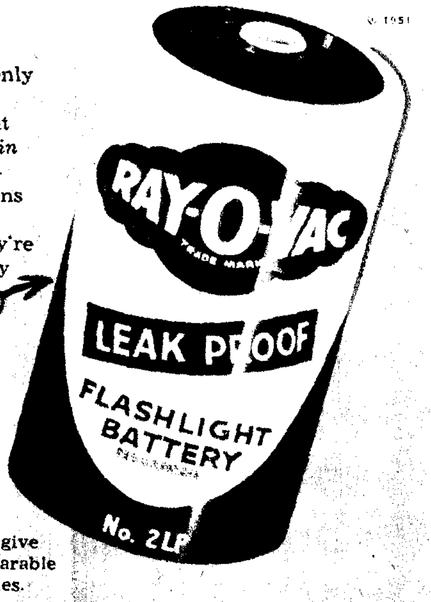

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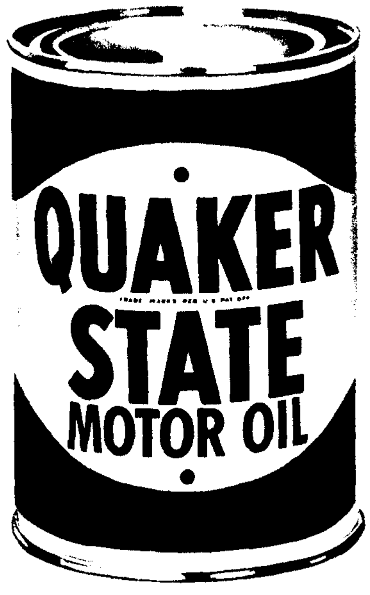

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No one answered. Then Wilson, breaking a long silence, said, "Berle's got a mortgage on the Tri-Delt house."

"I heard that and it ain't funny."

"Well, it's true," Wilson said. "I've seen the contract. And he's foreclosing."

"On the Tri-Delts?"

"They're behind on their payments."

"Why's he doing it?"

WILSON hung his head. "He wants to put our fraternity on a paying basis. You see, he's going to foreclose on the Tri-Delt house, then give us the deed to that house and let us rent the Tri-Delt house back to the Tri-Delts. The rent they pay us will help us pay off the mortgage on our own house and we'll end up owning both houses. He says it's a sound investment, and we can't stop him."

"Well, so what?" I said.

"So what?" Wilson cried. "It's crooked!"

"No, it's just business. Just speculation, like you've been doing on the stock market all year."

"But we *know* the Tri-Delts!" Wilson said. "Think how many of us are going around with them. We'd be taking their house away from them. It's dirty."

"Well, tell him not to do it."

"We have, but he just laughs. He thinks we're kidding, or that we don't understand."

"He probably thinks he's doing the best thing, and from an economic standpoint, he is."

"Money isn't everything, Rudyard."

"Well, really?" I said.

"You were right," Baines said. "We should have made him go on those blind dates and do everything else that the pledges have done all year. Well, you won't be the only one who'll blackball him now."

"I'm not going to blackball him," I said.

"What?"

"Well, you want him in, don't you?"

"Not like this," Wilson said.

I sat down on Wilson's bunk. "If you kick him out, he can still foreclose."

"But what can we do?" Wilson asked.

Jackson stuck his head in the door. "Any of you fellows got two dollars?"

"Throw him in the pond," I said.

"Yeah, why don't you?" Jackson said eagerly, coming into the room. "Who're we talking about?"

"What good will that do?" Wilson said. "He'll quit us."

"Maybe he won't," I said. "He loves it here. You're like a second mother to him. He really wants to belong. And even if he does quit, you'll have had the satisfaction of getting him soaking wet."

"That's right," Jackson said. He plucked at my sleeve. "Who're we going to throw in, Rud?"

"All right," Wilson said at last, "I'm willing to try it. How about you guys?"

"Wait just a minute until I get on my sneakers," Jackson said, and ran out.

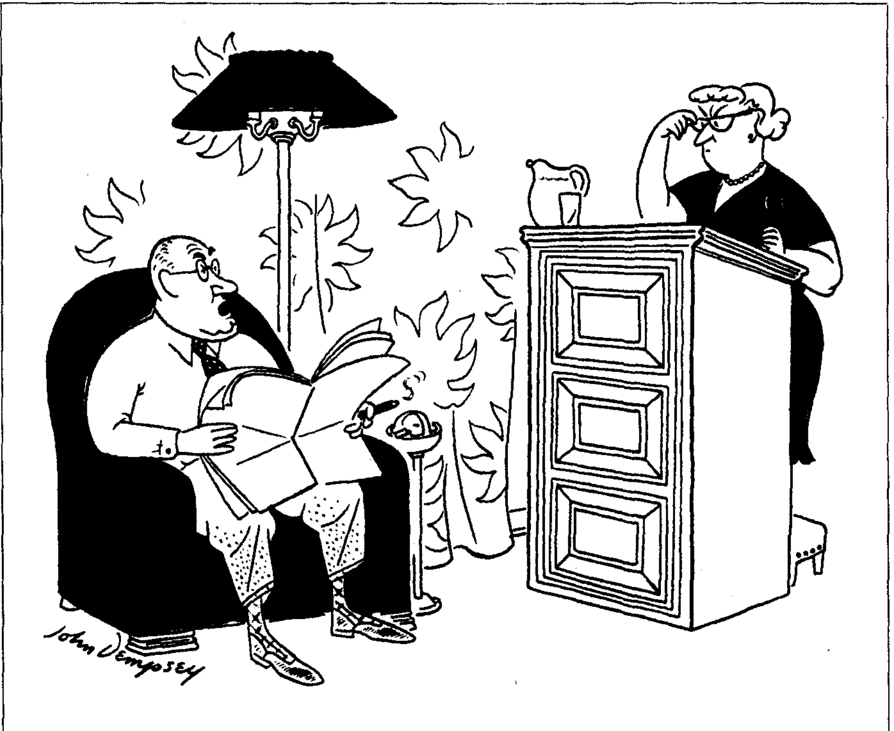
The guys were willing.

"Rudyard?" Wilson said.

"You don't need me. Thanks for the paper."

"Aw, come on, Rud," Oscar said.

"Sure," Baines said.



COLLIER'S "Another lecture? Now what have I done?" JOHN DEMPSEY

"What the hell, guy!" McFarlane said.

"We need you, Rudyard," Wilson said.

Sentimentality is a powerful thing. "Well, let me change my shirt," I said.

Quietly, while the rest of the house slept, we went to our rooms and put on old clothes. In silence we crept down the hall to Berle's dark room and snatched him from his bed while he was still snoring. The moment we threw him to the floor he cried, "What the hell's the matter with you?"

"You're going in the pond," Baines said.

He fought well, but he was outnumbered. We got him to the stairs, and in the struggle there we broke through the railing and fell to the next floor, knocking Oscar unconscious. We left Oscar lying there and carried Berle still fighting, out the front door and halfway across the campus to the edge of a small fishpond with a mud bottom.

We held him by his ankles and wrists and swung him back and forth. "One! Two! Three!" We swung him as hard as we could and let him go. He went up high and spun around and struck the water hard. The pond was only three feet deep and he came up quickly, covered with mud, cursing. We were really carried away with the idea because that night after Berle had gone back to the house and put on dry pajamas, we threw him in again. He fought better the second time. . . .

During the next five days we threw him in the pond several times a day, enough so that we became part of the normal campus scene. After the second day, no one stopped to watch us, not even when we went in after him and ducked him repeatedly until he almost drowned. At the end of the fifth day there was no more fight in him. We burst into his room and carried his large, limp, white body to the pond, and heaved it in. He crawled out, dripping, holding up his hand for us to stop. "I give up," he said.

"You won't foreclose?" Wilson asked.

"No," he said, shuddering.

He had surrendered to the opinion of the majority, and it was in our tradition to give a rousing cheer and then carry him home on our shoulders. We did, but the significance of it escaped him, I think. That night we had one hell of a time at the Tri-Delt house.

ONE afternoon about a month later, I was alone in my room with my thoughts when Wilson ran in, saying, "Do you know what he's done now?"

"Whom?" I said.

"Berle Robbins," he said. "Do you know he went to the building and loan association and bought up *our* mortgage? He holds our mortgage now. We've got to pay him."

Berle had been walking down the hall and he must have heard Wilson because he stopped and stuck his fat face in the door. "Hi, fellows. Heard the news?"

Neither Wilson nor I could speak.

Berle laughed. "Throw me in the pond. That dirty old pond."

"What're you going to do?" Wilson said. "Berle, you wouldn't do anything to us, would you?"

"I don't know," Berle said. "I'll have to think it over. I haven't decided yet."

And during the four years that Berle was at school haphazardly attending classes, he never did make up his mind. He held the house and the fraternity in the palm of his hand, and it was not until he graduated and left school that he gave the mortgage as a present to the fraternity. Soon after that he really did marry his second cousin Pauline. And he had heirs with her, too. Four of them. THE END

The Mountain Boys at Yale

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

business for a rassling show in the neighborhood, "the Tennessee Cannonball" made a speech at Elon College in North Carolina and was introduced to Peahead Walker, the football coach.

The pair hit it off instantly, probably because they had many interests in common—including a mutual reverence for comestibles which borders on idolatry. It may have been on the occasion of that first meeting that Peahead was Herman's host at a breakfast which began with orange juice and cereal, embraced a mighty steak, a monumental ham, Homeric heaps of hashed-brown potatoes, hot hush-puppies, jam and coffee. "I disregarded the cereal and jam," Mr. Hickman has related, "and got down to fundamentals—the food."

Thereafter, he unshipped his vest, leaned back and regaled his host with tales of derring-do on the mat. He told of the time some fiendish opponent was torturing him to the limit of human endurance with a toe hold. While Herman lay writhing upon his abdomen screaming piteously and pounding the canvas in anguish, the referee, behind his back, broke the hold and led his adversary to a neutral corner. For fully 45 seconds longer, Herman lay untouched, untortured and unaware, shrieking, sobbing and thumping the mat as in the last extremities of pain. (This was merely an early display of a histrionic talent which is currently being put to even more remunerative use on television.)

Peahead responded with yarns of his own experiences playing football, baseball and basketball at Howard College, his 12 seasons of minor-league baseball, his early days as a high-school coach when he also had to teach physics and chemistry. Had he known enough science to impress his students?

"I didn't have to," Peahead said. "I had the book open, and they didn't."

A year or so after their first meeting, Hickman forsook the mat to move into Walker's territory as assistant football

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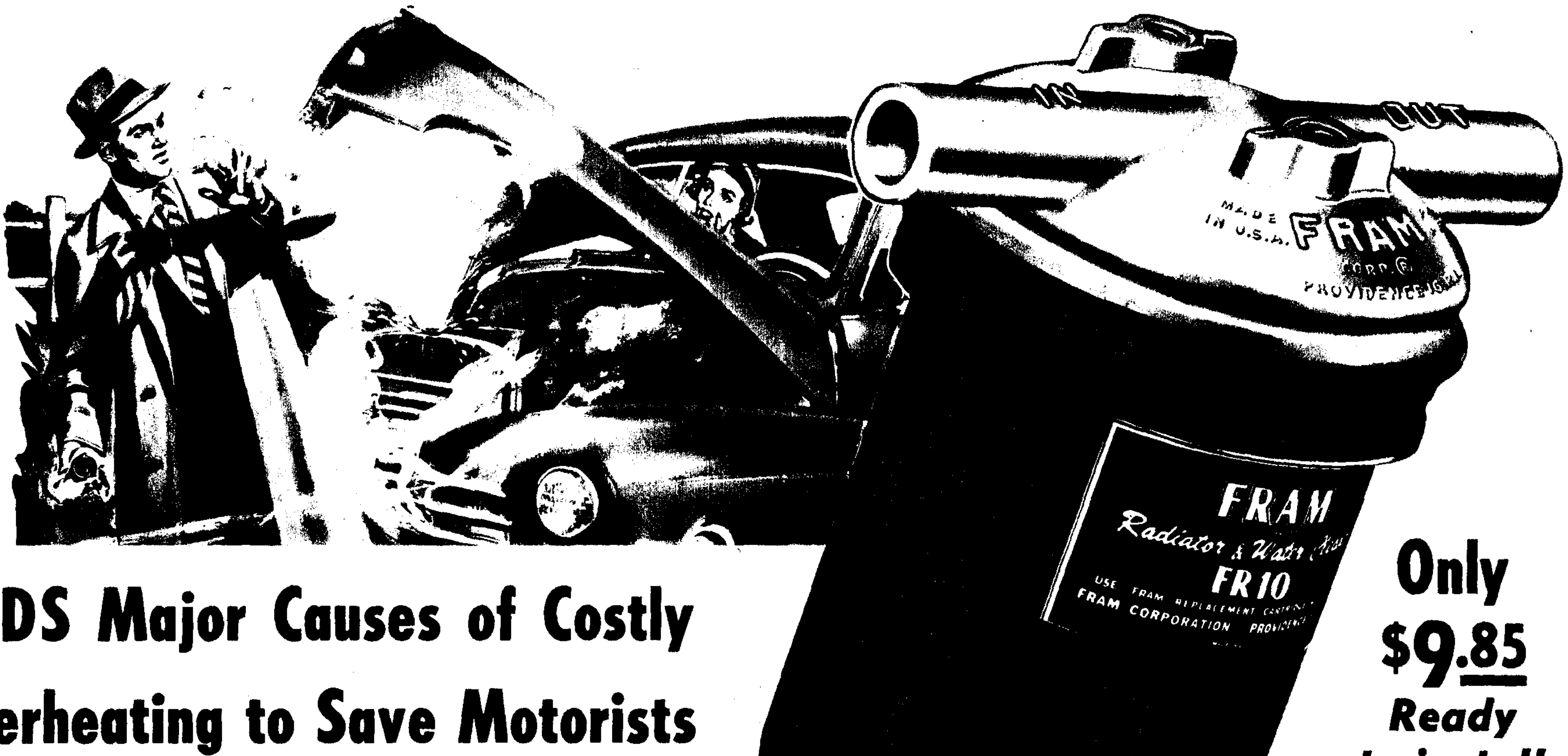
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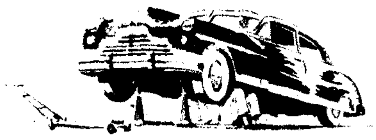

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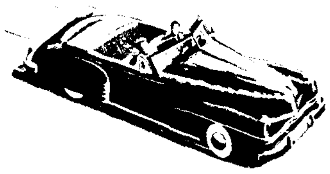

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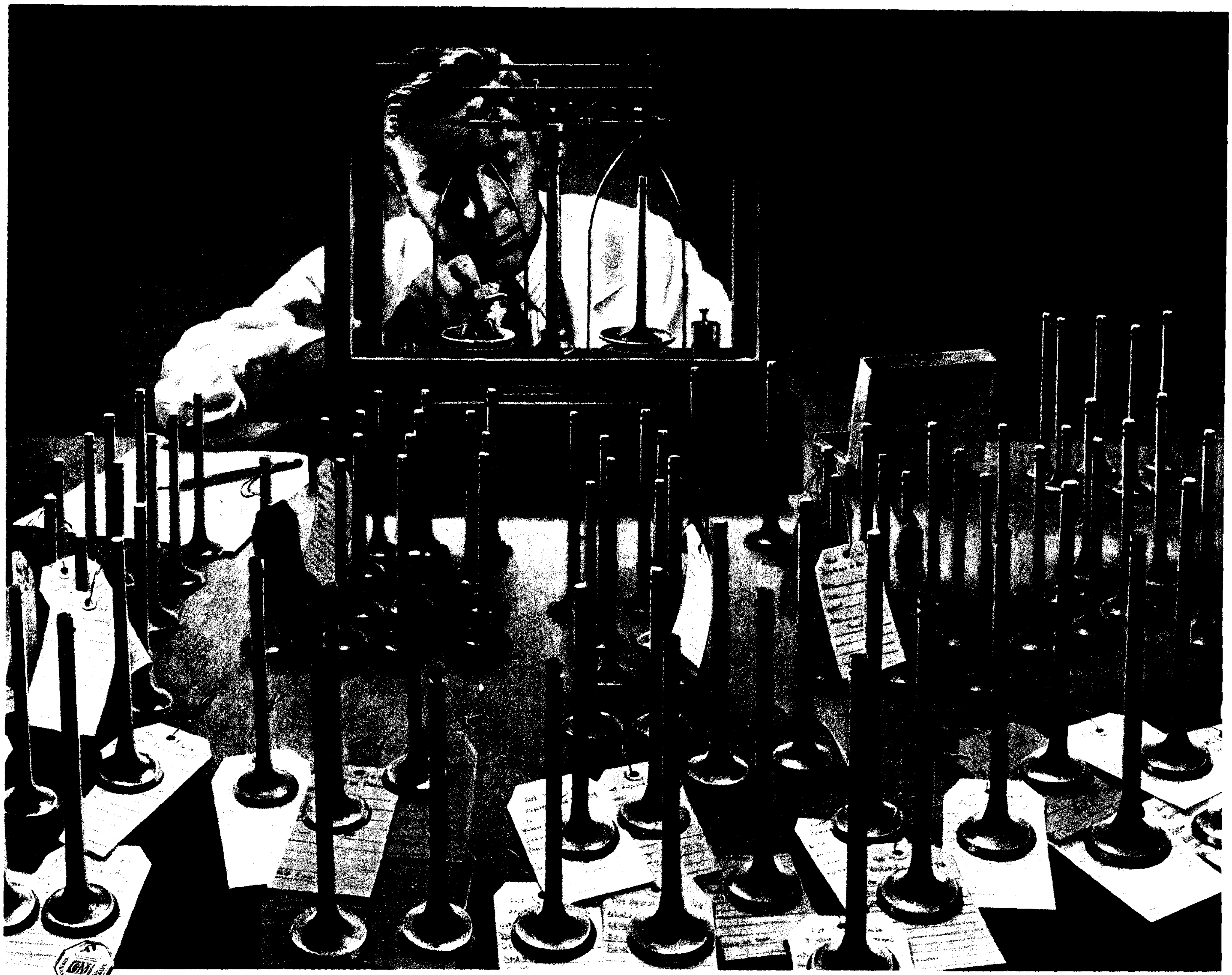

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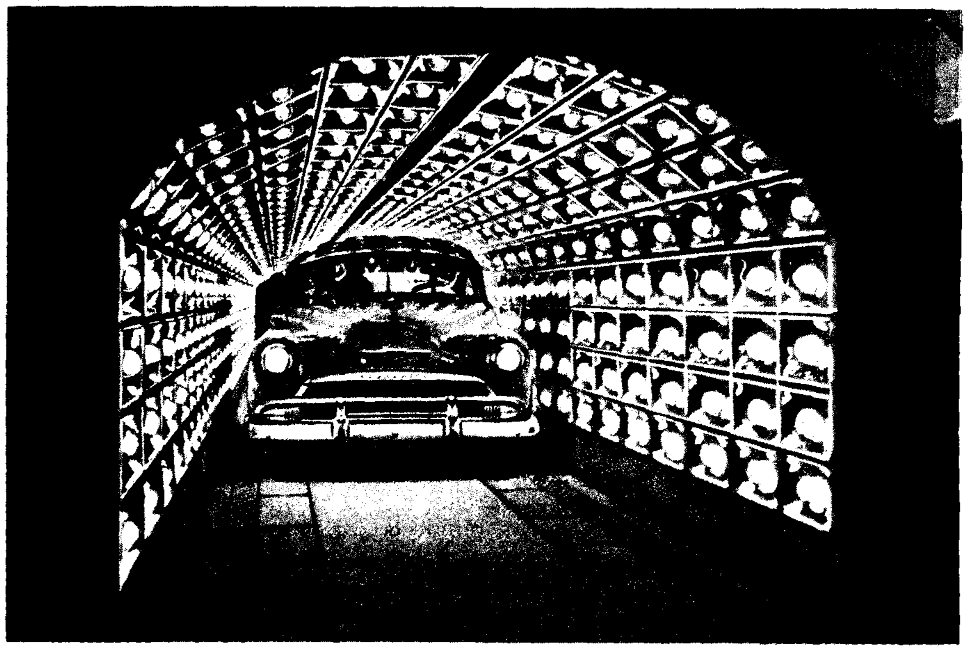

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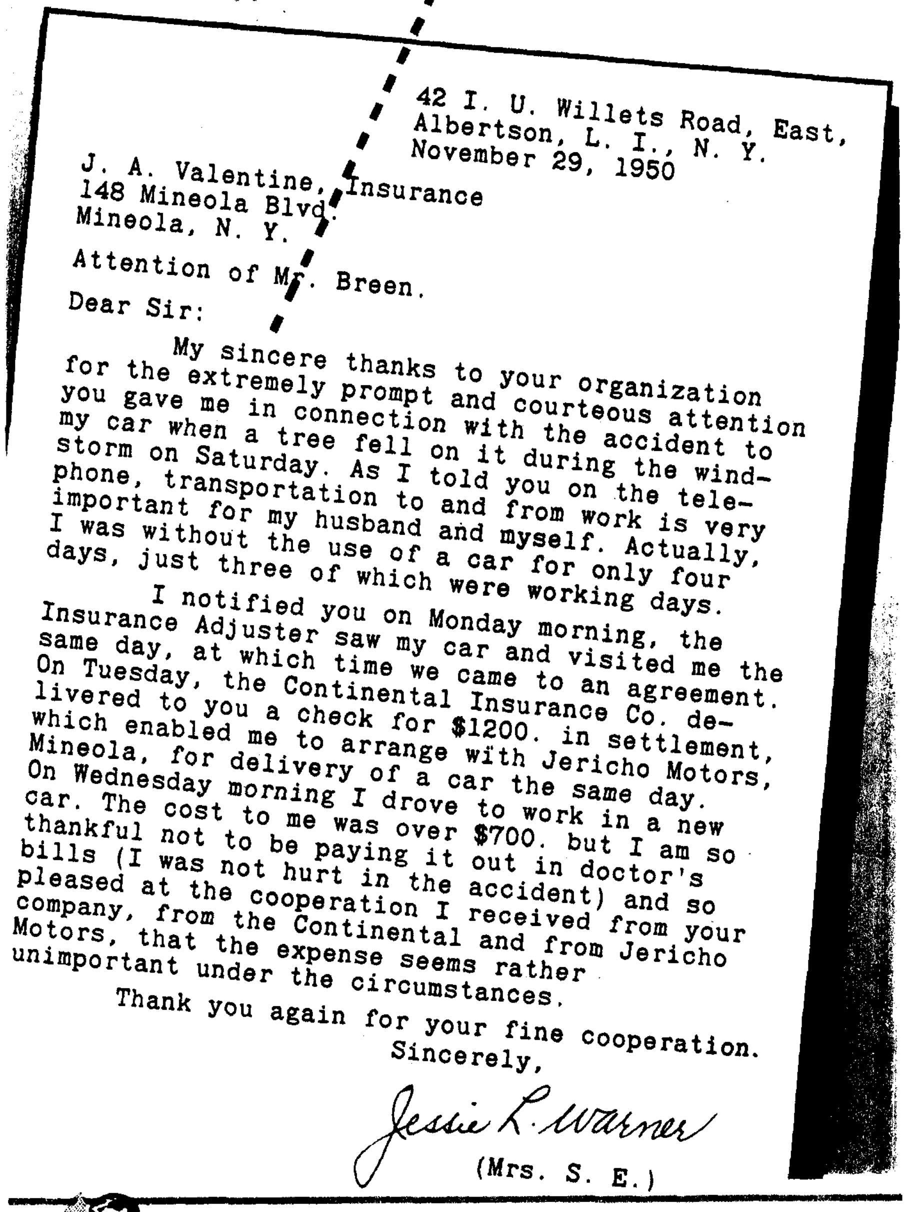

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coach at Wake Forest. "He thus became," Jimmy Cannon, the columnist, has observed, "the first rassler ever admitted to the human race." After Herman moved on to North Carolina State, Peahead transferred from Elon to Wake Forest. In North Carolina, Herman and Peahead were hot rivals and warm friends.

Hickman traveled North via West Point, where he developed mighty lines for Red Blaik's Army teams from 1943 to 1947, and at length moved to Yale, to be ordained high priest of football in the shrine where Walter Camp, Pudge Heffelfinger and Frank Merriwell are worshiped. Meanwhile, Walker had become a legend in the South.

He had served 10 years at Elon and he ultimately put in 14 making demons of the Deacons of Wake Forest. No specialist building a reputation on a single tactic, he had the nation's most potent running attack one season, the country's top passing team another year, America's best defensive record against both rushing and passing in another autumn.

Under his tough stewardship, Wake Forest upset such giants of the South as Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina and Clemson. The Deacons mashed muscular Duke three times in a row. They moved North and polished off Denny Myers' mastodons at Boston College. ("I ain't worried about your defense," Peahead told Myers, prior to that occasion. "You got to play the five-man line. Cain't get six of your guys side by side on one football field.")

He had also become a character, famed for the unpressed pants with the rip in the seat which he wore on the field, the hound's-tooth jackets, sunset-lurid shirts and hand-painted neckties that he sported at banquets.

It didn't stand to reason that anybody would give up all this to become an assistant coach. In all his football years, Peahead had never been any man's assistant for so much as an hour. Hickman was only seeking advice when he telephoned his friend after the 1949 season, told him Harold Kopp was leaving Yale to become head coach at Rhode Island State, and asked Walker to recommend a line coach to succeed Kopp.

"How about me?" Peahead said. Herman didn't believe he was serious, but they met in Fincastle, talked it over beside the creek, and just about concluded a deal. Back in New Haven, though, Herman doubted that Peahead would be happy among Yankee infidels. He questioned the wisdom of a head coach stepping down to the post of assistant. Further, hiring so close a friend as Peahead seemed akin to nepotism. He telephoned Walker and told him he'd decided to take on Al Kelley, of Cornell, instead.

Peahead was frankly disappointed. Underpaid and feeling cramped, he wanted to move. So when Kelley departed after last season to become head coach at Brown, Herman didn't hesitate, even though Peahead's team had enjoyed an enormously successful season, losing just one game—to Clemson—and then by only a single point.

Walker arrived in New Haven in time to help with spring practice and with advance worrying about the 1951 season. Yale hopes to continue the improvement that began with Hickman's arrival, when he announced his policy of losing only often enough to keep the alumni "sullen, but not mutinous." In his first season, Yale won four games and lost five; in his second, four and four; in his third, and most recent, six and three, with a squad that depended heavily on sophomores.

Juniors this year, these players may profit by experience and they may be aided by a few newcomers, including those whom Herman describes by a characteristic code word: "Tenderloin." Every year, Herman gets the names of football players among incoming freshmen, assembles reports on their skills from their prep-school coaches, and when he chances upon a particularly choice and meaty morsel, he pencils in that special term of endearment.

"But those tenderloins," he told Peahead after looking the rookies over in the flesh, "they sure shrink in shipment."

"How about that kid you were tellin' me could do everything but walk on water?" Peahead asked. "The one was captain of all those high-school teams and president of his class and won all those honors for dramatics and essays and music and everything?"

"A sad case," Herman said. "He never showed up. Died of self-esteem."

With Yale playing Bates in the season's opening game, the Hickman-Walker worries naturally started this year with the little Maine school. Both remembered blood-curdling upsets in opening games between famous teams and unknowns—mighty Michigan's opener in 1928 when Ohio Wesleyan won, 17 to 7; little Ursinus' conquest of Penn starting the 1934 season; the year Davis-Elkins spoiled Navy's opener, 2 to 0; 1938, when unrenowned Ohio University began by whipping Illinois, 6 to 0.

"In nineteen and thirty-two," said Herman shortly before the Bates game, "Yale opened with Bates and it was a scoreless tie. If we don't win this one, it'll be a sad season."

"In nineteen and thirty-five," said Peahead, "my little old Howard tied Alabama in the opener, 7 to 7."

Both shuddered.

"Next year," said Herman, "we'll open with Notre Dame and let Frank Leahy do the worrying."

Meanwhile, Peahead had an additional worry of his own. "Do you think, maybe," he asked Herman, "my manner might be a little rough for the boys up here?"

"D.C.," Herman said, "if you were to change now you wouldn't be the guy I hired. You just go and be the guy you always been. Us Yales can take it."

Fact is, Herman can dish it out, too. When he took over at Yale he established, with inhuman cruelty, 7:00 A.M. as the hour for coaches to start their working day. He would accept no excuse for tardiness, he said, except illness or death. Then he caught the eye of Stu Clancy, an assistant who doubled as an embalmer in suburban Branford.

"I mean *private*," Herman said sternly, "not *professional* deaths." THE END

Doggerel

There are pointers that point;
There are setters that set;
There are Pekes that are piqued
When their tails have been tweaked;
But I'm willing to bet
That no person, as yet,
Saw a boxer that boxed
Or a pinscher that pinsched.
May I hope to be lynched
If the world will admit
Of a spitz that can spit,
Though it ought to know how
With a mouthful of chow.
There are hounds that one finds
In the thick of a fox hunt,
And dogs of all kinds
That engage in a dachshund;
But show me a schnauzer
Who isn't carousing
All hours of night,
When he ought to be schnauzing.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

New Ginger on Broadway

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

no one's looking, sometimes I sort of put a spinner on the line—maybe even a salmon egg. . . . Wow! That warning shot you just heard was fired by our Jackson County game warden."

But the Rogers Ranch isn't merely a place where the actress goes to fish. It's a paying establishment—as is evidenced by the fact that behind the $8,000 stone and knotty-pine ranch house are barns worth more than $50,000. During World War II, Ginger's milk herds helped supply the Army's nearby Camp White. Shortly after the war, when a ceiling on milk but none on feed made this unprofitable, she switched to cattle raising.

A Serious Guest Columnist

Ginger also takes an active interest in politics, although her mother, Lela Rogers, as one of Hollywood's leading Republicans and a charter member of the film colony's highly articulate anti-Communist faction, is even more active in this field. Although Ginger's Republicanism is less vociferous, her political views are sufficiently pronounced for her to have had an invitation on one occasion from columnist and commentator Fulton Lewis, Jr., to write a guest article for him while he was vacationing. As the following excerpt from that column reveals, Ginger's writing style and conversational style are dissimilar:

"Is there a man alive today capable of governing the universe by his own wisdom? There is not one. God governs the universe . . . To God there is no Russian mind, no Chinese mind, no Communist mind . . . there is only His child, without race, creed or color . . ."

Ginger is a Christian Scientist, and she attends services at the Seventeenth Church of Christ, Scientist, in Hollywood.

Next to her ranch, Ginger's most prized possession is the studio behind her Hollywood pool. It serves as a retreat where she can get on with her painting and sculpting. Her best works are caricatures of friends like Katharine Hepburn, the late actress Maria Ouspenskaya and Irving Berlin—whose field Ginger invaded several years ago when the Famous Music Corporation finally accepted one of the seven songs she has written. It was entitled, The Girl Who Used to Be You, and her first royalty check was in the sum of $4.24. "I had it framed," she says. "I may have loused up the company's accounts by not cashing it, but I love that little check."

Next to the check hangs a framed certificate of membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution, an organization for which she is eligible through an ancestor of her mother who fought as a private at Bunker Hill. "I made that team by accident of birth," she tells you. "But I'll have you know I made the Jackson County sheriff's posse in Oregon on my own. You can call me Two-gun Rogers."

When Two-gun Rogers started life in Harry Truman's home town, Independence, Missouri, in 1911, it was as Virginia Katherine McMath, daughter of an electrical engineer who parted company with Virginia's mother when the child was two years old. The girl's introduction to the movies came at second hand a few years later, when Lela McMath got a job as a screen writer in New York City, where several film companies then operated studios.

Movie publicists being as industrious as they are, most Americans know the story of how Virginia Katherine changed her name and made her own way into the film industry. But the facts bear retelling.

By the mid-twenties, Virginia was living in Fort Worth, Texas, and had become Ginger Rogers—"Ginger," because that's the only way a young cousin could pronounce Virginia, and Rogers because Ginger's mother had remarried, and John Rogers legally adopted his little stepdaughter.

When she was fourteen, the red-haired, blue-eyed and mature-looking Ginger entered a Charleston contest and, in due course, danced her way to the championship of Texas and Oklahoma. The prize was a six-week vaudeville stint through the two states. The six weeks became four years, during which the geographical limitations extended to include every major theater in the country.

One day, while she was playing in Brooklyn, she was spotted by Eddie Cantor. Excited by the young performer's talent, Cantor sent her on a tour of the New York City legitimate theaters, several of which were casting musical shows. The result was a featured part in one called Top Speed.

The following year, 1930, Ginger hit what, until this year, was still her Broadway high spot: a starring role in George Gershwin's hit musical, Girl Crazy, in which, billed over Ethel Merman, she sang his now-immortal song, Embraceable You.

It was during the run of that show that the nineteen-year-old Miss Rogers began having occasional dates with a youngster named Fred Astaire, who was becoming pretty well known around town as a dancer.

In the summer of 1931, just after Girl Crazy closed, the head of Pathé pictures, Charles Rogers, asked her by long distance if she would consider $1,000 a week to appear in a picture called The Tip-off, with Robert Armstrong.

"Honestly," she says today, "I'm not sure exactly what it was. I think it was full of touts and race horses. You know, one of those pictures where I clutch my bosom when the announcer says, '. . . and now they're turning into the stretch . . .'"

Ginger was on her way to Hollywood within a week of Rogers' call, accompanied—as she had been during all her vaudeville tours—by her mother. Lela Rogers has been Ginger's manager and constant companion for 25 years, and she still goes along whenever her daughter travels, functioning in the best tradition of the stage mother. She is given to the editorial "we," and when a question is asked of her daughter she sometimes interjects: "Now, be quiet, Ginger; you don't know what this is all about"—at which Ginger shrugs in mock resignation and says, "There you have the capsule history of my life."

In Astaire Film Musicals

Actually, even a capsule history of the Rogers career would have to include some mention of her motion-picture successes—topped, of course, by the one for which she won the 1940 Academy Award, the film version of Christopher Morley's best-selling novel, Kitty Foyle. By the time she earned the "typical American working girl" label for her work in that movie, she was already famous for her dancing-singing roles in a series of musical pictures with her old friend, Fred Astaire. The first of these, in 1933, was Flying Down to Rio; by the time the team broke up, 10 pictures later, they had grossed a fabulous $18,000,000 for RKO. Ginger's last picture, released a few months ago, was The Groom Wore Spurs. "There's no reason," she says, "why you should remember it."

During a career in the entertainment business that now spans more than a quarter of a century, Ginger herself has taken a groom three times. Her marital experiences seem to have been notable chiefly for the effect they've had on her education. Although her first husband, a vaudevillian named Jack Pepper from whom she was separated just a few months after their marriage in 1928, apparently contributed little to her intellectual development, her second, actor Lew Ayres, aroused her interest in astronomy, and her third, actor Jack Briggs, stimulated her interest in oceanography. Ginger is a free woman at the moment.

While the actress' interest in astronomy

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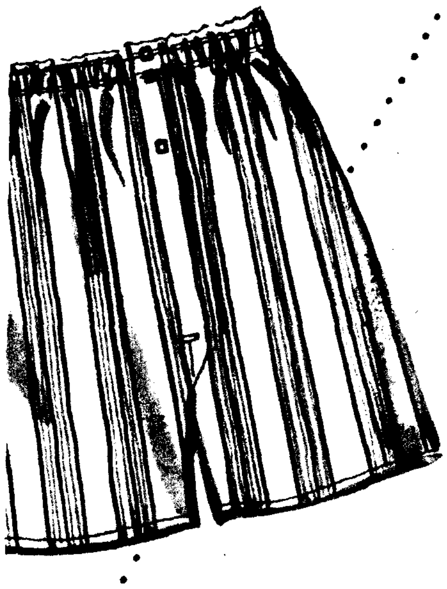

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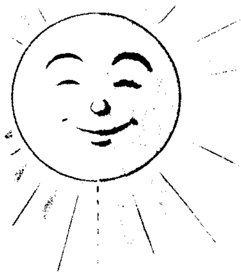

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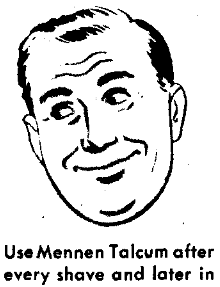

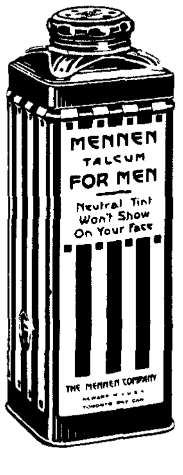

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and oceanography has been inconstant, she has another hobby which has always been her favorite. That's dancing, which she considers an avocation as well as a vocation. But although she loves it, she's also got a gripe about it.

"Peculiarly enough," she says, "bad dancers seem to enjoy tagging me. Now, columnists are always writing about how I ruined a pair of shoes, dancing some starry night away. Hooey. *I've* never ruined a pair of shoes yet; they're always ruined *for* me. If the American male would take his dancing lessons as seriously as he takes his golf lessons, this world would be a nicer place for little Ginger (label that a plug for the Astaire Dance Studios)."

Considering her great interest in dancing, and her unquestioned excellence at it, it is somewhat surprising that Ginger's new Broadway play has no choreography, even though it was designed solely with an eye to displaying la Rogers to the best advantage. The play has no message and it grinds no ax; the fact that it's an unpretentious comedy is one of the main reasons Ginger chose it. "After all," she says, "I'm supposed to be an entertainer. Sure, I know about Eleonora Duse; there's an article about her in the encyclopedia. Great acting's just not my line."

Oversimplified, the story of the play is that of a giddy young actress who loses a lover to her more mundane widowed sister. On the rebound from this affair, the actress throws herself at a very worldly, aging diplomat. He, vast in his understanding of human nature, manipulates the strings so that, with the final curtain, the actress goes off to marry the young doctor with whom she has really been in love all along.

Some indication of the degree to which this vehicle is intended strictly as a showcase for its star can be gleaned from the fact that Ginger plays *two* roles: that of the gay, sparkling, flamboyant actress, and that of the actress' quiet, dignified widowed sister, Ruth. (Ginger is listed twice in the playbill—once as Virginia McMath.)

This dual characterization delighted the critics who saw the out-of-town tryouts. "A stunning young woman, looking remarkably like Miss Rogers, took the more subdued role of Ruth," reported the reviewer for the New Haven Journal-Courier. "The audience was not fooled one bit."

Critics Not Too Enthusiastic

Although both the New Haven critics and those in Philadelphia and Washington liked the play—and loved its star—there were some suggestions that it needed cutting before reaching Broadway. The New Haven Evening Register said it was "a production that displays both grace and humor but still falls short of sharp comedy focus . . . a bit more cutting and polishing should give it genuine sparkle."

The cutting was done, but even then Ginger was ready for anything as the New York opening approached.

"So maybe it'll flop," she says. "Well, I've been given the death sentence by critics before, and I've always survived. Sticks and stones may break my aging bones, but *critics'* words will never slay me (aren't I the one with the original witticisms? You may quote me). After all, it's just a play."

Love and Let Love may be just another play, but its history is far from orthodox. Last March, Verneuil, an amiable man in his early fifties, invited Ginger and her mother to dinner and outlined a play that he thought might interest the actress. It was based on the idea that a woman's character changes to match that of the man she loves, and its heroine was provided with a new husband in each of the three acts. When Mrs. Rogers and her daughter left that night they looked at each other and said in unison, "Nope!" But they agreed that they should wait to see some of the written play, if only to be polite, before they gave Verneuil an absolute refusal.

Unknown to them, after they left, Verneuil had taken another look at his outline (which had a strange similarity to Ginger's own life) and had also said, "Nope." A couple of weeks later he casually mentioned to them that he was making a couple of changes in his original idea. Then, six weeks after the first dinner, he again asked them to dine with him. And that night he read to them the wholly new play he had concocted—cut and draped to the personality of Ginger, as he had come to see her.

The play appealed to the actress. Verneuil wanted her to promise that very night to do it; her refusal to do so confused him—which, considering the way she worded it, is understandable. "I'll have to sleep with it under my pillow a few nights," she said, "to see if it sticks to my ribs."

When she finally agreed to appear in Love and Let Love, Verneuil set about finding a producer while Ginger retired to her ranch to rest before starting work on the show. As an added item of unorthodoxy, they agreed to conduct the main body of rehearsals in Los Angeles, rather than go through the usual procedure of rehearsing in a hot New York theater during July and August.

Rehearsals began in mid-July, on Ginger's fortieth birthday ("Don't you dare pull any of that Life Begins stuff . . . ," she told a reporter who had commented on the coincidence.) Verneuil had cast himself in the role of the worldly-wise French diplomat. Tom Helmore, a talented Broadway actor, was brought from the East to play the part of the young doctor who is Ginger's one true love in the play. Dorothy Adams, a Hollywood character actress, was cast as the diplomat's loyal and loving secretary.

For the first 10 days, rehearsals were held in Verneuil's living room. Then they moved into Los Angeles' Ivar Theatre for two weeks. Miss Adams says, "When we walked out on the stage of the Ivar the first time, Ginger jumped up and down and yelled, 'Whoops, a real, honest-to-gosh stage at last!' She was like a kid who'd come home."

Twice, while they were working at the Ivar, it was so hot that Ginger suggested they rehearse on the terrace of her Beverly Hills swimming pool. "That may sound chi-chi," Miss Adams says, "but it was far from it. We really worked, with time out for only one short dip. That's when I discovered Ginger's a soda-fountain lush—has one installed in her house. You should see her slug down vanilla phosphates and chocolate sodas. I don't see how she keeps that figure."

During the second week of rehearsal, the show's producer, Anthony B. Farrell, a New York industrialist turned play angel, came out to see what he'd let himself in for. He arrived late and saw only one hour of rehearsal the first day. He promised to turn up for the next day's full schedule. When, the following day, Ginger missed him and asked where he was, Verneuil told her he'd sent Mr. Farrell away because he knew his presence would make her nervous. "Can you imagine?" Ginger says. "That jittery playwright tossed the producer out on his bank roll, using me as a pretext. The poor man didn't get to see his play until we opened in New Haven on August 27th."

The last rehearsal in Hollywood was a run-through, attended by about 20 intimate friends of the cast. Afterward, an old man named Walter W. Owen came backstage, threw his arms around Ginger, and said, "Baby, you were wonderful."

Ginger beamed. "Boy, if I can still appeal to my eighty-five-year-old grandpappy, I guess I've still got a chance."

The Costuming Is Delectable

She also held one dress parade before she came East. She had borrowed costume designer Jean Louis from Columbia Pictures and, she says, "If I got nothing else, I got me a well-dressed show. The clothes are delectable—just about 6,500 bucks' worth of delectability." In the play she wears a pink faille taffeta six-o'clock dress with push-up sleeves; a violet wool suit; a tangerine walking suit with a leopard stole; a black faille taffeta coat-dress with white faille trim; and a short, white lace evening gown, with a white taffeta greatcoat lined in watermelon.

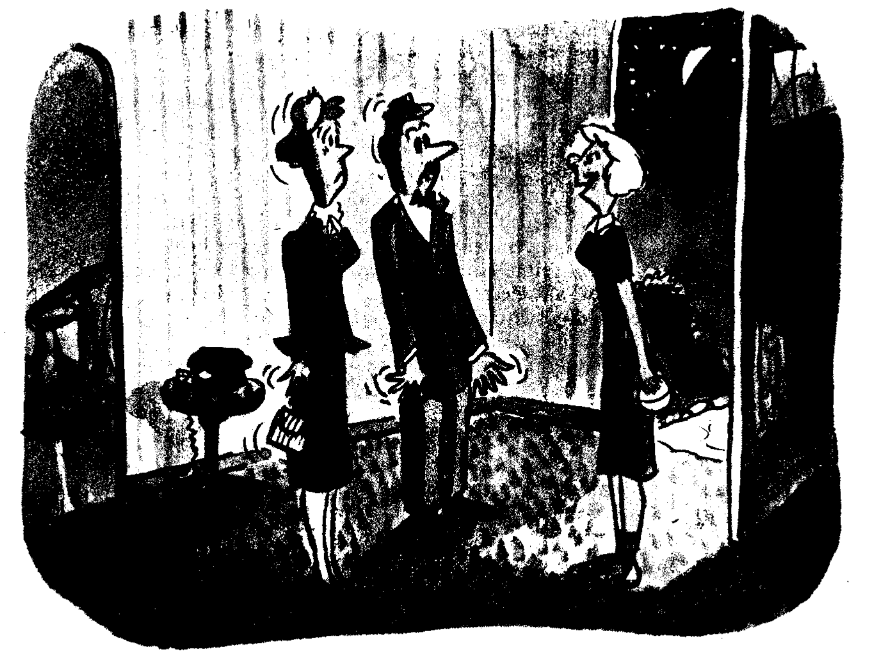
When it came time for the cast to head East, Verneuil, who was also directing the show, was ordered by his doctor to give up his acting role. This meant that Charles Andre, his understudy, had to play the role of the French diplomat during the week's New Haven engagement, while another actor was being readied to play the part for the three-weeks Philadelphia-Washington tryout and for the Broadway run. This blow didn't daunt Ginger. "I suppose I should be knocking wood or something—but I ain't superstitious. I just believe in doin' the best I know how."

But, as she drew closer to her Broadway opening, she finally did say, "Honest, I'm not cocky. I'm human and it does scare me. But I keep telling myself it's just another play. If I'm whistling in the dark, please don't throw me off key."

Then she considered a moment, and added: "After all, an audience can't fail to be more exhilarating than a camera peering down your throat. Who knows, maybe live audiences will be the vitamin that starts me on my way to new fame and fortune.

"Unquote."

THE END



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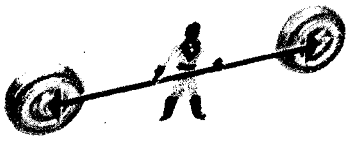

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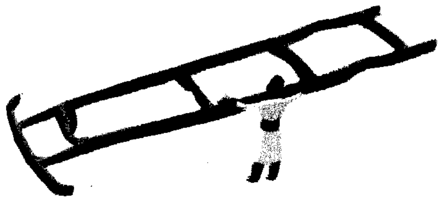

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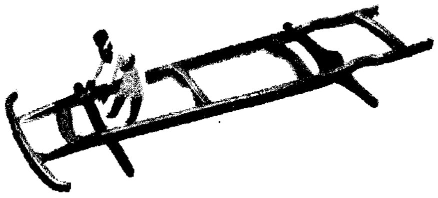

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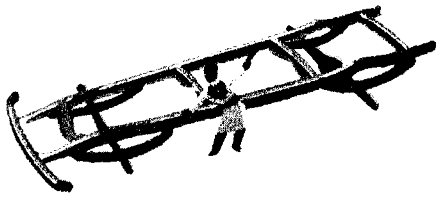

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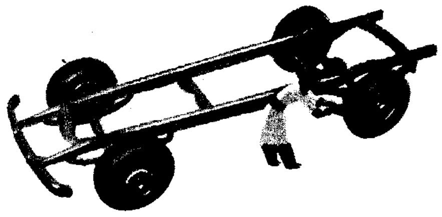

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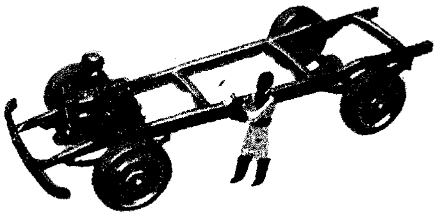

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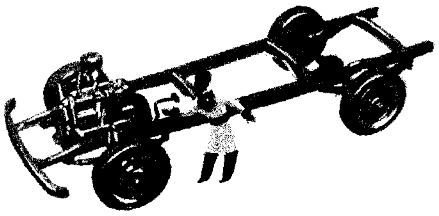

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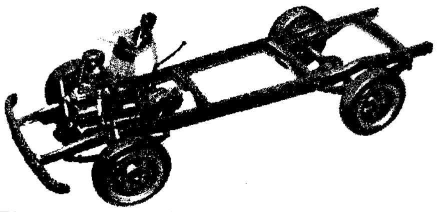

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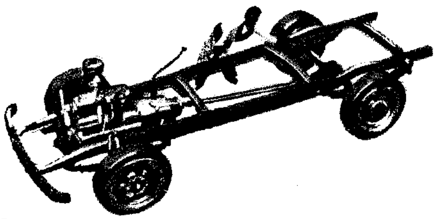

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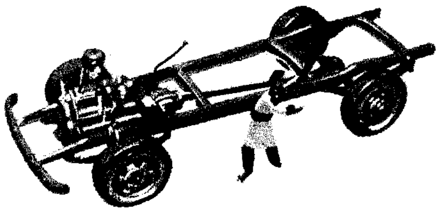

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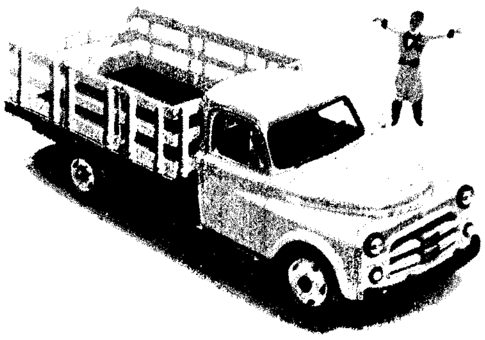

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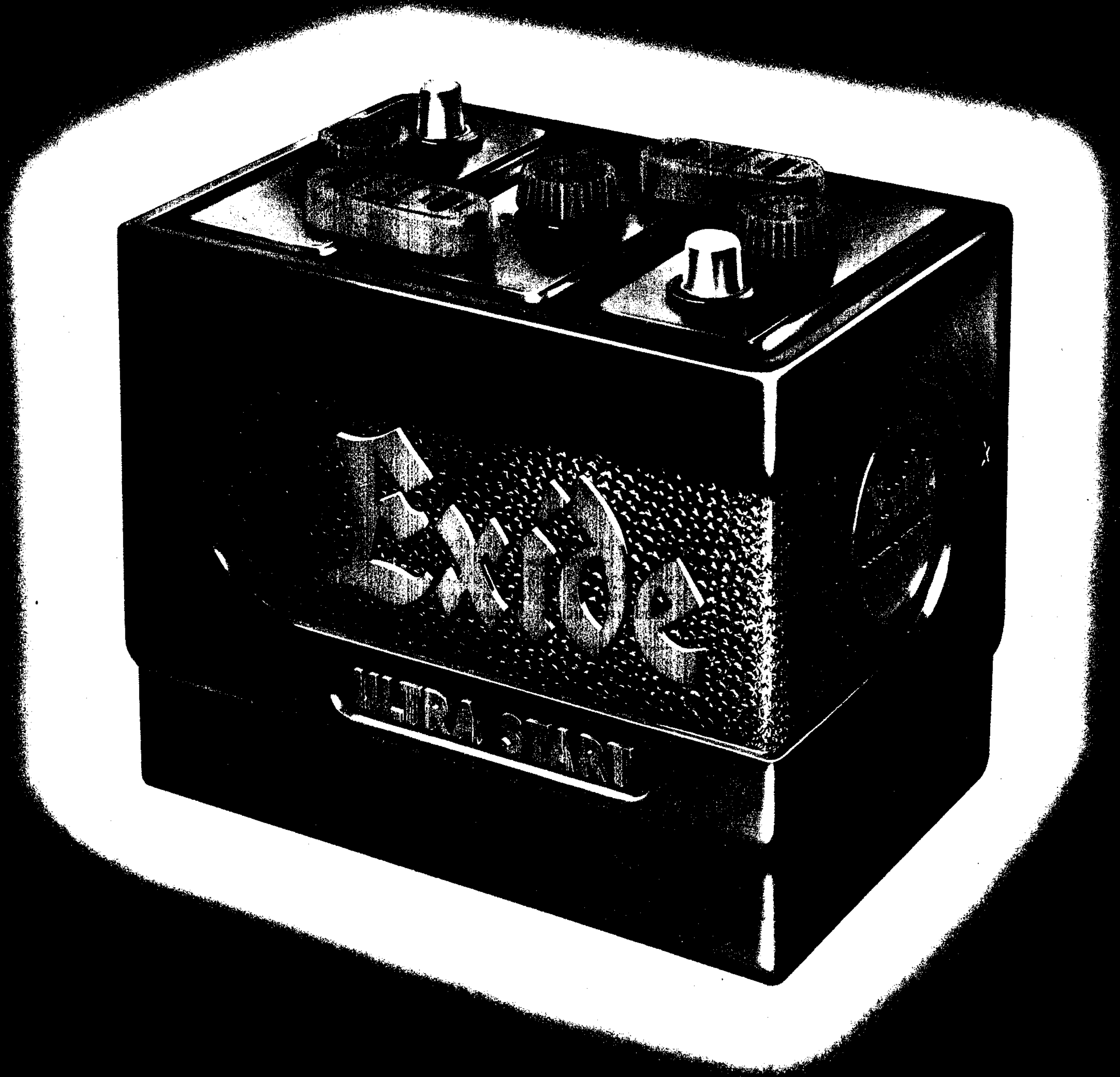
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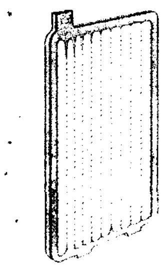

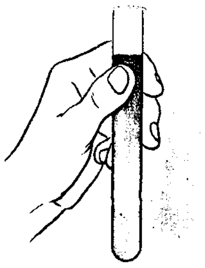

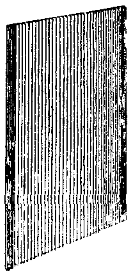

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How Mobsters Grabbed a City's Transit Line

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

smile on his face I'll never forget!" And though Kid Cann produced an elaborate alibi, public clamor forced his arrest and indictment for murder. During his trial, sensational charges were made that jurors had been threatened with violence if they failed to vote for acquittal. Kid Cann was acquitted.

"We could not believe," the foreman of the jury explained away the positive eyewitness identification of Kid Cann, "*any* man who would commit a crime like this would stick his head out of his car in plain view of persons who might see him firing the machine gun."

Brawl in a Hotel Lobby

Minneapolis police long have handled Kid Cann with kid gloves. Three years ago, the hoodlum and two friends were involved in a drunken brawl with a stranger over a pretty girl in the Nicollet Hotel lobby. Until police arrived there was quite a fight—Kid Cann and his two husky friends versus the young man.

And whom did the police arrest? The lone young man! He was fined $10.

When newspapers reported the incident with editorial eyebrow-raising, Inspector of Detectives Eugene Bernath, in speaking before the Commonwealth Club, accused the press of "unnecessarily enlarging upon" the incident and "persecuting" the notorious gangster Kid Cann.

He asserted Cann "runs a very clean place now at The Happy Hour Café" (later Club Carnival, currently The Flame) and added:

"Among people who know Kid Cann, he is regarded as a sort of 'Sir Galahad,' ready to defend a woman he thinks is being annoyed."

(Mayor Hubert Humphrey, now U.S. senator, said: "Because one of the participants is reported to have been a man of considerable reputation in the underworld is no reason for persecuting him!")

The Minneapolis Star, quoting the police official's statement that Kid Cann ran The Happy Hour Café, pointed out that his criminal past made it illegal for him to hold a liquor license. This prompted Inspector Bernath to deny he had made any such statement. But few are fooled by Kid Cann's camouflaged ownership of The Flame and a half-dozen other night clubs and bars. His liquor licenses are held by friends who act as "fronts," despite the city liquor license committee's contention it has no evidence of this fact.

In addition to Minneapolis night clubs, real estate and his palatial home at 2305 Mount View Avenue, Kid Cann has heavy financial interests in Florida. Dan Sullivan, Greater Miami Crime Commission director, testifying before the U.S. Senate's Crime Investigating Committee, named Cann as one of the most powerfully entrenched gangsters in gangster-ridden Miami.

Until its recent sale, Cann was principal owner of Miami Beach's $2,000,000 Martinique Hotel, whose illegal gambling concession, Sullivan testified, was held by Jules Beeman, a partner in Miami's "Little Syndicate," with a long police record including a conviction for burglary and arrests (but not convictions) on homicide and narcotics charges. Interested in the Martinique with Kid Cann was the Ed Berman who twice served time in prison—in the Urschel kidnaping and for his partnership with Cann in the illegal alcohol ring. (Also connected with Cann was Ed's brother Dave Berman, ex-holdup man who has served a total of 11 years in New York and South Dakota prisons.)

Cann today insists he's "strictly legitimate." The notorious ex-convict and exbootlegger thus closely parrots the lines of Frank Costello, Tony Accardo, Joe Adonis and other Crime Syndicate big shots.

Tommy Banks, liquor and gambling czar, as earlier mentioned, with Kid Cann has ruled Minneapolis' underworld for 25 years. Banks—a millionaire who grows prize gladioli at his town house at 3817 Drew Avenue, South, Minneapolis, and raises prize cattle on his 370-acre estate on the Mississippi River—started out as an enterprising bellhop. Perhaps from sentiment, the bald, deceptively mild-looking rackets king still maintains as his office Room 1010 in the Dyckman Hotel—where in the "roaring twenties" he peddled "rotgut" to thirsty drummers. Though his criminal record bars him from a liquor license, through "fronts" he is understood to own or have an interest in approximately 20 Minneapolis night clubs and bars.

Like Cann, Tommy Banks has been arrested frequently on criminal charges but convicted only twice. In 1927, he was convicted and fined $2,500 in a liquor-distillery and conspiracy case. And in 1934, with Kid Cann and five others, he pleaded guilty in the huge alcohol-ring case in which the mob's alleged bookkeeper who "talked" was executed by machine gun. Banks merely was fined $2,000.

In 1941, Pete Hackett, Banks's bodyguard was shot after reportedly "blabbing" about underworld affairs. Banks, among others, was questioned. But Hackett recovered and refused to prefer charges.

Then, in 1945, Banks was questioned by police in the sensational murder of Albert Schneider, an organizer for the truck drivers' union. Schneider fell under a fusillade of bullets at the Casanova—a night club with a soiled reputation, reputedly owned by Banks—after he and his brother Fred, also a labor organizer, clashed with Banks and Rubin Shetsky, who managed the Casanova. Banks and Shetsky both fled after the killing. Banks later was cleared. (Shetsky was sentenced to life for murder. After serving three years, he gained a new trial and an acquittal.)

The guiding genius in the Twin City Rapid Transit stockholders' group of which Kid Cann and Tommy Banks were principals was Fred A. Ossanna, brilliant criminal attorney and Minneapolis' Democrat-Farmer Labor political boss.

Report on a Wealthy Lawyer

A tense, quiet-mannered man of fifty-eight, Ossanna is driven by a consuming ambition to get ahead in the world. He commands enormous fees as a trial lawyer. Of Italian descent, he was for years president of the National Italian-American Civic League and was twice decorated by the King of Italy. He unsuccessfully ran for mayor of Minneapolis in 1927; since, he has been the city's behind-the-scenes political boss. He is wealthy, owning two Minneapolis office buildings, an expensive home at Bal Harbour, Florida, and a 100-acre estate outside Minneapolis, which boasts a private lake and handsome stone house furnished with Louis XVI antiques he and his wife collected abroad.

Ossanna has had one brush with the law. In 1928, he was indicted for forgery in connection with an accounting of the assets of an Aurora, Minnesota, bank. But after a barge-line promoter and the bank president pleaded guilty to forgery and misleading a bank commissioner, respectively, the indictment against Ossanna was dismissed.

But to return to the Twin City Rapid Transit situation of today, we swing back to Charles Green, New York City businessman. A loud-voiced promoter, in his own words "always ready to make a fast buck," Green had piled up a wartime fortune while still in his early thirties—wholesaling elec-

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tric appliances through his Green Sales Company, Inc., principally to U.S. Army PXs.

The story of the change in management of the Twin City Rapid Transit Company actually began when Green, seeking to invest his fat wartime profits, came upon one of the company's annual reports. Noting its unusually strong financial position and the disproportionately low price of its stock on the "Big Board," he decided he had found a "sleeper." He bought 6,000 shares.

But no dividends materialized. As testimony at the subsequent Minnesota State Railroad and Warehouse Commission's hearing revealed, Green composed a letter demanding the management be ousted and sent copies to all 3,000 stockholders.

The result was that President D. J. Strouse invited him to Minneapolis for a talk. Green rushed out—and speedily offended Strouse by advising him to spend less of the company's earnings on new equipment and service to the public "and instead pay dividends." Green further demanded he and two friends replace three of Strouse's backers on the board of directors. Strouse merely laughed in his face, and the talk ended with each shouting the other knew nothing about running a streetcar company. Green stormed back to New York, angrily determined to start a "proxy" fight to gain control.

Green later testified before the investigating State Railroad and Warehouse Commission that he was soon approached by Bigham D. Eblen, Detroit attorney who owned 7,200 shares of TCRTC and held proxies (voting rights) on 10,000 more belonging to friends. Eblen proposed they join forces to elect three of their own directors to the nine-man board, at the annual stockholders' meeting in March, 1949. They hatched a mail campaign to collect proxies from additional stockholders—yet failed to seize control at the meeting. However, Strouse conciliatingly offered two directorships—and Eblen and one of his legal clients, James A. Gibb, former operator of the Lansing, Michigan, transportation system, were put in.

Shortly thereafter (Green later testified), Eblen told him unless something was done the company soon would be in receivership. For TCRTC's financial report for 1949's first quarter showed a large deficit.

(Most transit companies have been in financial difficulties the last 20 years, excepting the war years, due to the increasing use of automobiles. In Minneapolis and St. Paul, a study by economist Harry Fiterman showed that, in the last 30 years, though population increased 55 per cent, transit passengers *decreased* 41 per cent.)

Green and Eblen (as Green subsequently testified) collected still more proxies, went to Minneapolis and handed the management an ultimatum—the firing of Strouse and an equal division of the directorships between the two factions. It was rejected.

"Okay," Green hotly retorted. "All offers are off. We'll play winner takes all!"

According to his testimony, he soon found a helper. Green testified that James B. Aune, customers' man for brokers Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis (through whom Green had purchased much of his transit stock), took him and Eblen to the Club Carnival. There Aune introduced them to its owner, the notorious rackets boss Isadore Blumenfeld, alias Kid Cann.

Aune mentioned Cann owned some transit stock and brought up Green's problem. Green then asked Cann, in confidence, what he knew of the Fred A. Ossanna whom Aune had recommended "as a real two-fisted attorney I ought to hook up with if I am going to have another proxy fight." Kid Cann recommended Ossanna very highly. Green, much impressed by Kid Cann, decided Ossanna was their man. Kid Cann's "selection" of Ossanna was a mere hint of the important role the gangster Cann soon was to play in the company's affairs.

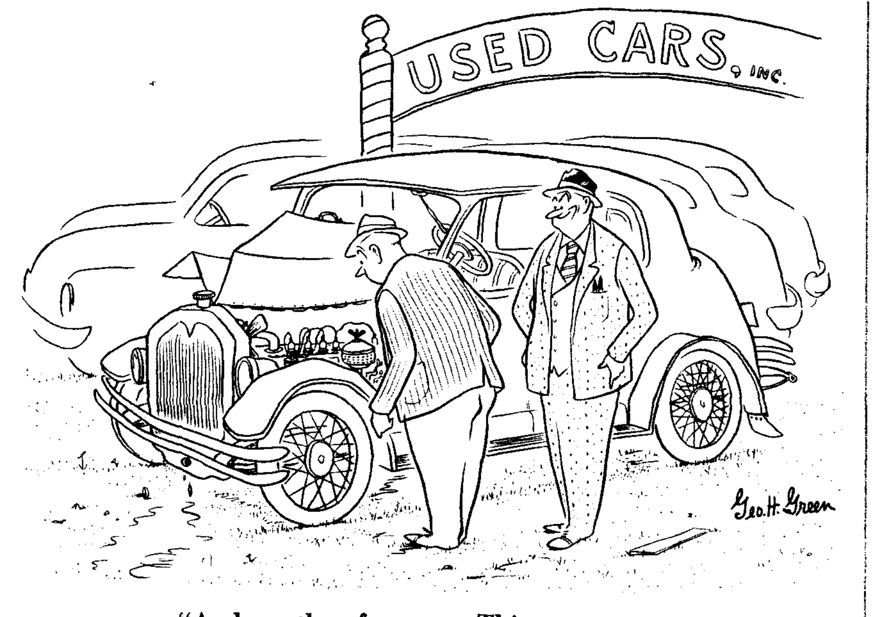
Many Proxies Sent by Mail

Green later testified that he quickly hired Ossanna as his personal representative in the coming proxy fight and they met frequently with Cann at his Club Carnival. Large stockholders all over the U.S., convinced by the profit-motive argument presented in letters sent out by Green, joined Green's fight, sending him their proxies. He thereupon demanded the old management resign in a body, as he now had "more than enough votes to oust them at the next stockholders' meeting." They finally yielded in November, 1949—and Green and his confreres triumphantly took over the Twin City Rapid Transit Company.

Green got the presidency, at an annual salary of $40,000 plus $6,000 for expenses; Detroit stockholder Eblen became chairman of the board; Ossanna was appointed legal counsel, at $24,000, and was made a director; Gibb, Eblen's protégé—as former head of a transit system, the only one who knew anything about running one—was made operations superintendent, at $25,000.

Green seemed determined to show the Minnesotans how a big-time operator from New York did things, for he at once began throwing his weight around. Having wrested control from the old management because the company was losing money (the 1949 deficit was $423,693.58), he took immediate steps to correct this—with a lack of diplomacy that, as later brought out in testimony, astounded even his own associates.

The Minnesota State Railroad and Ware-



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house Commission had just granted a fare increase from 11 to 12 cents. Green loudly demanded a 15-cent fare—and then a 17-cent fare. Then he fired more than 800 employees—nearly 25 per cent of the total personnel—slashing the annual payroll by $1,800,000, as testimony later revealed. He cut streetcar and bus schedules relentlessly—forcing thousands of citizens to freeze on street corners for long waits during Minnesota's harsh subzero winter. Worse, he completely discontinued lines with less patronage than he thought could be served profitably—a bitter blow to more thousands whose regular transportation between home and job was thus abruptly chopped off.

The State Railroad and Warehouse Commission and the city councils of Minneapolis and St. Paul were besieged by outraged citizens' groups. Newspapers of both cities denounced President Green. City officials protested a public utility had no legal right to defy public interest. But criticism merely infuriated Green.

"The public be damned!" he shouted. "I intend to force a profit out of this company! If necessary, I'll auction off all the streetcars and busses and sell the rails for scrap iron!"

He threatened, in dead earnest, to liquidate the entire St. Paul operation, as "there was too little profit in it."

Finally, the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission obtained a court order temporarily restraining the transit company from abandoning any *more* lines without a hearing.

About that time, as subsequently brought out in testimony before the commission, certain members of the new board of directors decided to scuttle their president, whose heavy-handed tactics had so alienated the public. However, as Green now owned 19,200 shares of stock, his votes were needed to keep the group in power, and at the annual stockholders' meeting in March, 1950, he was re-elected.

Efforts to Get Rid of Green

On May 12th, his opposition made its first move: the directors announced Green had been stripped of his authority to act as company spokesman, and, henceforth, official statements would come only from legal counsel Ossanna.

Testimony later disclosed that President Green, now effectively gagged, and the ambitious Ossanna, now actually in the driver's seat, clashed repeatedly and bitterly over company policies. Finally in June, Chairman of the Board Eblen, whom Green still considered a friend, asked sympathetically whether he would resign if he could sell his stock; Eblen named Detroit friends of his who he said would buy it. Green gave Eblen an option to buy his 19,200 shares for $249,000 (providing Green an estimated $100,000 profit), together with an agreement that when paid he would turn in his resignation.

Green further testified that while he was in New York briefly, his stock was purchased. Returning, he was chagrined to discover Eblen had not sold his stock to "Detroit buyers," but instead it actually had been bought—through Eblen—by Ossanna and Ossanna's group. And that Ossanna now was openly telling his associates he controlled the company. (The details of the stock transaction were brought out at the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission hearing.)

On July 17th, the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission granted the demanded boost in the transit company's fare to 15 cents. However, the commission's new chairman, Leonard E. Lindquist, had withheld his approval. In a letter to transit officials, Lindquist gave his reason: Ossanna had threatened that unless the commissioners promised to grant the increase within one week, in only 48 hours he would stop all Twin Cities transit service. "It would be hard to imagine," Lindquist wrote, "a more improper attempt to influence the decisions of a quasi-judicial body such as this."

He further pointed out that all the management's reductions in public service had been accompanied by statements they were made to benefit stockholders. Lindquist said he personally intended to investigate "just how much the stockholders had been benefited at the cost of the public, and just who they were."

Though Ossanna hadn't made good on his reported threat and later denied making it, Lindquist's reaction was the first sign of smoke on the new management's horizon.

About this time, as testimony at the commission's subsequent official investigation disclosed, Eblen announced Green and three pro-Green directors would resign September 11th. And the Minnesota State Securities and Exchange Commission received the routine record of Green's sale of his stock, but no identification of the buyers. Lindquist guessed Green now might "talk."

He and a fellow commissioner, N. J. Holmberg (who recently died and was succeeded by Ewald Lund), interviewed Green. And Green revealed enough to convince even Holmberg, who had approved the transit-fare increase, of shocking irregularities. Lindquist and Holmberg persuaded Green to postpone his resignation as president.

They immediately voted the afore-mentioned full-scale investigation by the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission into the transit company and the ownership of its stock (over the opposition of the third commissioner, Clifford C. Peterson) to probe the reports Chairman Lindquist said he'd received that "gangster elements" had become interested in the company.

The action had the effect of a bombshell.

Ossanna in statements to the newspapers at once lashed out at Lindquist, calling him a "cheap politician" who would "do or say anything to gain a vote," and flatly declared he "lied" about racketeering elements.

Green, in simultaneously released public statements, backed up Lindquist by asserting Ossanna's charge had been made without approval of the transit company management. And within the next few days, as disclosed in subsequent testimony, the company's executive committee (still composed of three pro-Green directors) ousted Ossanna as company spokesman and stripped him of his lucrative job as legal counsel. They canceled their own resignations and voted, with three local directors evidently willing to co-operate with the investigation, to refuse to accept Green's resignation. Eblen quit as board chairman to line up with Ossanna; the pro-Green majority appointed Director Paul Lambert, of St. Paul, to succeed him.

Fighting back, Ossanna organized a stockholders' committee which filed a demand for a special shareholders' meeting to force Green's resignation. Green and his cohorts rejected the demand on a technicality.

In the meantime, on September 7, 1950, the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission opened its investigation.

One of the first witnesses called was Clarence Holten, attorney for the new stockholders' committee. Holten testified Ossanna had asked him to be the committee's legal counsel and admitted the petitions demanding a meeting to remove Green had come from Ossanna's office; that it was Ossanna who had given him the names of the 11 persons who had bought Green's stock. Holten named the 11 (all stockholders-committee members) and their holdings. He emphatically denied any could be called "racketeers."

Underworld Link Is Traced

The investigation, however, revealed six of the 11 purchasers were directly linked to none other than Tommy Banks, the hoodlum who with Kid Cann for a quarter century has ruled the Minneapolis underworld!

Testimony showed that these six were: (1) Harold H. Banks, Lexington, Nebraska, businessman and brother of the underworld boss, with 2,000 shares; subpoenaed records showed this stock had been bought by Tommy Banks himself, then transferred. (2) Archie M. Cary, Minneapolis attorney, with another 2,000 shares. Cary has been legal counsel for many gangsters, including Tommy Banks; in addition, he is a partner with Banks and Banks's wife, Reta, in ownership of the Flour City Body Company, Minneapolis truck bodybuilders. (3) Jeremiah Murphy, with 1,000 shares. Murphy is manager of McCarthy's Café, swank suburban dining-and-drinking spot, and president of the corporation owning it—though he holds only one share of its stock, nearly all of it is owned by Banks's wife. Murphy, too, didn't buy his transit stock directly from Green; it was first purchased by Mrs. Banks's McCarthy's Café. (4) Thomas E. Ewing, 1,000 shares. Ewing is current manager (and holds the liquor license) of the afore-mentioned Casanova Café. It was brought out in testimony that Banks, Ewing and one Harry Shepard, an ex-convict, own the building occupied by the Casanova. (5) Harry H. Clark, 2,000 shares. Clark manages Brady's Bar, generally accepted as being owned by Banks; furthermore, he is a director and small stockholder of the Banks-owned corporation running McCarthy's Café. And he is a partner with Banks in a California gambling club. (6) The afore-mentioned Harry Shepard, 3,000 shares. Shepard, who served time in Minnesota's Stillwater prison for a hit-and-run killing, was for 15 years a partner with Banks in the Coin-A-Matic Amusement Company, pinball-machine distributor. He still is a partner with Banks and Ewing in ownership of the Casanova Café building, and a partner with Banks and Clark in the California gambling club.

(Though both Banks and Kid Cann set up their junior partners as ostensible owners, they usually "cut" them in for only a small interest.)

Besides these six, the others who split Green's stock were: (1) Max R. Saliterman, 1,000 shares. Liquor salesman for a St. Paul wholesale firm, Saliterman testified he had been a close friend of Kid Cann since their childhood. He sells both Cann's and Banks's night clubs a great deal of liquor. (2) Dr. David Ellison, 1,000 shares. Commission Chairman Lindquist, in a report he made on the investigation to Senator Estes Kefauver of the U.S. Senate committee investigating organized crime, identified Dr. Ellison as "Kid Cann's doctor." (3) James B. Aune, 2,000 shares.

Customers' man Aune, who had introduced Green and Kid Cann, handled most of the sales of transit stock to the Minneapolis racketeers. Subpoenaed, he defiantly

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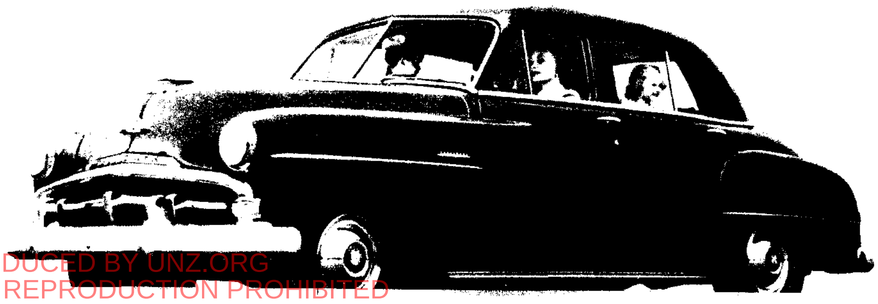

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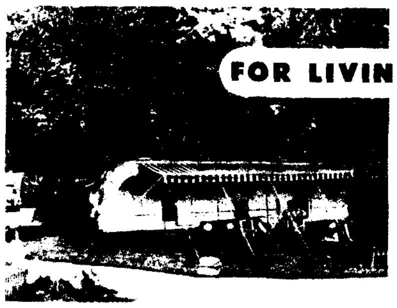

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refused to disclose whether he'd handled any for Cann. (The commission won a suit to force brokers to disclose such information; a countersuit contesting the decision is now in the state Supreme Court.) (4) James H. Towey, 3,000 shares. Druggist Towey is a long-time friend of Aune, the latter testified. (5) Ossanna, 1,200 shares. Ossanna—who, according to testimony at the hearing, had encouraged Archie Cary, attorney and business partner of hoodlum Tommy Banks, to buy stock in the transit company, and who had been recommended as attorney for Green by Kid Cann—himself bought what remained of Green's stock.

But Ossanna had kept in the background. A reputable businessman, Emil B. Aslesen, Minneapolis restaurant-supplies dealer doing a big trade with Banks's and Kid Cann's night clubs, had been made chairman of the new stockholders' committee—though he had only 400 shares of stock. To oust Green's forces, the committee conventionally began soliciting more stockholders' proxies.

However, the committee gained what subsequently proved to be more than enough votes to enable it to get control of the company merely through the greatly increased stock purchases of Ossanna and those of the two gangster czars, Kid Cann and Tommy Banks (together with Cann's and Banks's business partners and hoodlum associates).

Chairman of the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission Lindquist, in reports to both Governor Youngdahl and U.S. Senator Kefauver, asserted that information obtained from brokers' records and company stock records disclosed Ossanna had increased his stockholdings to 12,600 shares—that Tommy Banks and his previously named six associates had increased their holdings to 15,100 shares—and that Kid Cann had increased his to 10,800 shares.

Friends Also Bought Stock

(In addition, other friends of the two underworld kings had stepped in to buy stock. These included: Gilbert W. Kitt, owner of the Empire Coin Machine Company, Chicago, who's sold many slot machines to Banks; Kitt bought 3,090 shares. William "Weeping Willie" Hecht, who once paid a fine in connection with a horse-race gambling charge which resulted in a St. Paul detective being ousted; Weeping Willie took 1,490 shares. Two more of Tommy Banks's partners came in: Earl A. Jeffords, an incorporator of the Banks-owned McCarthy Café, and one of its directors, bought 500 shares. And Charles Holleran, Banks's partner in the Blue Goose Inn, Garrison, Minnesota, and in the Horseshoe Club, Gardena, California, gambling palace, bought 500 shares.)

(The Horseshoe Club, where thousands legally gamble enormous sums at poker, was investigated by the Senate Crime Committee. Banks financed it by setting up a corporation to construct the building, which he then leased to his brother-in-law, Hardy Lee. Holleran, former associate of Jack "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, the "collector" for the Capone Syndicate in Chicago, is the club manager. Besides Holleran, Banks cut in nine Minneapolis partners including three women. Of the eight male partners, six have police records and three are ex-convicts. One is Phillip "Flippy" Share, who's been convicted of bombing a café, served time on a liquor-law offense that involved kidnaping and torturing a boy with lighted cigarettes, and has twice beaten a murder rap.)

"Over 25 per cent of the Twin City Rapid Transit stock is held by persons of questionable character," Commission Chairman Lindquist said, in his report to the Kefauver Committee. "It is obvious that this is a strong enough faction to control management votes.

"While the holdings of Mr. Ossanna, Kid Cann, Tommy Banks and associates may not constitute a numerical majority of the outstanding stock," he reported to Governor Youngdahl, "so much of the other stock is . . . in small lots or in the hands of people living at distant points that the combined holdings of Ossanna, Kid Cann, Tommy Banks and associates are sufficient in actual practice for them to exercise effective control of this company. Under the Public Utilities Holding Company Act of 1935 and other federal legislation, it is recognized that a 10 per cent interest or even less in diversified voting stock may constitute actual control."

Though the holdings of Ossanna, Kid Cann, Banks and their partners and associates totaled $750,000, it was brought out in testimony by Banks's partners that through using their stock as security they'd been able to obtain bank loans of 50 per cent of its market value. So, with a cash outlay of less than $400,000—they were about to capture a $40,000,000 public utility!

Just how cocksure the gangster czars were of their triumph—even months before the annual stockholders' meeting when they would make their bid to take over control—can be judged from a curiously distorted "Local Boy Makes Good" item that appeared November 16, 1950, in Tommy Banks's home-town newspaper, the Dawson County Herald (Lexington, Nebraska):

IS PRESIDENT OF
TRANSIENT LINES

Thomas W. Banks, of Minneapolis, Minn., a former Lexington resident, has taken over management of the Minneapolis and St. Paul trolley and bus lines. The lines will be known as the Banks Transient Lines of Minneapolis and St. Paul. Thomas Banks is president and Harold Banks, who will remain here, is vice-president.

(The Minneapolis Star reprinted the item, explaining, tongue in cheek, it liked "to bring its readers interesting bits of information about Minneapolis people from other publications.")

Furthermore, Governor Youngdahl received a letter from a trusted friend, warning that a man, who identified himself as a henchman of underworld boss Tommy Banks and a member of the syndicate, had openly bragged "their group" was going to "throw out Green and take over the Minneapolis Street Railways, at a stockholders' meeting in March," and then would "reap a pot of gold."

The governor, when asked what he'd done about it, said:

"The legislature was about to adjourn, so I asked it to appoint a special interim committee to investigate the transit company. The House approved, but the Senate swiftly killed the bill."

To return to the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission's investigation—transit company president Green, testifying as its star witness, at once made highly sensational, specific charges:

When transit employees had begun dickering for a raise (finally granted this June), he testified, Ossanna had demanded $2,500 to bribe employees "to spy on and betray their union." Green said he had objected, but had provided the fund after Ossanna had insisted, "That's the way things are done around here."

A Slush-Fund Proposition

Then Ossanna had proposed, Green testified, that they set up a "slush fund" to buy concessions for the transit company—such as the elimination of charges for street cleaning and maintenance and the modification of streetcar and bus schedules—from members of the Minneapolis City Council. Inasmuch as a public utility is barred by law from making contributions for political purposes, Ossanna had proposed, Green charged, that they build up this slush fund by arranging for kickbacks on products purchased by the company, such as gasoline for its 350 busses.

He testified Ossanna had wanted him to buy gasoline from Blau Gas, Inc., at higher than the competitive price, so Blau Gas could refund the difference. If a kickback of 1⅜ cents per gallon was arranged, Green claimed Ossanna had told him, they soon could build up a fund of $20,000—and with this he could buy "a $200,000 bundle" of concessions. Green testified that Ossanna, who was also legal counsel for the Minneapolis Yellow Cab Company, had said: "That is the way we built up a slush fund over at Yellow Taxi."

"He named six or eight aldermen he could buy," Green continued. "One or two he said he didn't need to pay anything."

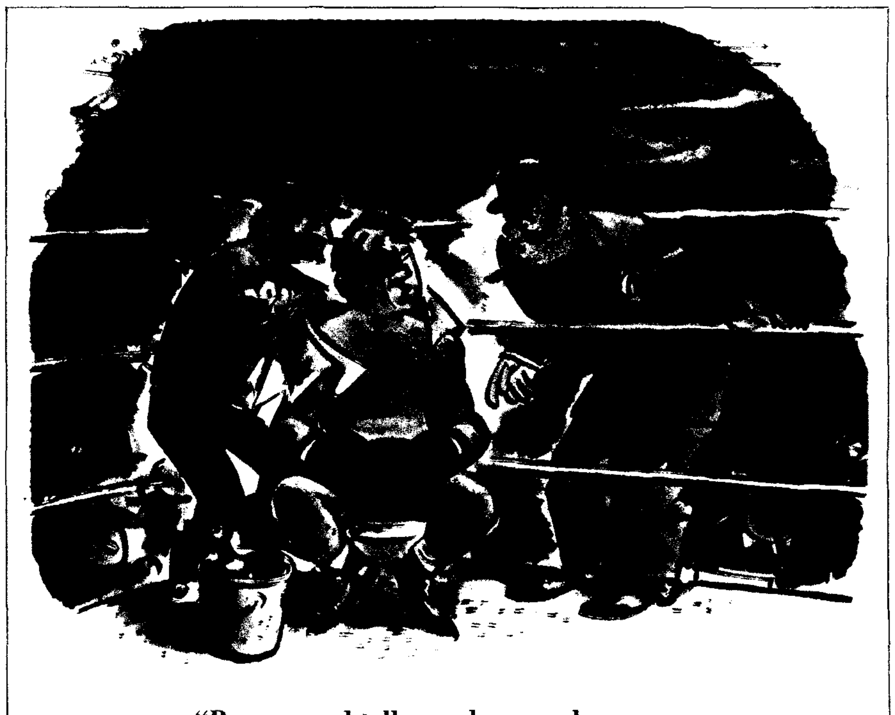
Green testified he'd refused to consent to this illegal deal. And Eblen, then still chairman of the board, hearing of "bad blood" between Ossanna and Green, had approached Green as peacemaker. Green said Eblen had advised:

"Charlie, you better get out of Ossanna's way."

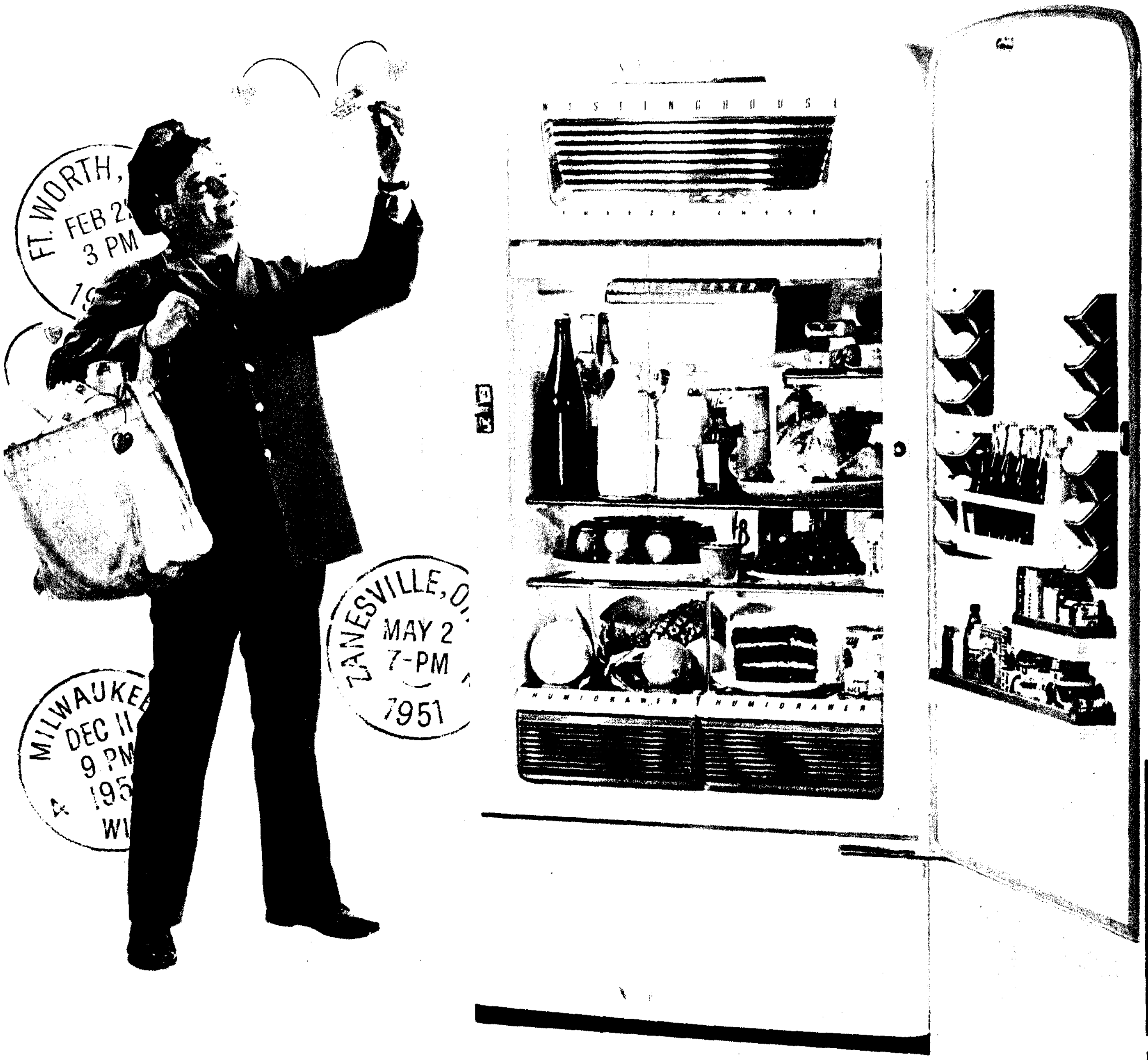
Green added Eblen further had warned he was "dealing with boys who play for keeps" and with a graphic gesture had indicated, Green said, that he might get shot.

At this point, the Kefauver Committee sent an observer.

Green was subpoenaed to testify before the Hennepin County (Minneapolis) grand jury about his charges that Ossanna had bought aldermen. This made the sixth official body drawn into the investigation;



COLLIER'S "Be sure and tell me when you hear the bell. *I* hear one all the time" HANK KETCHAM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WESTINGHOUSE
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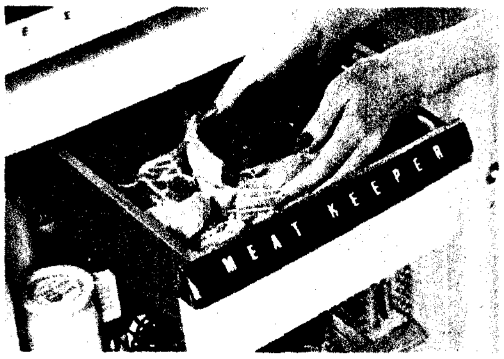
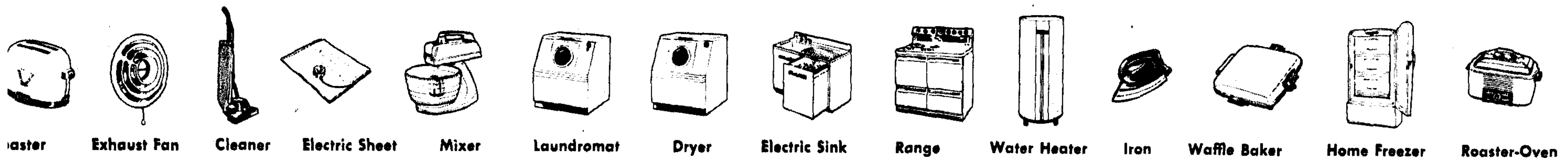
FULL-WIDTH FREEZE CHEST. Says an Illinois mother of five, "Kitchen work seems nearly cut in half since I don't ever have to defrost".


MEAT KEEPER

ROAST-DEEP MEAT KEEPER. Pennsylvania woman finds it, "Keeps all my meat so nice and fresh. I only need to go shopping once a week".

*Trade Mark: U. S. Patents Issued Nos. 2,459,173 and 2,324,309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Exhaust Fan
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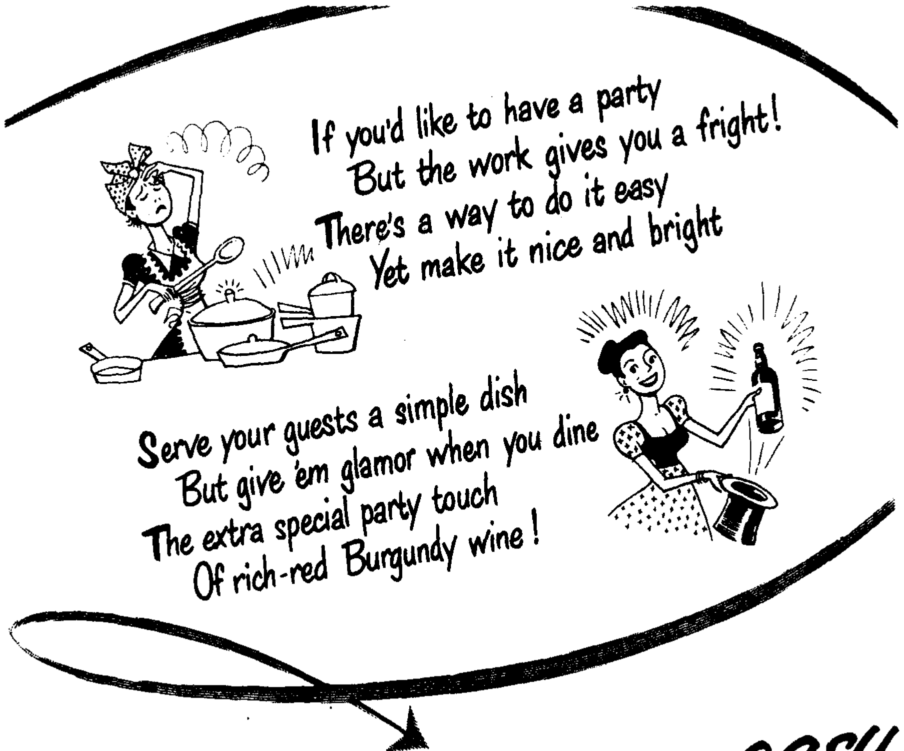

If you'd like to have a party
But the work gives you a fright!
There's a way to do it easy
Yet make it nice and bright
Serve your guests a simple dish
But give 'em glamor when you dine
The extra special party touch
Of rich-red Burgundy wine!

Good things come easy the California Way

Serve California's fine Burgundy wine with spaghetti and meat balls

You can do it wherever you live — give a lift to spaghetti, baked beans and red meats like hamburger and roasts . . . with a hearty red Burgundy wine. It's so easy — just cool and pour. And wine costs only a few cents a glass to serve.

When you are dining out, get acquainted with the world-famous wines of California. They are featured by leading restaurants and hotels everywhere. Among those to try are Sherry with your appetizers... California Burgundies, Clarets, Sauternes and Chablis with your dinner... or Port with dessert. Wine Advisory Board, San Francisco, California.

WINE ADDS TO GRACIOUS HOSPITALITY IN MILLIONS OF AMERICAN HOMES

for, in addition to the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission, the Ramsey County (St. Paul) grand jury, the Federal Securities and Exchange Commission and the New York Stock Exchange already were investigating charges that gangsters had bought into the TCRTC. And the ethics committee of the Hennepin County Bar Association was studying the record of the commission's hearings, following testimony by Green and John F. Dulebohn, the head of the company's claims department, about damage suits against the streetcar company.

(Dulebohn testified that at the same time Ossanna was legal counsel for the streetcar company, he or some of his associates or partners represented approximately 15 persons who had claims against the company.)

The Witness Was Worried

Myles Johns, of St. Paul, had testified before the Railroad and Warehouse Commission on more "fixing" of aldermen. Johns, president of Broadcasting Services, Inc., which had installed radios on 300 streetcars and busses, said he had approached Ossanna worried about a proposed Minneapolis ordinance banning transit radios, and Ossanna had told him, "You don't need to worry about this. I have got the situation all greased." (Nevertheless, the ordinance had passed.) In the next two days, the Hennepin County grand jury called both Green and Ossanna and heard their testimony; it didn't get around to Johns until three weeks later.

Then Johns, obviously shaken, arrived under guard of the sheriff and a deputy of neighboring Dakota County. Johns said he had been kidnaped the night before by two men who had told him they intended to see he didn't testify. He had escaped only after they had ordered him out of his car in a lonely spot and fired two shots at him.

(Green previously had demanded police bodyguards, asserting anonymous phone calls had threatened his family with physical harm if he continued testifying, and he himself had been warned: "If you don't get out of town and go back to New York, they're going to carry you feet first!")

Refused police protection, Green had hired four bodyguards. A month later, the governor had assigned two men from the State Bureau of Criminal Apprehension to guard him. Chairman Lindquist of the Railroad and Warehouse Commission said he and his wife also had received threatening phone calls.)

The Hennepin County grand jury indicted Ossanna for perjury in denying he had suggested building up a slush fund to buy political favors from aldermen. (Company directors James Gibb and A. D. Robertson had testified at the commission hearing that they, too, had heard Ossanna's slush fund proposal.) Ossanna was released on $2,000 bond pending trial.

Just two days later, last December 18th, the new stockholders' committee Ossanna had organized got the special stockholders' meeting it had been refused months before. The opposing factions met in a hostile atmosphere—and it was then Green was frisked by the four off-duty city detectives and relieved of his revolver. Police Chief Tom Jones said it was Ossanna who had hired the four—explaining he had a "four-to-one edge" over Green's group in votes and felt they were necessary "to prevent any general roughhouse at the stockholders' meeting."

But Ossanna's anticipation of victory was premature—Green's group had obtained a court order temporarily barring the election of new directors, on the grounds Ossanna's stockholders' committee had made "false or misleading" statements in soliciting proxies. Furious at being balked a second time, Ossanna asserted he still would win.

And a month later District Court Judge Levi Hall dismissed the perjury indictment against him on the basis of "insufficient evidence." In the meantime, the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission had adjourned its hearing. And all other investigations had petered out. The Hennepin County Bar Association had taken no action against Ossanna. And a transit company "compromise" was rumored.

Sure enough, Green pulled another switch, and the crucial annual stockholders' meeting, last March 12th, ended as a virtual "love feast"—to the disgust of citizens who'd begun to regard Green as a knight in shining armor battling the gangsters, now convinced he'd "made a deal" with them. Green stated "the new directors are entitled to a chance to work together before they are judged," thus giving a pat on the back to the Ossanna group—which had just taken over control, by a vote of 192,000 to 73,000. (The 192,000 included, of course, the votes of many reputable stockholders whose proxies the Ossanna group had successfully solicited—mostly from outside the Twin Cities.) And though Green could have remained president two more years to defy the Ossanna group, he resigned.

Ossanna was elected chairman of the board of directors and reinstated as the company's legal counsel. Aslesen was made president. Dr. Ellison, who according to the testimony was "Kid Cann's doctor," was made a director and "company medical director." And broker Aune, who Green testified had originally introduced him to Kid Cann, also was made a director.

"And," as Commission Chairman Lindquist summed it up in his report to the governor, "Mr. Ossanna and his associates took over full control of the transit company's management."

But the citizens of Minneapolis and St. Paul don't seem worried about Kid Cann's and Tommy Banks's roles in the ruling stockholders' group. After all, they have lived a long time amidst a more-than-normal rash of racketeers and killers.

Where Wanted Men Were Safe

Back in the thirties, gangsters from all over the U.S. were allowed refuge in Minneapolis and St. Paul—and such notorious characters congregated there as Dillinger, Alvin Karpis and Baby Face Nelson. Simultaneously there occurred a run of kidnapings in St. Paul (St. Paul Police Chief Thomas A. Brown later was dismissed from the force on grounds he had been a conspirator in two of the kidnapings), of labor-leader murders in Minneapolis, of Murder, Inc., assassinations in St. Paul, and of haphazard hoodlum killings in both cities.

In Minneapolis alone, three crusading newspaper editors who had accused politicians of protecting racketeers were silenced permanently by machine guns—Howard Guilford, editor of the Saturday Press, murdered in 1934; the earlier-mentioned Walter Liggett, editor of the Mid-West American, murdered in 1935; Arthur Kasherman, editor of the Public Press, murdered in 1945—and in only one case did the police even bother to arrest a suspect—and he was soon freed. U.S. Attorney General Homer Cummings, in Roosevelt's first Cabinet, labeled the Twin Cities then "the poison spot of the nation." So perhaps nowadays their citizens just can't get excited about ordinary gangster affairs.

And what is the future of the Twin City Rapid Transit Company? Since 1948, fares have been raised twice and a third raise is sought, service has been cut down, and hundreds of employees have lost their jobs. The big question today is: Where is the company going under control of a stockholders' group heavily infiltrated by gangsters?

Chairman Lindquist of the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission warned in his report to the governor, on last March 22d:

"The activities of this (new stockholders') group, both before and after taking control, give good reason to fear that it may exploit the transit company for improper purposes." THE END

Inside Harding's Cabinet

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

that he had come with some complaint, or a request for a job for someone. Instead, Mr. Harding had simply said: "I have not come to get anything. I just want you to know that if you wish the help of a friend, telephone me what you want. I am here to serve and to help."

When he offered me a Cabinet place, Mr. Harding asked whether I would prefer the Secretaryship of Commerce or of Interior. I replied that inasmuch as in my mind our major problem was reconstruction I preferred Commerce—although it was considered less important than Interior. It was, in fact, the most obscure Cabinet post except Labor, and in the Washington social scale next to the bottom of the dinner table.

Making His Position Clear

When Mr. Harding, then vacationing in Florida, formally tendered me the Commerce appointment on February 24, 1921, I told him there were some ideas in my mind he should consider before the matter was settled. I said that for the department to be of real service, I must have a voice in all important administration economic policies. I pointed out that this would involve business, agriculture, labor, finance and foreign affairs so far as they related to these problems, and told him that I wanted this clear to the other departments from the beginning.

Mr. Harding replied that this was what he wanted, and that he would make it clear to the rest of the Cabinet. He subsequently informed me that he had done so with all except Charles Evans Hughes, who was to be Secretary of State. He explained that he did not know how Mr. Hughes would take to this idea; he seemed a little afraid of his stiff Secretary of State. I replied that I would see Mr. Hughes about it myself. He proved enthusiastic both about the idea and my entry into the government.

President Harding was a kind of dual personality. Neither a "reactionary" nor a "radical," he deeply wanted to make a name as President, yet had neither the full experience nor the intellectual quality that the position needed.

He encouraged me in everything I wanted to do as Secretary of Commerce. I never knew him to give a promise he did not keep. Nor did he ever ask me to make an appointment to office except in one minor instance.

He had another side hard to reconcile with all this. His lifelong political associates had been men of the type of Albert Fall, his Secretary of the Interior; Harry Daugherty, his Attorney General; Charles Forbes, his Veterans Bureau chief; Thomas Miller, his Alien Property Custodian, and Jesse Smith, who held some Justice Department job.

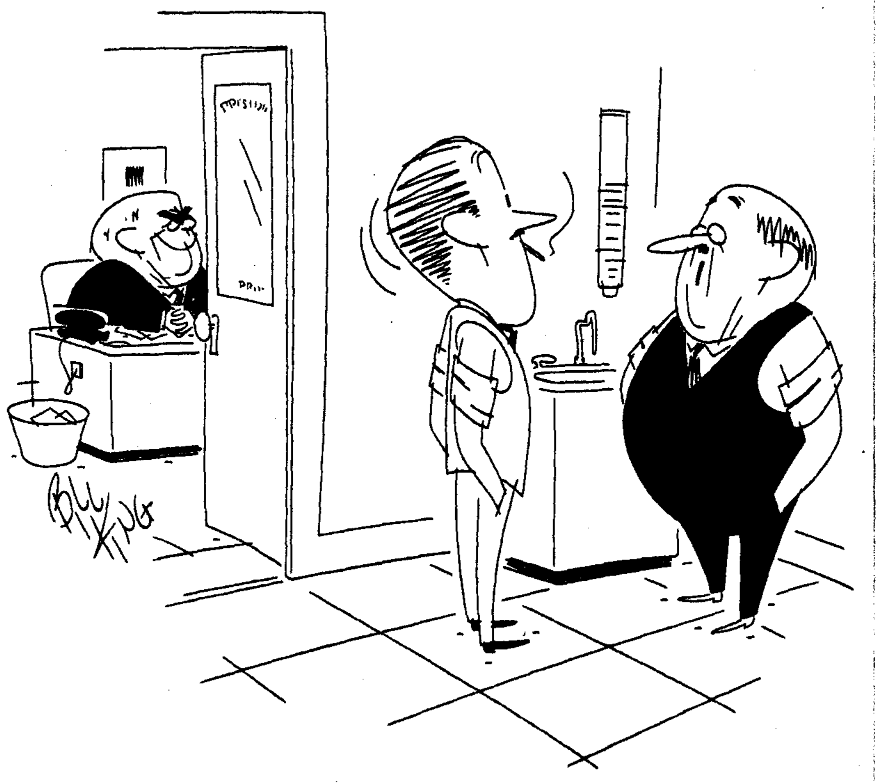
The President enjoyed the company of these men plus other old Ohio associates in and out of the government. Weekly White House poker parties were his greatest relaxation; the stakes were not large, but the play lasted most of the night.

One evening Secretary Hughes and I were invited to the White House. We went, not knowing a poker party was in prospect. Harding's playmates were the other guests. After dinner we went to the President's study, where a large poker table was laid out. As a mining engineer I had lived too long at the world's frontiers to entertain strong emotions about people playing poker if they liked it. But it irked me to see it in the White House. Hughes and I found some excuse to stay out of the game. Some time later Mr. Harding remarked that I did not seem to like poker, and as I agreed, I was not troubled by further invitations.

One of my predecessors as Commerce Secretary, Oscar Straus, had told me my job would require no more than two hours a day—about all former occupants had devoted to it. Putting the fish to bed at night and turning on the lights around the coast were the major concepts of what the secretaryship involved.

To me the key importance of my post lay in one sentence in the department's enabling act: "It shall be the province and duty of the said Department to foster, promote and develop the foreign and domestic commerce, the mining, manufacturing, shipping and fishing industries, the labor interest and the transportation facilities of the United States." Under this wide charter, I could take part in any governmental economic activity.

As I saw it, the nation's primary problem was reconstruction from war. Very little



"He's putting you in charge of our *Springfield* office? We don't *have* a Springfield office"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

Nut Sundae!
MARS Toasted Almond Bar

CHOCOLATE
First bite, chocolate . . . pure Mars milk chocolate, poured on thick as it'll stay!

ALMONDS
Then crispy, whole almonds, the expensive kind, toasted till they're gold. Plenty of them!

NOUGAT
Rich, creamy nougat that comes from fresh egg whites and pure sugar, whipped till it's fluffy!

Close those great big eyes

Just halfway, though. Now, for a moment, just let your imagination sink down through that elegant, double-thick, pure milk chocolate. Down into that luscious creamy, whipped, mellow nougat. Savor those big toasty, crunchy, golden almonds. Just like a chocolate nut sundae. Get a Mars Bar—take a big, mellow bite, and close those great big eyes. M-m-m.

MARS® BAR 10¢

had been done by the Democratic administration because of Mr. Wilson's illness. Many of the problems involved required fundamental solutions which would take time. But we faced an immediate emergency in the shape of a postwar depression and general economic demoralization. By the summer of 1921 unemployment was to reach nearly 5,000,000.

The people were demanding a return to Harding's "normalcy." But after such a convulsion as war, there could be no complete return to the past. And the social sense of the nation, livened by the war, was demanding change in many directions. There was a vague unrest in great masses of the people.

In Europe, I had worked in a gigantic laboratory of fierce ideas and clamorous change. I had come out more than ever convinced that in our centuries of separation from the Old World we had developed something which, for want of a better term, I called the American System. I felt that it alone had caused our growth to greatness, that it alone held promise of human development. I well knew its faults. But they were marginal. To those who attributed our greatness solely to material resources, I pointed to a much larger and equally rich country—Russia.

During my stay in Europe, I had tried to formulate some orderly definition of the American System. Before my entry into the Cabinet I had written and spoken all over our country about it.

At the time some of my ideas were denounced as "radical."

I proposed a basis for reconstruction and progress. I did not claim it was original—although 20 years later an economic institution in Washington, with trumpet-blasts of publicity, was to give it forth as a new discovery.

The idea was that nations which had recovered from great wars in the past had done so by so great an increase in productivity as to make their postwar burdens easy to carry. We needed such an expansion of productivity in the United States.

Four Principles of Progress

I believed that such expansion and, indeed, all economic progress—hence most social progress—depended on four fundamentals:

That we must lower costs of production and distribution by eliminating waste, increasing the skill of our workers and managers, promoting scientific research, and applying its discoveries to laborsaving devices and new articles of use.

That we must assure that these lowered costs of production and distribution be passed on to the consumer in lower prices.

That to do so we must maintain a competitive system.

That with lower prices people would be able to buy more goods and thus create more new enterprises, more jobs at higher real wages, and constantly higher standards of living.

Along with these fundamentals I elaborated what I meant by "waste." It was not the narrow meaning of the word; it did not refer to individual or willful waste but to waste that could be eliminated solely by co-operative action in the community.

It connoted a host of things: the failure not only to keep machines up to date but to develop our great water resources, which were running to waste; the lack of co-operation between employers and labor; the intermittent employment in the seasonal trades; the unions' policy of limiting workers' efforts under the illusion of providing more jobs; the wastes in transportation, in the needless variety of articles used in manufacture, and in the lack of standards for commodities; the wastes engendered by strikes and lockouts.

There were a dozen others on my list, but the sum and substance of it all was lost motion.

I insisted that a great increase in productivity could be effected without government control on this line, but that the government should co-operate by research, intellectual leadership and by prohibiting the abuse of power.

Late in Mr. Wilson's administration he called an industrial conference of 14 men to consider remedies for the labor unrest then current.

I, like the others, had first learned of my appointment as conferee through the newspapers. The conferees were able, public-minded men who spent three months of hard work on the job.

I had drafted the final report of the conference recommending methods for adjusting labor relations—some of which form part of our present methods.

Fewer than 10 per cent of American workers were then organized in unions. Flatly—and for the first time by any independent body—we recommended collective bargaining by agents of labor's own choosing; we opposed all "featherbedding" and restraints on competition; we supported the right to strike, except for government employees, and made strong recommendations opposing child labor, supporting decreased hours of labor, better housing and health insurance, and demanding development of plans for old-age insurance.

The report was not well received by either extreme left- or right-wingers. When one important chamber of commerce invited me to speak on the report, I accepted only at the urging of my conference colleagues as I knew it would be a very frosty audience.

My opener was: "During the last year there has been a great deal of industrial unrest. . . . It cannot be denied that unrest . . . is characterized more than ever before by purposes and desires that go beyond demands for higher wages and shorter hours . . . they reveal a desire on the part of workers to exert more organic influence in the processes of industrial life."

I dwelt on labor's underlying desire for greater job security, its just demand for a larger share in the fruits of production and its need to organize for collective bargaining.

When I sat down, the applause would not have waked a nervous baby. The practical test of my ideas was to await my assumption of the Commerce portfolio.

My first step as Secretary was to reorganize the department to make it an effective aid to reconstruction. The department was a congeries of bureaus left to it when it was separated from the Labor Department. It consisted of the Bureaus of Foreign Commerce, Domestic Commerce, Lighthouse, Navigation, Steamboat Inspection, Coast Survey, Census, Standards and Fisheries. Each was an inbred circle; some even placed their own names on their letterheads without mentioning the department. All were of a scientific and technical character, yet the directorships of five had been filled by politicians.

We promptly removed these and replaced them with men promoted from the technical staffs. Gradually we built up a fine departmental *esprit de corps*. Later the Bureau of Mines and the Patent Office were transferred to us from the Interior Department, a new Aeronautics Division was added, and the Radio Division, originally part of the Bureau of Navigation, became a separate bureau.

Years later the Democratic party was savagely to misrepresent my "extravagance" as Secretary, and New Deal malice was to claim its own immediate "reduction" of Commerce expenditures—a "reduction" consisting of transferring certain bureaus to other departments and slaughtering the Foreign Trade Service we had built up.

After the routine of reorganization in 1921, I devoted myself to broad economic policies.

During that summer, unemployment caused by the postwar business recession increased acutely. In September, I presided over a conference of 300 leaders of production, distribution, banking, construction, labor and agriculture to consider both emergency measures to provide jobs and mitigate next winter's suffering, and measures to promote long-term recovery.

With the aid of conference members, in each state where there was serious unemployment, we created committees which in turn created city or county subcommittees. We stimulated national and local drives for private funds to care for the destitute, developed co-operation between the federal, state and municipal governments to increase public works, and arranged that employers "divide" time among their employees so that as many as possible would have some income. We also arranged for industries to undertake renovation, repair and, where possible, expansion of construction.

A conference subcommittee of bankers organized a large amount of private credits to foreigners with which to purchase American goods, thus also contributing to employment. These measures were singularly successful. By the spring of 1922 economic forces had begun to recover and we were soon over the unemployment hump.

"I'm not good at mixing cocktails. This is milk"

COLLIER'S ROLAND COE

Long-term measures of reconstruction required other treatment.

As I have indicated, I believed that with a rapid increase in productivity we could master our war-incurred burdens. But there was no special outstanding industrial revolution in sight. We had to make one, and the way we chose was to eliminate industrial waste along the lines I have previously mentioned.

A survey in 1919 by the American Engineering Council, of which I was then president, had estimated that such waste amounted to more than 25 per cent of our total national production. I set up a strong division in the department, devoted to the "elimination of waste."

Saving a Billion a Year

Our technique was to find some area of our economic life where progress was possible, investigate its technology thoroughly, and then convene a preliminary meeting of trade representatives. If this meeting approved the proposed program, a committee was appointed to co-operate with us to advance it. We neither dictated nor used legal force. During my term as Secretary more than 3,000 such conferences and committees were brought into action, with most surprising results. Some authorities estimated that the saving in production costs exceeded a billion dollars a year.

One of the most outstanding single industrial repair jobs of that period was the reorganization of our railways, which had not only been demoralized by government operation during the war but came out of the war suffering from chronic car shortages and insufficient service. All this increased production costs and prices.

In 1921, under government operation, the number of cars loaded was 42,332,670; by 1926 it had jumped to 51,916,798—and this was done with 20 per cent fewer workers and better-paid ones.

The department co-operated in this railway reorganization at many points. For instance, we organized the shippers and railways to develop better methods of packing. Claims against the railways for damages were reduced from roughly $120,000,000 in 1920 to $37,000,000 in 1925.

In the power industry, our method of eliminating waste lay in stimulating central generation and long-distance transmission, which were then just beginning on a substantial scale. There were many points where the department co-operated, and while we claimed no credit for the huge advance, our national economy was improved by an increase in electrical generating capacity from 14,280,000 to 23,840,000 kilowatts in five years.

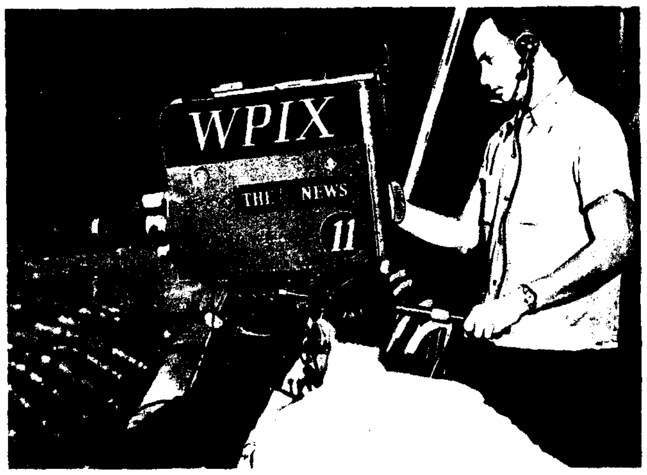
For all industry and business, the Division of Simplification and Specifications was early set up in the department. This was a frontal attack on waste. We developed definite standards for the dimensions, quality and performance of materials and machines, and succeeded in eliminating the least necessary varieties, dimensions, or grades of materials and products.

Except for weights and measures, adoption of the ideas was purely voluntary. These simplifications or standards were applied to a host of commodities, including such building materials as lumber, cement, paving brick, hardware and steel; for example, the number of sizes of common brick was reduced from 66 to five—a saving of millions of dollars for the construction industries.

We also applied these measures of simplification and standardization to furniture; for example, sizes of beds were standardized so that springs and mattresses would fit together. Other commodities with which we dealt were railway and ship materials, valves, screw threads, dies, and a multitude of other items such as milk bottles, electric light sockets and insecticides.

The department also helped standardize the size and text of shipping and warehouse documents and receipts. Standard terms

With television, when little Phil Rizzuto steps up to bat for the New York Yankees, he steps into millions of homes. Preceded, of course, by Nickel – the metal that "hatches" the electrons that help put the see into TV!



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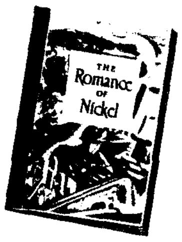

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meant fewer delays and the elimination of unnecessary disputes.

I appointed a committee of business and labor leaders to discuss seasonal operation in the construction industries. Their recommendations and later co-operation had a marked effect in enlarging our building program by extension of the building season into the winter months.

Other eliminations of waste lay in standard building codes and zoning laws for our cities, and standard automobile traffic regulations, all of which were advanced by our calling a national conference and organizing its subsequent activities. On yet another front we attacked waste by promoting the development of our water resources.

The department also campaigned for settlement of business disputes by arbitration rather than litigation, holding that this eliminated waste by removing ill will, saving litigation costs and strengthening contractual relations. These efforts began to bear fruit when New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Oregon adopted commercial arbitration laws. On January 1, 1926, the U.S. Arbitration Act became effective.

All these are but samples of our varied activities, all focused in one direction—an increase in our national productivity.

Such ideas did not gain universal acceptance. Opposition came not from employers or labor, but from intellectuals tainted with Socialist or Fascist ideas. Their line of attack was that our moves to increase efficiency would produce "technological unemployment."

The department and I personally answered these arguments over and over. We insisted that "technological unemployment" was in fact a ghost, one periodically summoned from its closet ever since Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin. We cited the fact that for every man once in the livery stable there were now 20 in the garage, at double the real wages.

Both the American Federation of Labor and the United States Chamber of Commerce endorsed our entire program.

Survey Shows Economic Gains

Later, in 1928, a group of economists whom I appointed "The Committee on Economic Trends" reported that our per capita productivity had increased in eight years by the unprecedented amount of over 30 per cent. I do not claim the credit for this, but certainly the department helped.

A remarkable thing had taken place in the American economy. Between 1921 and 1926 our wage index rose from 205 to 238, and the price index remained about constant. In Britain, on the other hand, the wage index fell from 230 to 175, and the price index remained about constant. In other words, American real wages had steadily increased while British real wages had fallen.

Britain, France and Germany sent commissions to study our department methods. Their reports were more eulogistic than modesty permitted for ourselves.

Another wide front along which we attacked economic waste was in the field of labor-management relations. One of my stipulations when I accepted my Cabinet post was that I was to have a voice on questions involving labor, since I had no hope that commerce and industry could progress unless labor advanced with them.

My views on labor relations rested on two propositions which I ceaselessly stated. First, I held that there are great areas of mutual interest between employer and employee which must be cultivated, and that it was hopeless to attempt progress if they were to be set up as separate "classes" fighting each other. They are both producers, not classes.

Second, I continuously supported labor's right to organize, and collective bargaining by agents of labor's own choice. I insisted that labor was not a "commodity," and opposed the closed shop as a denial of fundamental human freedom.

I held that the government could be an influence in effecting better relations—not by compulsory laws or by fanning class hate, but by leadership.

When I became Secretary of Commerce, the working hours of 27 per cent of American industry were 60 hours or more per week; those of nearly 75 per cent were 54 hours or more per week. When I left the White House, only 4.6 per cent were working 60 hours or more, while only 13.5 per cent worked 54 hours or more.

I made no claim that the government achieved this advance. It was accomplished by the processes of public opinion and the efforts of workers in a free democracy—without the aid of a single law, except in the case of the railway.

During my time as Secretary, we had relatively little labor disturbance. Because of general prosperity and increasing efficiency, wages were steadily rising in the unorganized as well as organized industries—the former to some degree because employers stood off organization by paying wages as high or higher than those in the organized industries. But in the main employers willingly shared their larger profits with employees.

We had only two bad conflicts. In 1922, the railway shopmen and the organized bituminous coal miners went on strike at the same time. Mr. Harding assigned the coal strike to Secretary of Labor Davis and requested that I undertake negotiations to settle the railway strike. I was to learn bitter lessons from this experience.

I had arranged that the railway employees see Harding and disclose to him their minimum demands, which were as usual considerably below their publicized demands. Through President Daniel Willard of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, chairman of the Railway Managers Committee, I secured a confidential statement of management's maximum concessions.

I found the two antagonists not far apart, and felt that the employees' minimum demands, with minor modifications, should be accepted. Mr. Willard's committee agreed to support settlement on this basis.

The railway executives called a meeting in New York to consider the proposal. Mr. Willard asked me to attend and give his committee support. I secured a message from the President to open my statement. I was kept waiting outside the meeting for some time and was finally ushered in and introduced by the chairman with an attitude which seemed to convey: "Well, what have *you* got to say here?" Many of the 200 present were very antagonistic. I later learned that they had already repudiated Willard and his committee.

Anyway, I certainly had a freezing reception. Paradoxically, my temperature rose somewhat, and I delivered a preachment on public relations which, to some of them, only branded me as a wild radical.

The executives refused every concession. The strike went on until most of the roads represented by Willard's committee fell away from the rest and gave the men even better terms than did the original formula. Then they all gave way.

While thenceforth I enjoyed the considerable enmity of certain railway magnates and their banker bosses, their hostility was more than offset by the friendship of Willard and his colleagues all through their lives.

It is of interest that the railway presidents who led the opposition were men dominated by New York banks. They have mostly gone to their rest in graves unknown to all the public except the sexton, or they still dodder around their clubs quavering that "labor is out of hand."

Fate of a Crusading Editor

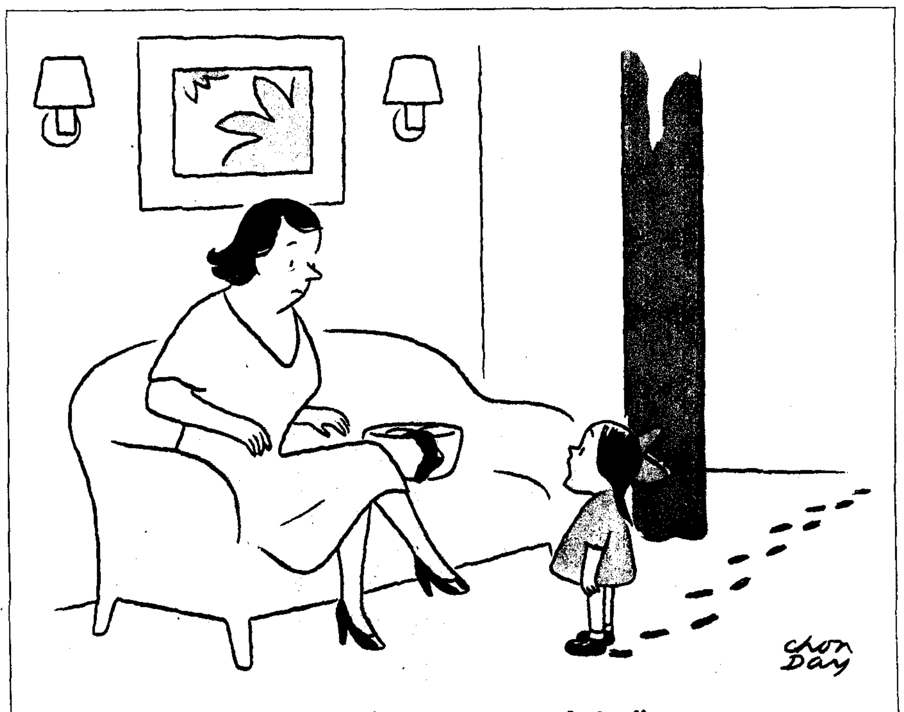
A by-product of this incident gave me deep pain. An editor of the New York Tribune came to see me after the New York meeting. A man with a fine conception of public right, he was greatly outraged at the action of this group. The next morning a Tribune editorial gave them a deserved blistering.

The next day the editor informed me that Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the Tribune's elderly owner, had ordered his instant dismissal after years of service. I greatly esteemed this old lady for her sterling qualities and generous philanthropies. She was a righteous and able woman, but a social misfit in her times. In the area of social relations she was the true daughter of Darius O. Mills.

Later the editor came to see me in Washington. While he had no regrets, he was unstrung by his tragedy and distracted by growing family obligations and lack of resources. At once I sent him on an economic mission to Europe. He somewhat recovered his spirits and was able to keep his family going, but never really regained his grip.

On one occasion during the rail strike Attorney General Daugherty got out an injunction against the railway employees. The morning papers brought me the news. I was upset—not only by the character of the injunction, but by its obvious transgression of the most rudimentary constitutional rights of the men.

Walking over to the Cabinet meeting that morning, I met Secretary Hughes, who remarked that the injunction was outrageous in law as well as in morals. I suggested that he raise the question in Cabinet. He replied that it scarcely came within his function as Secretary of State to challenge



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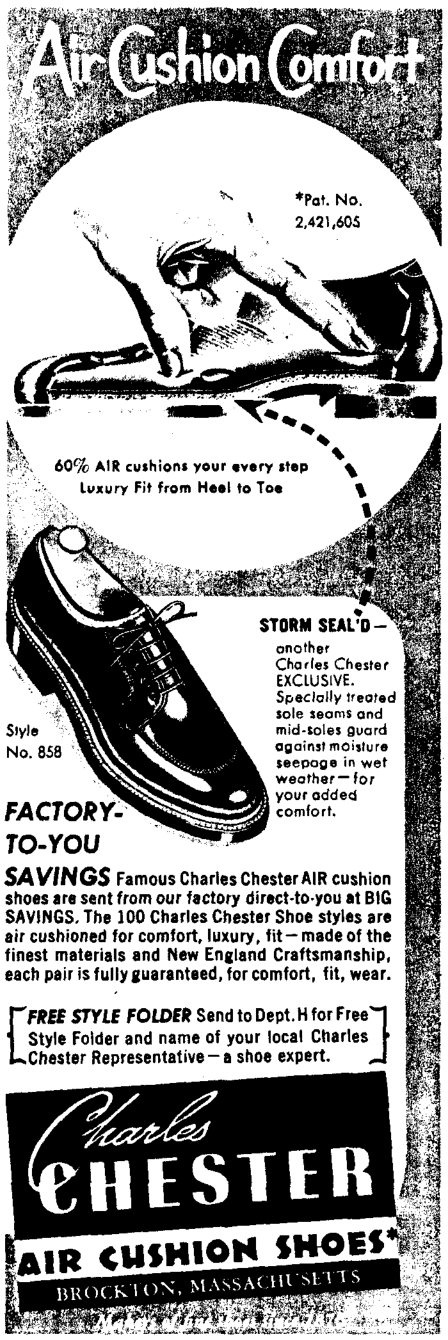

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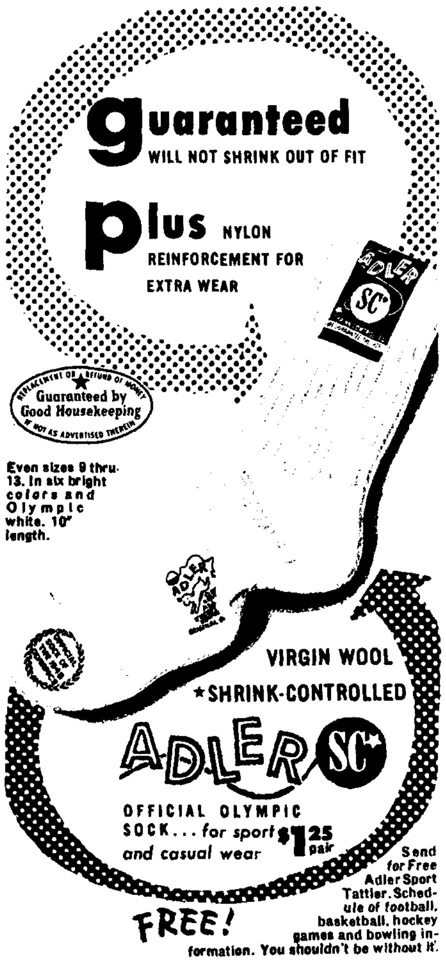

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the actions of the Attorney General, and suggested that as Secretary of Commerce, interested in the economic consequences, I had the right to do this. He stated that he would support me.

When the Cabinet convened, I expressed myself fully and called on Hughes to verify the legal points of my protest. He did so strongly. Daugherty was obviously flabbergasted. When Mr. Harding turned on him, asking explanation of this illegal action, he could only mumble that the objectionable passages were approved by the lawyers as within the government's constitutional rights. The President very abruptly instructed him to withdraw those sections of the injunction at once. This of course did not reach to the heart of the matter, but Daugherty dropped the whole action as quickly as possible.

A Move to Protect the Public

It seemed to me obvious that we must find some solution to railway labor conflict other than strikes, with their penalties on the innocent public. Therefore I inaugurated separate conferences with the chiefs of the leading railway brotherhoods on one hand, and with the more constructive railway presidents, headed by Daniel Willard.

I rejected compulsory measures, but developed the idea of a Railway Labor Mediation Board which would mediate, appoint commissions to investigate and, if necessary, publish its conclusions as to a fair settlement, with stays in strike action pending these processes. Finding support in both groups, I called a private dinner at my home of some 10 leaders, half from each side, omitting extremists on both ends.

To my surprise I found no basic objection. We appointed a committee to draft a law, and presented it to the Congressional committees. With some secondary modifications, it was passed. This setup, with later amendments, preserved railway peace for over 15 years, until a President of the United States failed to give moral support to the board's recommendations and its potency was greatly damaged.

It is a safe generalization for the period to say that where industrial leaders were not dominated by New York promoter-bankers, they were progressive and constructive in outlook. One must not condemn the whole of a calling. There were many bankers who fully realized their public responsibilities, and there were so-called bankers who were not bankers at all, but stock promoters. They manipulated the voting control of many corporations, and appointed such officials as would insure them the banking and finance. They were not simply providing credit to business in order to lubricate production. Their social instinct was of the early Egyptian period.

Another labor problem which concerned me was child labor. The federal statutory prohibition of child labor had been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Senator Irving Lenroot consulted me about a constitutional amendment he proposed to introduce in Congress. I objected to his draft, as it seemed to me he had placed the age limit—eighteen—so high as to generate great public opposition. I agreed that this standard was ultimately desirable, but I feared that two more years than were attainable were being asked. The senator, however, refused to change his draft and passed the amendment through Congress. I proved right as to the strength of the opposition but spoke several times in support of the amendment.

When I became President I urged adoption of the amendment by the states. But some of them, particularly the Democratic-controlled ones, would not ratify it. Mr. Roosevelt during his four years as governor of New York did not give more than lip service to its passage.

Meanwhile, the agitation, particularly of the American Child Health Association, drove many Republican states to pass better laws prohibiting child labor. By 1932 this evil was largely confined to Democratic-controlled states.

After coming to the White House, Mr. Roosevelt urged the amendment on the states as something new. With a touch of intentional humor I made a public statement supporting him in his position.

Among other actions to improve working conditions, early in 1921 I instituted an investigation by the department into the 12-hour day and the 84-hour week, then current in several industries. It was barbaric, and we were able to demonstrate that it was uneconomic. With my facts in hand, I opened battle by inducing President Harding to call a dinner conference of steel manufacturers at the White House on May 18, 1922.

All the principal steel men attended. I presented the case as I saw it. A number of the manufacturers, such as Charles Schwab of Bethlehem Steel and Judge Gary of United States Steel, resented my statement that the 12-hour day was "unsocial and uneconomic," and we had a bitter discussion. I was supported by Alexander Legge and Charles R. Hook, whose companies already had the eight-hour day. However, we were verbally overwhelmed.

The President, to end the acrid debate, finally persuaded the steel men to set up a committee to "investigate," under Judge Gary's chairmanship.

I left much disheartened, in bad humor, and resolved to lay my case before the public. Newspapermen were waiting on the front portico of the White House to find out what this meeting of "reactionaries" was about. I startled them with the information that the President was trying to persuade the steel industry to adopt the eight-hour shift and 48-hour week.

A great public discussion ensued. I stirred up my friends in the engineering societies, and they issued a report endorsing the eight-hour day. I wrote an introduction to this report, praising its conclusions, and got the President to sign it, thus aligning the administration squarely behind us. We thereby kept the pot boiling.

Judge Gary's committee delayed its report for a year—until June, 1923—although they frequently promised it. When it came out, it was full of humane sentiments, but amounted merely to a stall for more time. I drafted a letter from the President to Judge Gary expressing great disappointment, and made it public. The public reaction was so severe against the industry that Judge Gary's committee backed down entirely.

On July 3d he telegraphed the President, saying that the industry would accede to the eight-hour day and six-day week. I was then with Mr. Harding at Tacoma *en route* to Alaska. The President had asked me to give him some paragraphs for his Fourth of July speech. I did so, making the announcement of the abolition of the 12-hour day in the steel industry a most important part of his address.

Mr. Harding did not have time to look over his manuscript before he spoke. When he had finished with the American Eagle and arrived at my part of the speech, he stumbled badly over my entirely different vocabulary. During the applause which followed this segment, he demanded of me:

"Hoover, why don't you write the same English I do?"

No doubt my engineering training had left me deficient in Fourth of July phrases, but anyway, the 12-hour day was on the way out in American industry—also the 10-hour day and the seven-day week.

It was on the return from this Alaskan journey that Mr. Harding died. I had been on an inspection trip in the West in June when I received a telegram from the President saying that he had decided to change the personnel previously announced as accompanying him on the trip to Alaska aboard the transport Henderson, and asking if Mrs. Hoover and I would join the party. He added that the other guests would be Speaker of the House Gillette, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, Postmaster General Work, Admiral Rodman, a respectable gentleman from Ohio named Jennings, and their wives. I was surprised, as Daugherty, Jesse Smith, Fall and other Presidential cronies were originally to have comprised the guests. Mrs. Hoover and I joined the party at Tacoma on July 3d.

Bridge-Playing Round the Clock

The newspapers had announced the suicide of Jesse Smith. I found Harding exceedingly nervous and distraught. As soon as we went aboard ship he insisted on playing bridge. We played every day, beginning immediately after breakfast and continuing except for meals until after midnight. There were only four other bridge players in the party and we soon set up shifts so that one at a time had some relief. I developed a distaste for bridge on this journey and never played it again.

One day after luncheon, a few days out, Harding asked me to his cabin. He plumped at me the question:

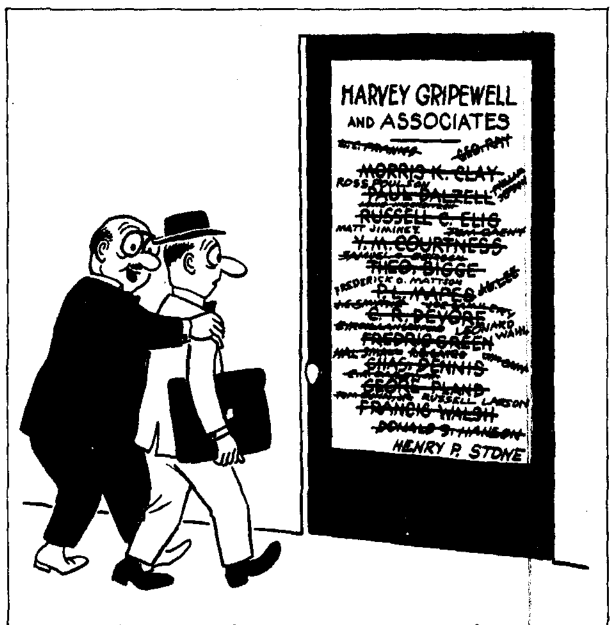
"If you knew of a great scandal in our administration, would you for the good of the country and the party expose it publicly or would you bury it?"

It seemed to me that the only course was to blow it out at once and merit the credit for integrity.

The President remarked that this might be politically dangerous. I asked for particulars. He said he had received rumors of irregularities, centering around Jesse Smith, in connection with some Justice Department cases. He had followed the matter up and finally sent for Smith. After a painful session he had told Smith that he would be arrested in the morning. Smith went home, burned all his papers, and committed suicide, as did one of his associates.

Harding gave me no inkling as to what Smith had been up to. I asked what Harry Daugherty's relations to the affair were. The President abruptly dried up and never raised the question again.

He grew more nervous as the trip continued. He had a natural genius for geniality, but now he was obviously forcing gaiety, seeking excitement in the receptions, parades and speeches at every port and all along the railway to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Fairbanks. On the return trip, Mr. Harding asked me to draft him a speech on administration policies toward Alaska, to be delivered when we reached Seattle. I did so. He added his usual three-dollar words and sonorous phrases.

On the way back, we stopped first at Vancouver. It was an exceptionally hot July day. There were great crowds, long parades and many receptions; the President was called on for five speeches, and rode through the city bareheaded in the heat.

That night he appeared very worn and tired, but went on to face another day of parades and speeches in Seattle, on July 27th. Again the crowds were enthusiastic. At this point Daugherty turned up and had an hour with the President.

In the afternoon we went to the Stadium, where Mr. Harding was to deliver the Alaska speech. I sat directly behind him. When he got about halfway through, he began to falter, dropped the manuscript and grasped the desk. I picked up the scattered papers from the floor, quickly gave him the next pages and, knowing the text, sorted out the rest while he was speaking. He managed to get through it.

Then Gillette, Work, Dr. Sawyer the White House physician, and I hustled him to our special train, put him to bed and canceled the evening's engagements.

It had been intended to start late that night for Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles; the President was to speak in each of these cities. The major speeches had been prepared by his White House staff and sent to him at Vancouver. He had asked me to look over and revise the one for San Francisco, which made important pronouncements on foreign policy. En route to Seattle I had snatched an opportunity to make, with his approval, some changes pledging his administration to the World Court and to a larger degree of world co-operation in maintaining peace. This, I knew, met with Secretary Hughes's approval too.

After a report from Dr. Sawyer that the President was suffering from some bad sea food and would require two days to recover, we canceled the engagements in Portland and directed the train run through to San Francisco.

Doctors Differ on Diagnosis

Somewhere in southern Oregon the next morning, Dr. Joel Boone, a very competent young naval surgeon who had accompanied the party to look after the guests and crew on the Alaska voyage, came to me and said that he believed the President was suffering from something worse than digestive upset, but that Dr. Sawyer would not have it otherwise. Boone was much alarmed, so we went to Postmaster General Work, who had been a physician in his younger days. Work insisted on going into the President's compartment, and soon sent for Boone. They came out and asked me to arrange to have some heart specialists meet the train in San Francisco. I telegraphed at once to Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, who arranged it.

In San Francisco we got the President to the Palace Hotel, where he insisted that Work and I take rooms close by. The doctors at once confirmed the case as a heart attack.

In their view, it was most serious. I therefore called Secretary of State Hughes long-distance and told him it might be desirable for him to keep in touch with Vice-President Coolidge.

Under treatment, however, the President seemed to improve. The doctors declared that he must have two months of absolute rest. Through friends, I arranged to take a private residence for him on the California coast. In the meantime, the date for the San Francisco speech had arrived—July 31st—and the President authorized me to release it to the press. I did so, as I wanted to establish that much of a broader foreign policy.

By the next afternoon it appeared that Mr. Harding's condition had so improved that I called Secretary Hughes and told him the worst seemed to be over. That evening, however, Mrs. Harding was reading the President a magazine article when suddenly the nurse saw that he had broken out with perspiration. Throwing back the blankets, she began to bathe his chest; then she perceived that he was dying. Dr. Sawyer was in the room. Mrs. Harding ran out and summoned Dr. Boone, who sent for Dr. Wilbur also. The doctors could do nothing; in a few minutes the President was dead. The cause was undoubtedly a heart attack—probably an embolism.

After the President Died

En route to the sickroom, Dr. Wilbur had told me that something had gone wrong. Work and I went into the room together a few moments after the President had died. People do not die from broken hearts, but people with bad hearts may reach the end much sooner from great worries.

I at once telephoned Secretary Hughes, who arranged that Vice-President Coolidge be sworn in that same night. The special train, transformed into a funeral train, started its long, slow, five-day journey to Washington.

Uncovered crowds stood silent at every crossroads, and filled every station day and night. There was real and touching grief. Ohio newspapers announced that Mr. Harding's favorite hymn had been I Know That My Redeemer Lives. Soon the people sang it everywhere as we passed. At many places where we stopped momentarily to give the people a chance for expression, bands and orchestras played it. Indeed, my chief memory of that journey is of listening to this hymn over and over day and night.

At that moment the popular affection for Mr. Harding was complete. Had not the terrible corruption of his playmates been exposed, he would have passed into memory with the same aura of affection and respect that attaches to Garfield and McKinley, who also died in office.

A very large fund was instantly subscribed to build him a magnificent tomb. When the authorities at Marion, Ohio, completed it a few years later, they asked President Coolidge to dedicate it. To do this, everyone believed, would mean assuming a great political liability. When the Marion people brought pressure to bear on him, Coolidge expressed a furious distaste and avoided it.

When I became President, I felt that I should return Harding's kindness to me and dedicate his monument. I knew of my own knowledge that he had had no part in the corruption during his administration.

I eulogized his qualities and took a slap at the friends who had betrayed him. Daugherty, Fall, Forbes, Miller and Sinclair had by this time been indicted or convicted. Three others involved in the same scandals had committed suicide. In any event, none of them came to the dedication.

Any objective summation of Mr. Harding must conclude that if his contribution to national advance and national degeneration be weighed in the balances of time, his playmates tipped the scale the wrong way.

After the Harding funeral ceremonies in Washington, President Coolidge and the Cabinet accompanied the body to the burial at Marion. On the journey back to the capital, Mr. Coolidge sent for me to say that he planned no Cabinet changes.

Had he known what bugs crawled about under the paving stones of the Harding regime, he would not have been so inclusive.

Under Coolidge the nation moved into an era of vast prosperity, but there were clouds in the sky portending a Great Depression ahead. Next week Mr. Hoover tells the dramatic story of how, as Secretary of Commerce, he warned in vain about it. Order your Collier's from your newsstand today

A Funny Thing About Treasure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

"How about you? Do you understand maps?" Jonas asked, and he had a very earnest look in his eyes. I told him that I understood maps all right, but I didn't care much about them as a general proposition.

"I am sorry, mister," he said, "because the one I have is a very old one—a treasure map."

"Buried treasure?" I asked him.

"Yes, it is buried," Jonas answered as he turned to walk away. "That's why I was looking for a man that could handle a pick."

Just then Claudie rang the bell again, but I yelled, "Come on, Claudie! The hell with those cigars!"

I WORKED my way through the crowd until I found Jonas standing out on the edge. He looked like a man that has lost his last bet and forgotten to save out carfare. I couldn't remember when I'd ever wanted so much to do somebody a good turn, so I went over to Jonas and told him I had thought it over and had decided to have a look at his map.

I and Claudie went with Jonas to the close-by tourist court where he had a cabin, and he showed us the map, but not until he had pulled down all the shades. It was an awful old map, brown, yellow-stained, and about to give way altogether at the places where it had been folded a long time ago. The old words on it were Spanish, and the ink looked about faded out, but beneath the Spanish, in new green ink, English words were written in. Jonas said he'd had that done by a translator in Laredo.

Right down at the bottom of the map two forks of a river came together, and the Spanish words were *Rio Diablo;* the English was *Devil's River.* The east fork was called the Dry Fork, and about halfway up it was an X that marked a cave.

"It's out in west Texas," Jonas told us. Then he showed us where the cave was located on the map at eighty-eight varas north of a round red rock; the red rock was right on a dotted line drawn straight between a notch in a limestone outcrop on the west of the Dry Fork and a blazed mesquite tree on a big mesa east of it. The only town on the map, written in with green ink, was Chorro Perdido, Texas.

"I've already got this map figured out, Jonas," I said.

"What's a vara?" Claudie asked.

"A Mexican yard," Jonas said; "about thirty-three inches."

"Where did you get that map, Jonas?" I asked him.

"Sssh, these walls are like paper," he cautioned us. "I got it off of a dead Mexican in Monclova, Mexico. Here's the key: the treasure is buried in the cave eighteen varas from the mouth. It is buried at a depth of one vara."

"How do you know that?" I asked him.

"That's what the murdered Mexican's sweetheart told me before I left Monclova," Jonas answered.

"What's our part, Jonas, if we help you find the treasure and dig it up?" I asked. I was all set to argue with Jonas, but I didn't have to. He was a very fair man, and we settled on one third for Jonas, one third for me and one third for Claudie. We shook hands on it; then I and Claudie got us a cabin in the same tourist court, and turned in for the night.

Next morning, early, we went out and found Jonas sitting on the running board of his old car. He was holding his head in his hands and shaking it. When we went over to him, he looked up, all red-eyed and miserable in the face.

"What's the trouble, Jonas?" I asked him.

"This," he said, and showed me a telegram from Kansas City. I read it out loud to Claudie:

> MOTHER VERY LOW. SHE MUST GO TO A HOSPITAL FOR EXPENSIVE OPERATION. COME AT ONCE. PLEASE HURRY. SISTER LULA.

"That's tough, Jonas," I told him. "It's really too bad."

"The worst part of it is," Jonas went on, "I haven't got enough money."

I ransacked my mind for an idea, and finally came up with one. "Jonas," I said, "how much money do you need?"

"Several hundred dollars, anyway," Jonas answered. "I can't spare any expense where Mama's health is in danger."

"Maybe you could sell us the map, Jonas," I said kindly. "We've got some money." Early in the morning and all, my mind was working like electricity.

Jonas gave me a very hurt, helpless look. Then he stiffened up all over and said, "Oh, no, you don't; not the map. Not the treasure map. Not on your life! I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for it."

"Well, Jonas," I told him, "that is too much money. We only had about two hundred dollars before we took in the fair, but we might pay you what we've got left."

Jonas was crying by this time, and talking to himself about his mother way up yonder in the North, going to die and all if she didn't get the money to have an operation. He spoke some, too, about how anybody in deep grief like he was could be taken advantage of so easy that it was pitiful. I was feeling so sorry for Jonas I didn't know what to do, when he said, "Just how much money have you got left? I might have to let the map go after all."

I told Jonas to wait right there while I and Claudie went back to our cabin to talk things over. Inside, we counted up our money and found we had a hundred and eighty-one dollars and fifty cents in all, but Claudie had over half of it, and he didn't want to give Jonas any of his part. He argued that maybe we couldn't find the cave; maybe there wasn't any treasure in the cave anyway; he even hinted that the map and the telegram might be bogus. These remarks certainly showed the suspicious side of Claudie's nature, and I told him so.

It wasn't until I agreed that we would hold back thirty-one dollars and fifty cents which would be all Claudie's, that he agreed for us to offer Jonas a hundred and fifty dollars for the map; then it took Claudie nearly an hour to count out the part that went to Jonas. But when we made Jonas the offer, he took the hundred and fifty dollars and left for Kansas City.

AFTER all, it was a pretty good thing that Claudie had held out some money on Jonas, since we had to buy a pick to do the digging with. Claudie bought a new lantern, too, in Boerne, and a jug that would hold a gallon of water in case we got dry—as he allowed we might before we found any treasure. I got us a yardstick to use in measuring off the varas on the map and had Claudie cut it off at thirty-three inches to make it a vara long.

It took us an hour to find Chorro Perdido on the road map. It was a town in very fine print west of Eldorado, Texas; and it took us two days to get to Eldorado, allowing for the trouble we had on the way with the blowout patch we'd borrowed from Jonas Lord.

We spent the night in Eldorado, and next morning before we left we loaded up with water and some provisions—crackers, canned sardines and apples. We already had plenty of cigars from the Kendall County Fair.

As we drove west toward Chorro Perdido, the day was warm and still, except for the dry whine of the single-strand telephone wire along the road. The only clouds in the sky were some cottony wisps away off to the south of us.

Chorro Perdido was nothing but a general merchandise store, a filling station and an adobe church. The filling-station man told us the flat-topped hill we could see

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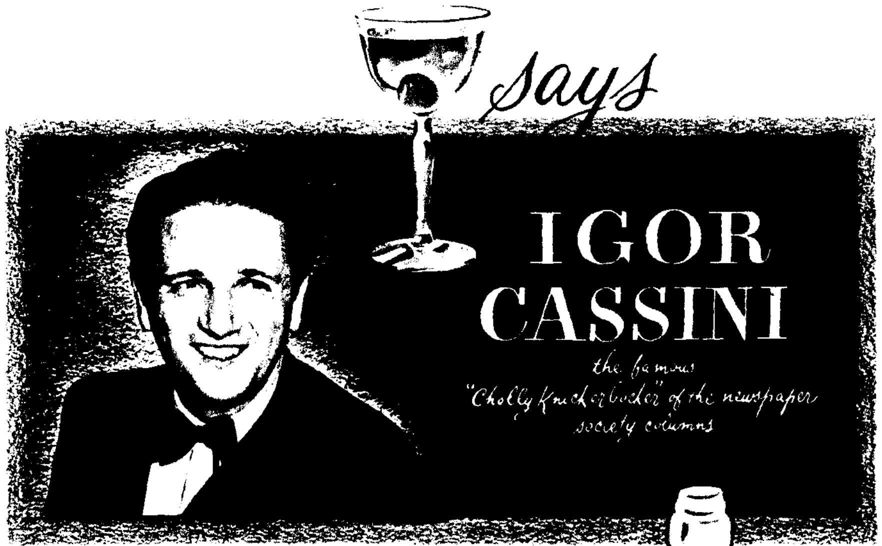

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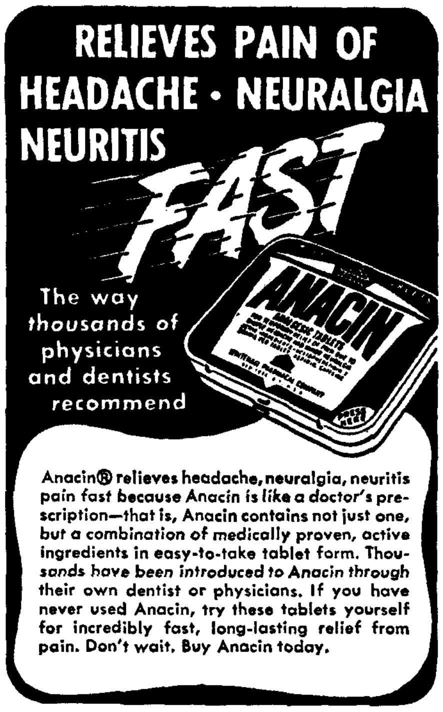
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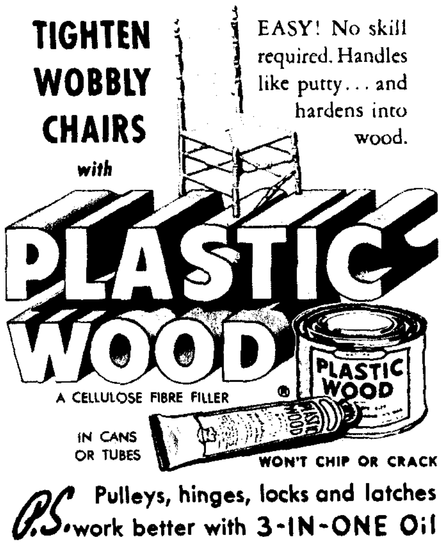
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out northwest of town was known as the Gold Mesa. It was the only one in sight, so I figured it had to be the one on the map, and we took out for it on an awful road covered with briers, bull nettles and goatweed. We went as far as we could go in the car, parked it under a huisache bush, and took out on foot toward the mesa.

We were in rough country—hot, rocky and scorched. Between us and the mesa we could see a dozen or so whirlwinds—long, swaying columns of dust that danced back and forth in the heat waves. We walked an hour or so through the mesquite, tumbleweeds and prickly pears without seeing a sign of life except several tarantulas and one big rattlesnake skin.

As the day kept warming up, we took several long swigs from the water jug to keep from drying plumb out; then after we'd stopped and eaten some sardines and crackers about noon, we found that the jug was empty. We started on again and went up a rise that led toward the mesa. By the time we got there I was spitting cotton, and Claudie had the hiccups.

On top of the mesa, I sent Claudie to look for the mesquite tree with the blaze while I sat on a rock and studied the map. There weren't but five trees there, and on the biggest one Claudie found an old-looking gash where the bark had been knocked off. From the foot of this tree I could see the dry, white bed of the creek below us. Beyond, the ground rose to a rocky ledge a mile or so away, and on the north end of the ledge a big notch stood out so plain that even Claudie could have seen it if he'd been looking.

"That's the Dry Fork of the Devil's River," I told Claudie. "And there is the limestone notch that's on the map."

CLAUDIE was sitting on the ground, picking sandburs out of his socks. I noticed the sweat was drying up on him, leaving little white streaks of salt on his face. He said he wished to God we'd never had the blowout; then we'd never have met Jonas Lord; we'd still have our money and we wouldn't be so dry.

"Claudie," I said, "aren't you about to forget the treasure?" and he admitted that he was. He claimed it must have been because he wanted a drink of water so bad.

"Of course you do," I said, "and so do I, but it's water we're out of. Maybe we can find some in that little branch down there."

"You mean in the Dry Fork of the Devil's River?" Claudie asked, and the way he said it stung me a little.

I studied the map some more and spoke to Claudie. "From here on, it's going to be easy to find that round red rock," I said. "We can't miss it if we walk on a straight line from this tree to the notch, and I will take care of that. You go right ahead of me and watch the ground as we walk along. I'll follow you, and sight on the notch over your shoulder."

Claudie didn't begin to have any better idea than that, so he gathered up the pick, the empty water jug, the lantern and the groceries we had left, while I took the map and the sawed-off yardstick. Claudie led off, and I walked along behind him with my eyes glued on the limestone notch across the valley. We went pretty straight too, even though Claudie hiccuped every step or so—enough to throw a less steady man than I am off his course. All the way down it was very steep, rocky and covered with prickly pears; in fact, about everything that grew out of the ground around there had thorns on it.

When we got to the dry bed of the stream, the limestone notch was out of sight; it had slid behind some trees as we walked, and I was holding my eyes on the trees between us and the notch. I was afraid to bat my eyes for fear of losing the line, but by this time I was so parched out that it wouldn't have done any good to bat my eyes, anyhow.

We were working our way across the gravel in the dusty bed of the stream when Claudie stopped like a balky old mule.

"What the hell's the matter, Claudie?" I asked. "Let's go on before my eyes plumb peter out on me."

"There's a low place down the stream a little ways, and I think I can see some water."

"All right," I said, since I could tell it wasn't any use to waste any more time arguing with him, "go get yourself a drink and hurry up about it unless you want my eyes to crack out like two grains of popcorn."

I stood there with both eyes nailed on the trees that the notch was beyond, until I began to feel a hot misery that started around my ankles and worked up. Both my legs, up to my knees, felt like they must be on fire when I heard Claudie coming back. He stated that the water tasted like stump water and only made his hiccups worse.

"Come on, Claudie," I said. "My eyes are about tuckered out, and now my legs are going bad on me."

"I can see why," said Claudie, who could look down; "you're standing on a big red-ant hill."

He got the ants off me after a while, and we went on. It was uphill now as we climbed through the horseweed on the west bank of the Dry Fork, and I was looking for the limestone notch to come back into view any time, when Claudie started trying to veer to the right. I reminded him that I was doing the sighting and got him back on the line; then he stopped again and said, "We can't go no further, Clint."

"What's the matter now?" I asked—a little fussy, too, since my ankles were swelling from the ant stings, and my eyes felt like broken blisters in salty water.

"There's an old rock in the way here," he said. "It's too big to go over. Can't we go around it?"

"Is it round?" I asked him, still holding on with my eyes to the trees ahead.

"It's round, all right," he answered.

"Is it red?"

"Sorta rusty red," Claudie answered, and I looked at it.

"This is the red rock on the map, Claudie," I yelled. "Don't you see? North of here eighty-eight varas is the cave. We're in the money. I can just see that treasure now. Old Spanish coins made out of pure-D gold; maybe some diamonds and rubies set in rings and bracelets. Everything is turning out just like the map says."

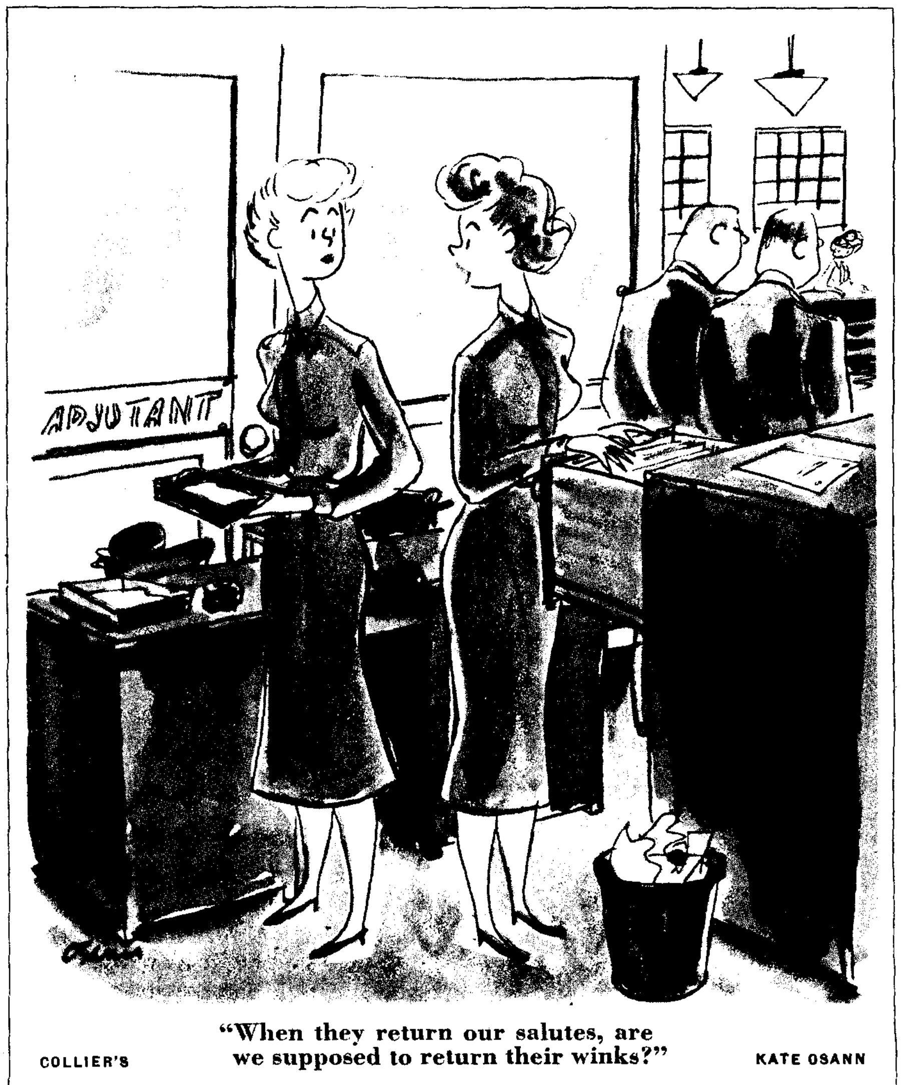
All Claudie did was hiccup, and I went on: "We've got that yardstick sawed off to a vara. When we've measured it off eighty-eight times due north, we'll be there. That sun that's getting low over there is bound to be in the west, so while you measure on the ground, I'll run us north by keeping the sun on our left. Also, I will count."

WE WENT north through the dusty bitterweed and needle grass that grew along the bank of the rocky river bed. At fifty varas we came to a little baygall, and Claudie sat down. He said he had a bad stitch in his side from measuring with the yardstick on the rough ground. He also said some very harsh things about our friend Jonas Lord.

Beyond the baygall was a little rise, and when we crossed the crest at sixty-one varas we saw ahead of us a herd of scrawny goats. On the seventy-sixth vara we could see the mouth of a cave; and on the eighty-third we almost stumbled over a Mexican before we saw him. He was sitting on the ground with his back propped up against a little thistly bush right beside the mouth of the cave, and across his knees was a double-barreled shotgun. We could tell from the tilt of his hat over his eyes and the slack look around his mouth that he was sound asleep. His chest rose and fell in slow, even motion. Then, without moving at all, the Mexican spoke. *"Buenas tardes, señores,"* he said.

Claudie stopped and threw up both hands. I guess I must have, too, because the Mexican spoke again. "No, *señores.* I am no robber. Thees gun is for the coyotes." He straightened up and pushed his big hat back on his head.

Claudie was too scared to talk, so I took over. "Hightower is the name," I said; "Clint Hightower. I and my partner, Claudie, here, are not very used to this country." Then I gave the Mexican a couple of



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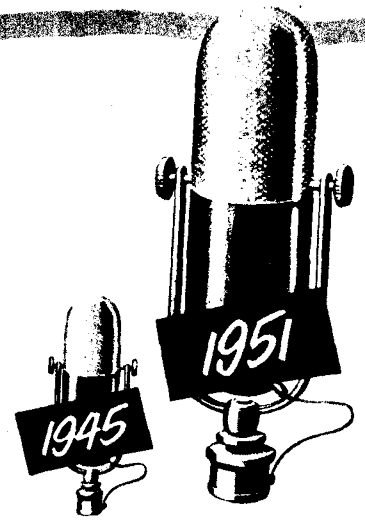

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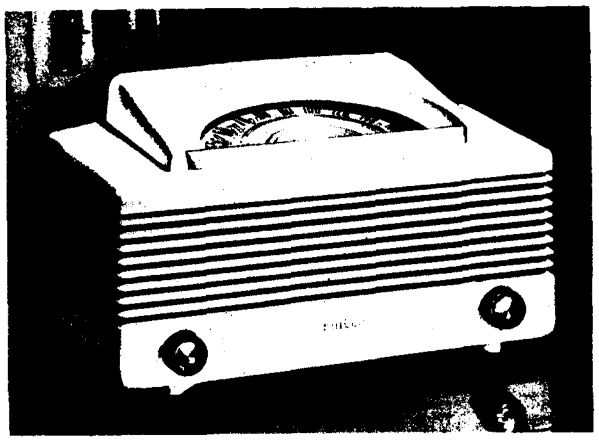

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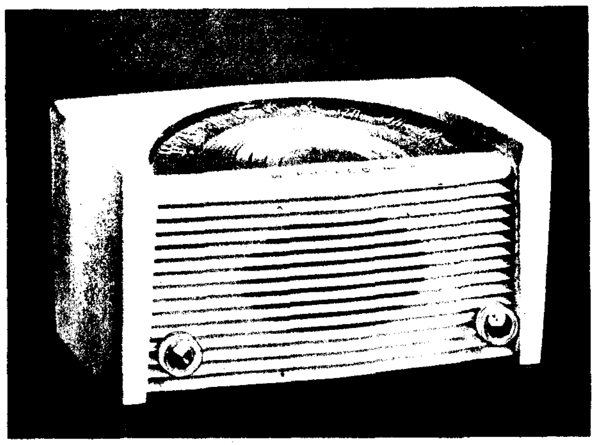

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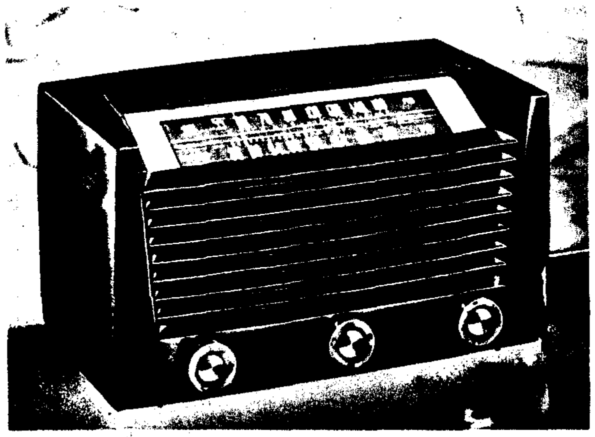

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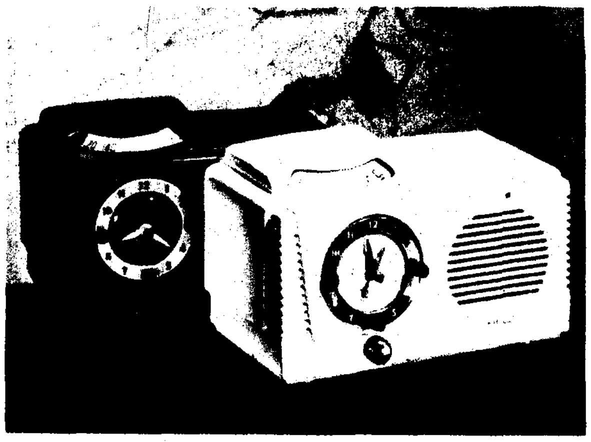

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the cigars that Claudie had won at the fair, and asked him what his name was.

"Pedro Arroyo," he answered as he got up, stretched, and leaned his gun against the tree. He was not over five feet tall, and in spite of his wrinkled, leathery skin, his big hat made his face look small and almost childish.

Claudie had got himself together by this time, so he asked Pedro for a drink of water. The little Mexican nodded, went into the cave, and brought out a goatskin bucket that had about a teacup full of water in the bottom of it. I and Claudie drank it, but it tasted so sour and weedy that I gave most of it to Claudie.

"I am sorry, *señores.* The water, she is not good. Thees year is very dry year, and the pool is low."

"Whereabouts is the pool?" Claudie asked.

"In the dry bed of the *Río Diablo,* close by my house. That is the only water on the Rancho Arroyo now. It is not far; just over the hill there," Pedro said, and pointed toward the dull red sun hanging low in the dusty haze.

"He says the water ain't far," Claudie pointed out, and Pedro said: "I go now to take goats to pen. Will you go with me to have more water?"

"No, thanks, Pedro," I told him. "I expect we'll sit around this here cave a bit and talk things over."

Pedro left with his goats, and we made ready to go get the treasure. Just as we were about to start into the cave, though, the bats started coming out of it. They came by the hundreds; they wheeled and whirred by our heads and disappeared into the dry night. Claudie wouldn't go in until they quit coming out; then we fired up the lantern and started. Claudie did the measuring, and I walked along behind to count the varas and hold the lantern.

AT EIGHTEEN varas inside the cave I marked the place, and Claudie was all set to start digging when we saw a light farther on in the cave. First it was dim, bobbing up and down; then it got brighter, and pretty soon we saw several other lights bobbing around it. I could tell that Claudie was awful scared from the hoarse way he said, "Look at them lights, Clint. What the hell's that?"

I, myself, had not figured out what the lights were at this time, so we moved over to one side, where we found a little passage branching off of the cave. We squatted down and backed into it, and I told Claudie to blow out the lantern and be quiet. It almost upset me personally to see how bothered Claudie was.

Soon we heard a heavy voice that said, "Straight ahead, everybody." Then we saw a stocky figure in khaki clothes with a stick in one hand and a lantern in the other. He stalked right on by without looking toward us. Behind him traipsed a dozen or so little guys, all dressed in the same kind of clothes. As they passed, we heard the big one say, "I am afraid we overstayed our time in Pedro's cave, fellas; it's already dark outside." It wasn't until he said, "But a scout is brave," that I realized Claudie had been scared by nothing but a Boy Scout troop. "Right, sir," the kids said as they marched on out.

The scouts and the bats and the dry weather had damaged Claudie's mettle some, but soon I had him digging away into the *caliche* rocks and hard clay while I held the lantern and studied the map. I pointed out that the air seemed a little more moist in the cave than it had been outside.

After Claudie had dug about an hour, I measured the hole and found that it was nearly a vara deep, so I said, "Now's the time to dig harder, Claudie." He hit a few more licks in the bottom of the hole and threw out the chunks of clay and rocks. Then he swung hard, and the pick went in all of the way to the handle.

"Wup," he said. "There's a soft place," and I could tell from the tone of his voice that for the first time he was about to believe in Jonas Lord and the map. I held the lantern up to see, while Claudie pulled the pick out; and as he did, a little stream of clear water spurted up at him. He dug a little more around this place, and then the water gushed up so fast that before he could get out of the hole, Claudie was waist-deep in water. He said it was cold.

We stood beside the hole and watched it fill up and start to run, first in a trickle and then in a full stream, down toward the mouth of the cave. Soon the water started boiling up more and more, until it was ankle-deep on us, and we hurried to get out of there before we got any wetter. We stood in front of the cave and watched the stream in the lantern light until the water was clear; then we got down on our bellies and drank. Nobody who wasn't there would believe the amount of water that Claudie drank. He put his head down in it like a horse and drank and snorted.

We ran over the hill where the Mexican had gone, until we saw the lights of his house. We yelled as we went up to the place, and Pedro came out, while his wife and half a dozen little Mexicans stood in the doorway looking out. We told Pedro what had happened, but he wouldn't believe a word of it. "No water close by except sour pool in *Río Diablo,"* Pedro said. *"Americanos* make cruel jokes."

I and Claudie took Pedro right back to the cave with us, and when we got there, we found that the flow of water had built up until a wide, clear stream ran out over the rocks and down a gully toward the Dry Fork of Devil's River. I noticed Pedro was making a funny, choking noise; and when I turned to see what the trouble was, I saw that he was down on his knees. The look on his face was a match for that you see in the colored Bible pictures of prophets that have been sprung from dungeons or delivered from plagues and pestilence. Pedro was praying in soft, musical Mexican as he looked up toward all the stars in the sky and made the sign of the cross over and over. Tears were streaming down his cheeks and sparkling in the lantern light.

Claudie's face was wet, too, from drinking some more of the water horse-fashion. We both took off our hats at the same time and bowed our heads while Pedro prayed. It was like standing in a church somewhere, with sacred candles burning all around. I noticed that in Pedro's prayer he spoke the name of the town Chorro Perdido several times, and when he'd finished and stood up, I put my hat back on and asked him what the town had to do with the water.

"It is an old legend," Pedro said, and in the dim glow of the lantern his face still had on it the look of a man praying. "The legend of the Chorro Perdido—the lost springs from the underground river. Always my fathers said that big springs, covered and hidden by Navajos when Spanish came, would flow again to give water to Rancho Arroyo. Father of my father's father had map showing place of lost springs. He buried it in churchyard at Monclova before he went to fight under General Santa Anna in Texas Revolution. He was killed at San Jacinto in 1836. The map of the Chorro Perdido was never afterwards found by my people." Then Pedro made the sign of the cross again. Claudie started to say something, but I stopped him with a very stinging look.

THE next morning, early, we went with Pedro when he took his family and goats to see the water, and we all drank from the clear stream. Later Pedro gave us a framed picture—the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe with a mother-of-pearl halo. Pedro told us he was sorry the image of the Blessed Virgin was not solid gold. That was the last thing Pedro said before I and Claudie lit a shuck for the Gold Mesa and our car.

As we worked our way up through the cactus and briers, I spoke to Claudie and said, "There's a funny thing about treasure, Claudie. Treasure depends a good deal on what you haven't got. Like that water, I mean."

"That's fine for Pedro," was all that Claudie would allow, but from the way he said it, I knew he was weakening.

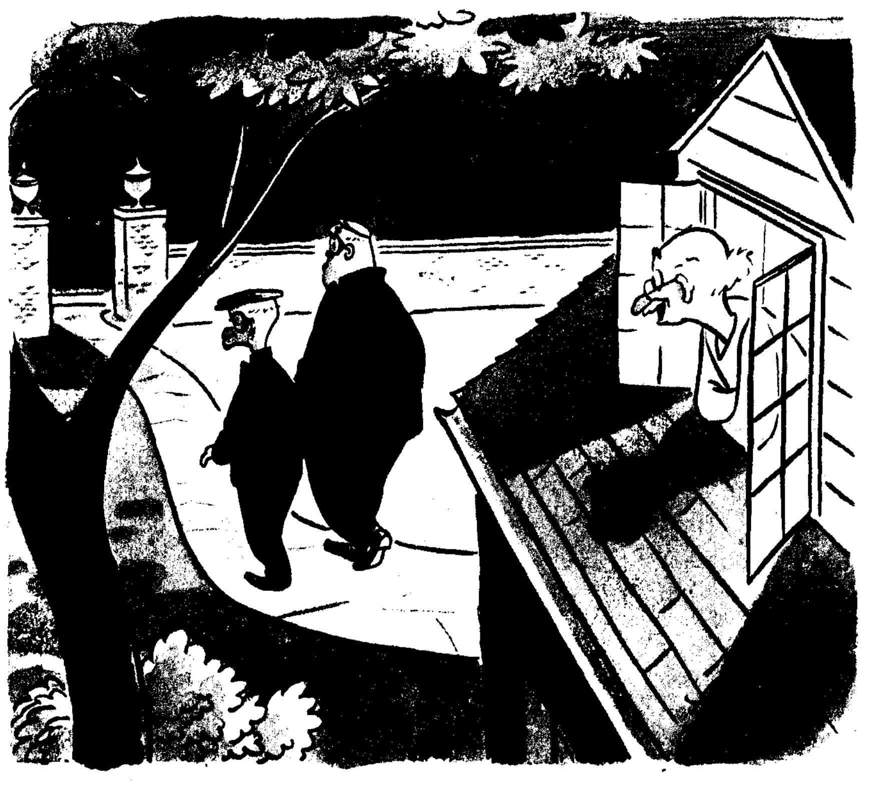
"Another thing," I explained to him; "until today we did not have a single, solitary sacred picture, did we?"

Claudie grinned as he admitted that that was true.

THE END

A Funny Thing About Treasure is included in I And Claudie, a collection of Dillon Anderson's work being published this week by Little, Brown & Company.

BUTCH

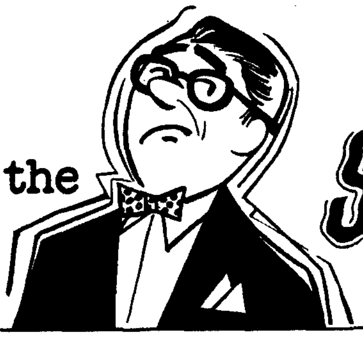


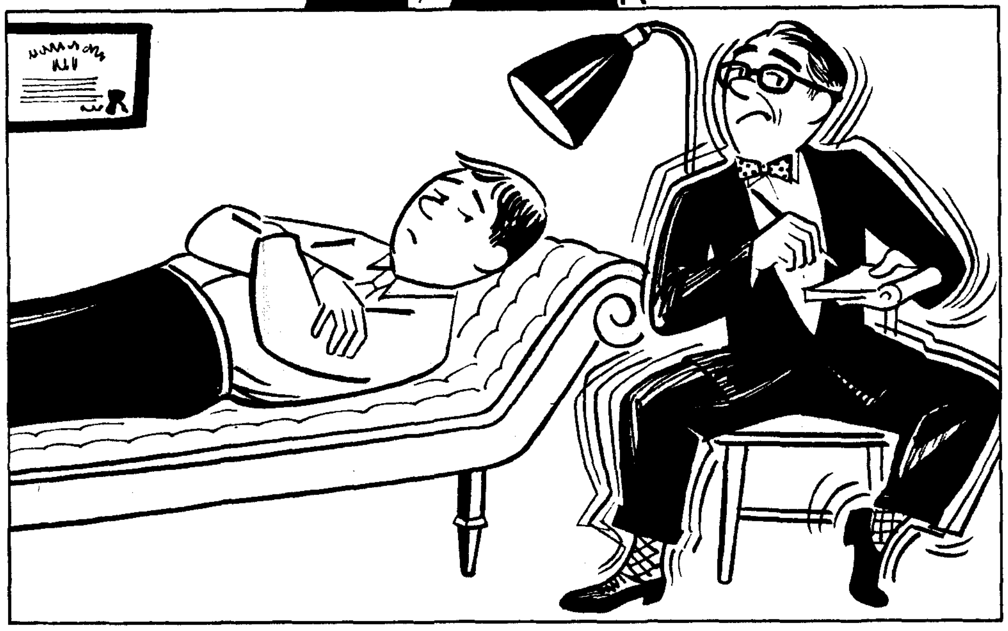
"The jewels were hidden in an old shoe in my closet, ha, ha"

COLLIER'S

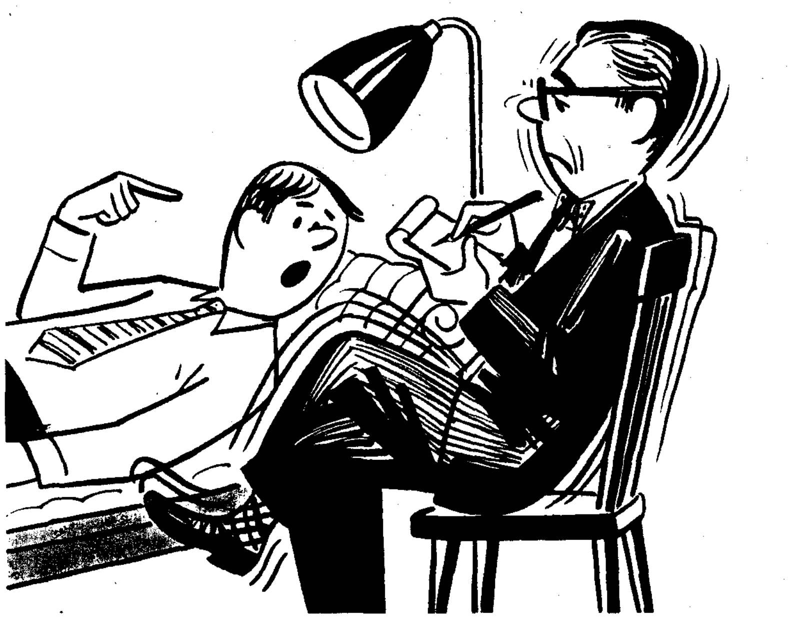
LARRY REYNOLDS

the case of the SQUIRMING PSYCHOANALYST

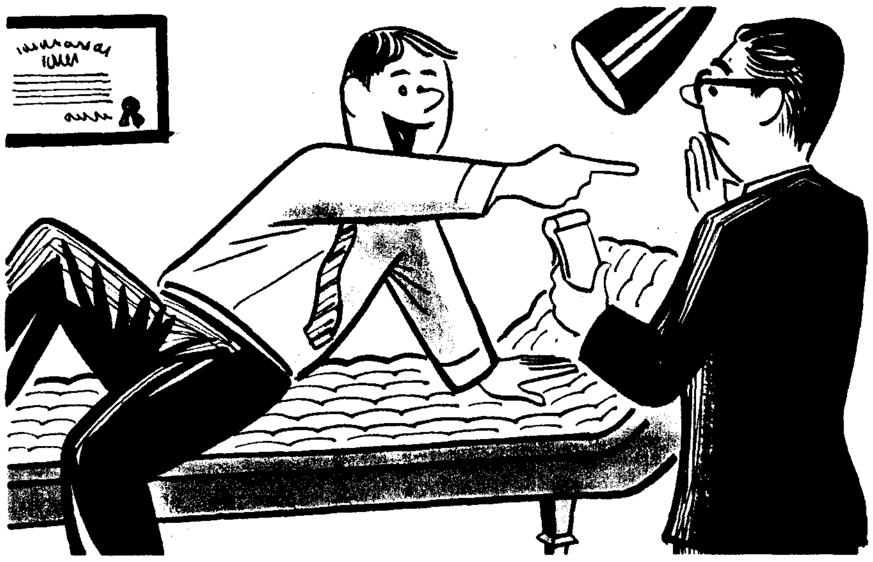




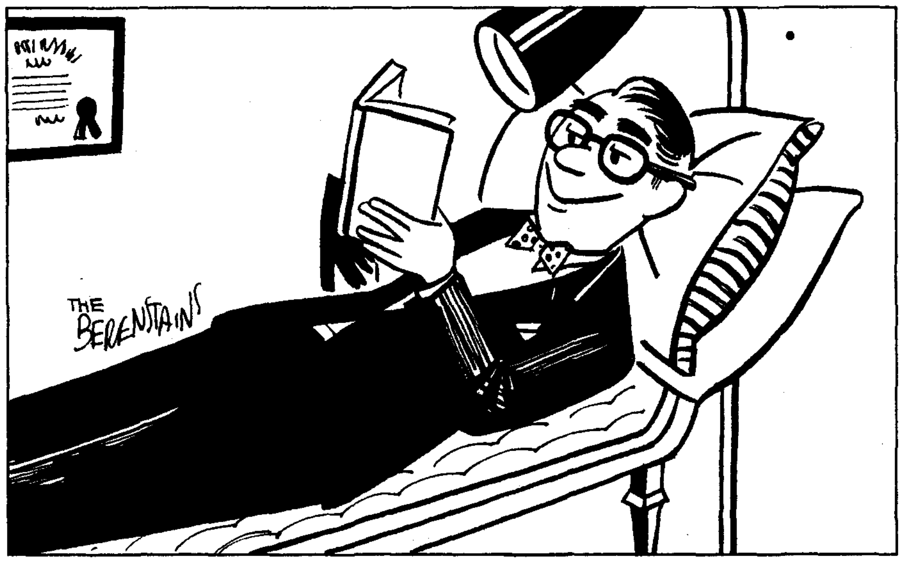
This patient came to me obviously upset. So I got him relaxed, then sat down in my chair, took out my pad and pencil, crossed my legs and started questioning him. In a few minutes, I uncrossed my legs, twisted around in my chair, gave my trousers a yank and started probing again.



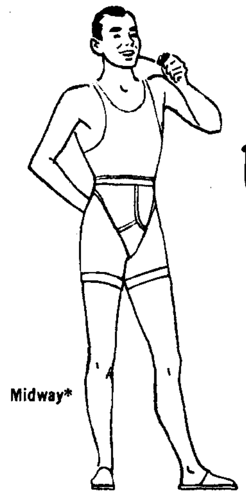
He answered carefully but glanced thoughtfully at me. I started on another tack, crossed my legs, turned sideways in my chair. At which he said: "Doc . . . *I* should be squirming, not *you*. What's the matter?" "This underwear," I said. "It bunches, binds, creeps, crawls. Can't sit still."



"My prescription," he said gleefully, "is to switch to Jockey brand Underwear. It fits snug and smooth, moves as you move, never bunches or binds. And it gives you real he-man support. Largest selling knit underwear in the world . . . and the finest." Naturally, I thanked him.



And I switched to Jockey. Bought Jockey Midway because it's perfect for everyday wear, especially in an office. And I haven't squirmed since! I can't say enough for that Jockey comfort. My patient? Oh, he was so happy solving *my* problems, it solved *his*. Cost me a patient but it was worth it!



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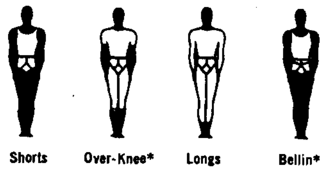

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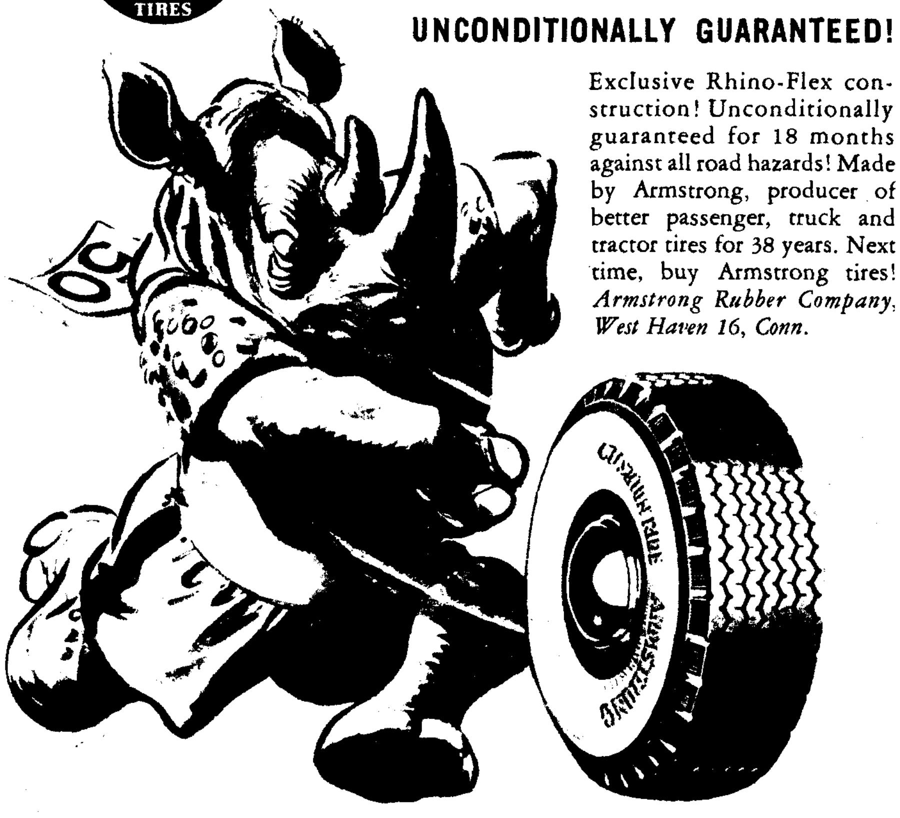

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Is Hollywood Through?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Exponents of the system claim the results indicate the speedy end of the motion-picture theater and a home box office much greater than that of the theater. The skeptics, on the other hand, claim that home showing of new films via TV can never succeed because of the impossibility of controlling the size of the audience that will see the picture for the price of one "admission."

They further argue that a screen far beyond the dimensions of the largest present-day television screen is needed for viewers to enjoy motion pictures properly; that the Federal Communications Commission will never permit anyone to tie down for theater use anything which goes out over air channels belonging to the general public; and finally that people are gregarious by nature and want to go out and mix with other people during their hours of recreation.

A realistic appraisal lies somewhere between those two extremes. *In my judgment, the theater will never be replaced as the basic medium for the public showing of current motion pictures.* Regardless of all other factors, the American public is not going to remain confined to its home for recreation and amusement. The normal human desire to be part of an audience would not permit it. And, besides, the superior visibility of the theater screen is a factor not to be ignored.

I have further evidence. The mail which pours into my studio from all over the United States keeps me in close touch with the American public and convinces me that even that part of America which is believed by many people to be glued to its television sets still considers motion pictures its favorite medium of entertainment.

Protest from a Cinema Fan

Take the Rowley family of Dallas, Texas, as an example. I have never met them, but a letter that I received recently from Mrs. Rowley summed up what many people have written to me and means as much as all the charts and statistics that weighty researchers have been gathering about Hollywood. Here, briefly, is what Mrs. Rowley wrote to me:

My dear Mr. Goldwyn:

The news that you, along with other independent producers, are going to film features for television instead of theater screens fills me with such dismay and concern that I feel compelled to write you and beg you to reconsider.

All the magic that is pictures, all the glamor, all the thrills, all the perfection of presentation in a theater, is so diminished on even a 30-inch TV screen . . .

Do you imagine that your Best Years would have had one-hundredth its impact on viewers had they seen it on a small . . . screen with all the household distractions that are impossible to eliminate?

. . . All my friends with whom I've discussed this share my feelings . . .

Hopefully yours,
Shirley (Mrs. John) Rowley

I am happy to report to the Rowleys that, like the report of Mark Twain's death, the news that I am about to film features for television is "greatly exaggerated," since I have no such plans whatsoever.

But Mrs. Rowley has put her finger on the acute problem that faces the motion-picture industry and, in her own way, has supplied an answer which causes those of us who have been in Hollywood many years to look to the future with zest and confidence.

I do believe that before five or, at most, 10 years have gone by we will have worked out a combination of theater and home showings of motion pictures for admission which will result in the closing of many of today's theaters and, at the same time, a considerably expanded market for motion pictures.

In addition to the 3,000 drive-ins which have mushroomed up in the last few years, there are approximately 19,000 motion picture theaters in the United States. Two thousand seven hundred of them provide 55 to 60 per cent of the revenue received by the motion-picture producers, while 3,800 account for 83 per cent of all American motion-picture business. That leaves approximately 15,000 theaters which supply only 17 per cent of the industry's total revenue in this country. It seems inevitable that, if box-office television develops at all, a great many—perhaps five or six thousand of these marginal movie houses—may go out of business.

Regrets Closing of Theaters

Personally, I would like to see these theaters continue to operate indefinitely, for I have enjoyed a lifetime of mutually pleasant business relations with the great majority of America's motion-picture theater owners. But I am afraid my personal preferences will not have any influence on the results which changing times will inevitably bring about.

Consider another fact: the average number of people who see a Class A picture in the United States is approximately 23,000,000. That sounds like a lot of people—and it is; but on the other hand, that means there must be approximately 130,000,000 Americans who do *not* see any given picture which Hollywood produces. This is a tremendous untapped audience potential which, in return for suitable entertainment, is bound to yield revenue to producers when television becomes standard equipment in the American home and a reasonable method of charging for current pictures is worked out.

It will be a difficult economic problem to strike a balance between the showing of current pictures in theaters and in the home, too, at prices which will keep the remaining theater owners in business and which will similarly permit picture producers to take full advantage of the increased home market. But it is not a problem impossible to solve. Methods of showing pictures to the American public have changed considerably from time to time in the past and there is no reason why that cannot happen again.

As far back as the period 1912-1916, there was an early revolution in what was then the motion-picture industry. The "nickelodeon," which had been the place where the one- and two-reel pictures of the early days of the industry were shown, was virtually swept out of existence by the appearance of feature films. In 1912, Adolph Zukor had imported a four-reel picture from France, Queen Elizabeth, starring the immortal Sarah Bernhardt, and was creating a new company, Famous Players, with a slogan, "Famous players in famous plays." In 1913, Cecil B. de Mille, Jesse Lasky and I had combined our unbounded enthusiasms with our slim purses to produce one of the first full-length feature pictures ever made in America, The Squaw Man. In 1913, too, D. W. Griffith had produced Judith of Bethulia and was planning —and within two years produced—The Birth of a Nation.

These were the forerunners of a whole new approach which swept away the preconceived ideas of producing, distributing and showing motion pictures which had existed up to that time. In the short space of a few years, the entire economics of the industry were changed and new methods took the place of the old. Of the 28,000 motion-picture houses which had existed, fully 10,000 or more disappeared from the scene. But the motion-picture industry in general thrived wonderfully under the new conditions.

Theater owners today, too, have to face the realities of a new time of transition? They find themselves pulled in opposite directions by the impact of TV. Television has hurt them in their most sensitive spot—the ticket window. They know that the "big" TV programs, like the Milton Berle or Jimmy Durante shows, a championship prize fight or the World Series, slow down their box-office pulse almost to a standstill. They rail at motion-picture producers who sell even ancient pictures to television and they utter threats of boycott against such producers.

The very thought of "box-office" television in the home sends cold shivers down their spines and many are determined to resist it by economic pressures, before the Federal Communications Commission, in the courts and along every line of defense that can be set up.

But, at the same time, they have no hesitation about utilizing television in any fashion which can help them. Theater owners are urging motion-picture producers to make television "trailers" advertising their pictures, so that the television screen itself can be used as a means of getting people out of the living room into the theater. Several theater owners have already acquired ownership of local television stations and are exercising their ownership privileges to the fullest extent in advertising their theaters over these stations.

Spectacularly, United Paramount Theaters, owners of the nation-wide chain of Paramount theaters, recently completed a merger with the American Broadcasting Company in order to insure itself a firm foothold in the motion picture-television age of the near future.

And while they shudder at the thought of television depriving them of ticket buyers, theater owners are installing large-screen television equipment and have no hesitation whatever at depriving home viewers of outstanding special events, like the Louis-Savold fight, in order to jam-pack their theaters. This represents a return to the aggressive showmanship and competitive drive of theater owners in the early days of motion pictures, which I would like to see them display more frequently today in selling pictures to the public.

Plans for "Colossal" Hookup

The pace at which theaters are installing this television equipment is increasing daily. Until recently, installations have been on an individual basis; but a few weeks ago one California chain announced its immediate plans to link up 71 of its theaters, with a seating capacity of 110,000, in a giant TV-theater hookup which will carry special events and programs *in color.*

Whether movie houses will be able to secure exclusive showings of public events such as prize fights, the World Series and other sporting events, even if they are able to outbid competitiors for the privilege, is still a moot question. The Federal Communications Commission or Congress may have to account to an outraged citizenry deprived of "free" spectacles if that should become too prevalent a practice. But whether or not such events are "exclusive" to theaters from time to time, there can be no doubt that large-screen theater television, whether of special events or of entertainment programs specially devised as an added attraction, is a source of great potential revenue.

However, the most significant fact, from Hollywood's point of view, about the increasing installation of large-screen television is the insistence by theater owners themselves that, at very best, theater video is only supplementary to the showing of motion pictures in their houses. They are convinced—along with Hollywood and all the Rowley families in the United States—that the American public's first and strongest entertainment love is motion pictures. They should know.

Hollywood, too, has known this all along—and perhaps has taken advantage of this knowledge to its own detriment. The motion-picture industry's concentration on quantity, arising out of our domination of the entertainment field, undoubtedly caused a large part of the public to lose sight of Hollywood's tremendous capacity—if properly utilized—for quality.

It is not because motion pictures are my lifework that I say there is no place in the world which can compare with Hollywood for ability to produce matchless entertainment. The record bears me out. Pictures like M-G-M's Show Boat and The Great Caruso, Columbia's Born Yesterday, Universal's Bright Victory, Warner's A Streetcar Named Desire, Walt Disney's Alice in Wonderland, Fox's All About Eve, Stanley Kramer's Cyrano de Bergerac, and many others are proof of Hollywood's capabilities. When pictures of this caliber reach the theaters, not even the most confirmed skeptic can find anything wrong with the box-office figures. People leave their television sets and flock to buy tickets for a kind and quality of entertainment that only Hollywood can turn out.

A Criticism of Hollywood

But because of the poor pictures which mass production tends to bring about, the public has been inclined to stay away from many of our good ones. "Once bitten, twice shy" applies to picture patrons as well as to anyone else. My great complaint against some of my fellow members of the Hollywood community has always been that, as a result of pressures from the outside, they have in the past permitted their talents to be utilized for purposes other than the creation of outstanding mass entertainment.

There is no doubt in my mind that the seasoned hands and wise heads in Hollywood—those who have devoted a lifetime to the production of pictures—today realize that to recapture and to improve upon our former happy relationship with the American public, the motion-picture industry must devote itself to making *better* pictures instead of to making *more* pictures. There has never been a time when Hollywood has failed to meet the challenge of competition for the leisure-time attention of the American public, whether it came from the automobile, the radio, night baseball or anything else.

When radio burst with all the brightness of a new constellation in the entertainment skies, gloomy predictions were made of the doom that was about to descend on Hollywood. The whole population of the United States was going to be able to stay home and get entertainment, drama, comedy, news—everything—free merely by flicking a switch. Who would be foolish enough, under such conditions, to go out and pay to see motion pictures? But motion pictures took radio right in stride and kept marching on to bigger and better things. Changes took place, to be sure, in the structure of the business, but the foundation—its hold on the American public—remained as solid as ever.

Television is the newest, most vigorous and exciting contender for Hollywood's place as the leader of the entertainment parade. It has shaken us out of living in the past and has made us look to the future. In assaying what the future holds, I conclude that Hollywood will not only retain but improve its position as the creative center of mass entertainment for the people of the United States and of the world. Television will bring its own changes to Hollywood, but Hollywood can take them, just as I have seen it adjust many times before, without faltering.

We will benefit from the challenge of television fully as much as television will benefit from us.

As a personal footnote, I expect my next quarter of a century in the industry after the advent of television to be as thrilling as the 25 years which have passed since sound came to the screen.

I expect to continue to make the best pictures I know how. I shall make them neither for the theater nor for television. I shall make them for the people. THE END

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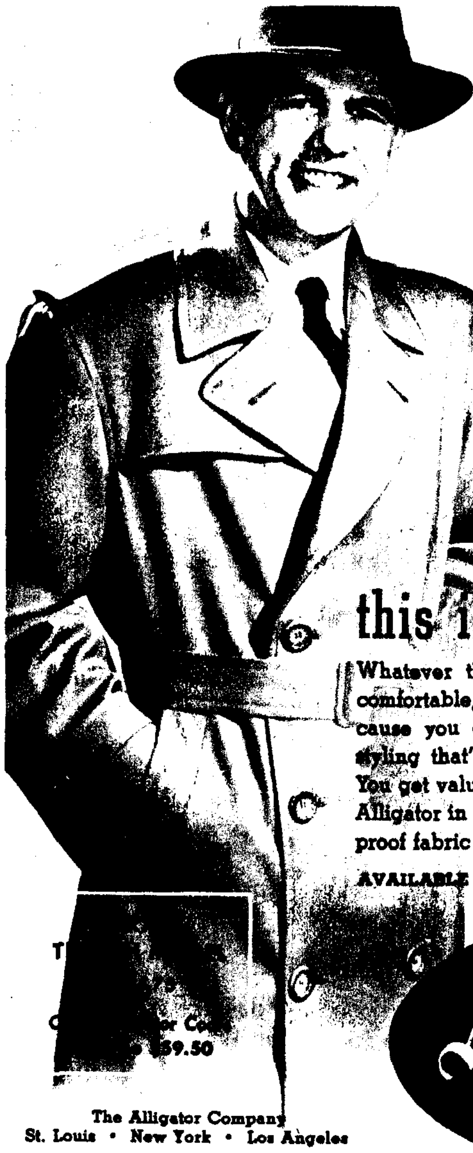

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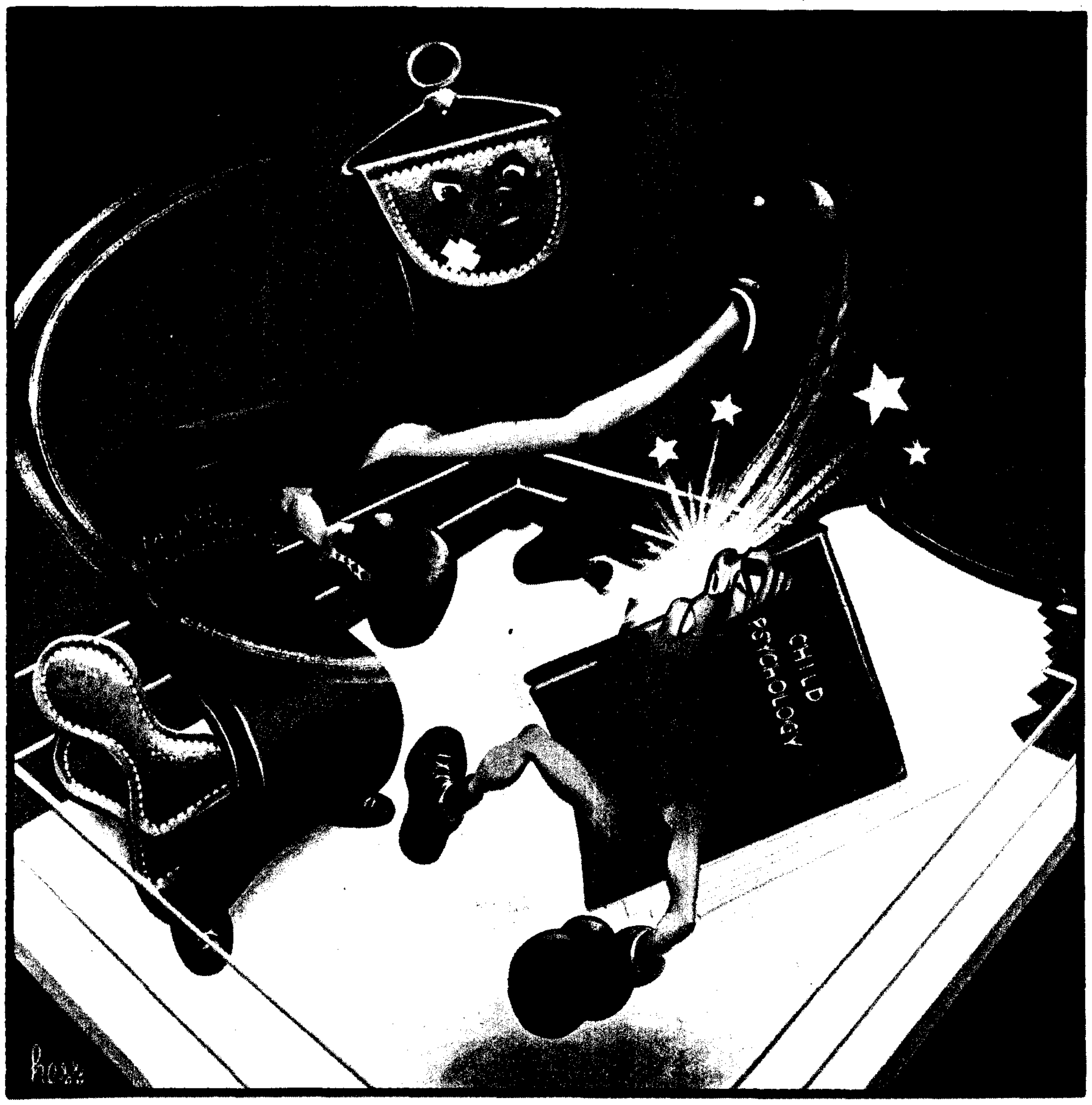


LOWELL HESS

Back to the Hairbrush

WE ARE HAPPY TO LEARN that "discipline," which has long been a horrid word among child psychologists, is now back in the good graces of some members of the profession. Ditto "frustration." This looks to us like a healthy switch in the psychoanalytical party line of child rearing, and one which the psychologists will be able to sell to the public without any trouble.

We are not unreserved admirers of the old woodshed technique. But we are inclined to think that it hasn't caused any more havoc than the doctrine of total "permissiveness," which is tough on both the parents and the children. The "permissive" parents have to suffer through the uncurbed tantrums and general hell-raising of their offspring, or else suffer from the pangs of guilt if exasperation occasionally prompts them to throw away the book and deal with the situation in the old-fashioned way. And the poor kids, when they eventually break out of the cocoon of an undisciplined childhood, are completely unprepared for the fenced-in and booby-trapped pattern of conventional adult life.

If the experiences in the earliest years of life are as important as the psychologists tell us, then it seems sensible that those experiences should include some discipline and frustration. For it's inevitable that, sooner or later, the child is going to come up against both. We Americans live in the land of the free and the home of individual liberty. We enjoy a choice of action that is increasingly rare in this regimented world. But, even here, freedom and liberty are not unlicensed.

For example, the Constitution guarantees us freedom of speech, but there are laws to see that this right is not abused. We can with impunity criticize our President or the Congress, but we can't defame the character of the humblest citizen without risking a civil suit, or even criminal prosecution.

The right of free assembly is a basic right, too, but it cannot be claimed for purposes of starting a riot. And, to mention what is perhaps the most fundamental of our liberties, we are guaranteed a free press—but no newspaper can falsely accuse John Doe of beating his wife without being sued for libel, if John wants to sue. In short, the freest people on earth aren't free to harm each other, and the law provides penalties if they do.

The choice of "Be good or Papa spank" is pretty basic in the structure of any society, even the freest. It has to be, or there wouldn't be any civilization. For the adult citizen, the law is "Papa." But legal penalties don't apply to little children. It is up to the parents to be the lawmakers. If, instead, they go in for extreme "permissiveness," the result is a sort of benign anarchy which is hardly an ideal starting point for a child's later life.

So we have often felt a twinge of pity for youngsters who have never heard the word "don't" addressed to them, even while we were also feeling an urgent impulse to whale the tar out of them. For it's a pretty rough jolt when they finally leave their world of uninhibited free-wheeling for a world in which thousands of impulsive actions, from dropping a candy wrapper in a public park to doing away with one's fellow man, are subject to strict rules and assorted penalties.

Such violent transitions, we would think, have had something to do with the fact that juvenile delinquency is not just a slum-born phenomenon. They may also account in part for the oversupply of ripe cases in need of psychiatric ministration. So we hope that the vogue for unbridled indulgence of the young is permanently passé, and that a sensible, balanced formula of permission and prohibition will find a lasting place in the child experts' guidebooks for perplexed parents.

Entertainment Unlimited

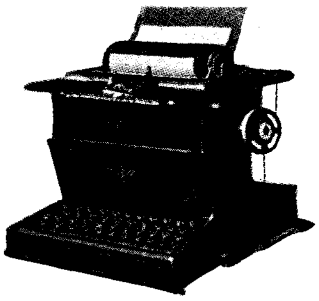
THERE HAS BEEN A LOT of keening and moaning recently over the demise of the motion-picture industry. But there are still some folks who feel that the wake is slightly premature, and that the corpse, supposedly done in by television, is decidedly lively. One of them is Samuel Goldwyn. The distinguished Hollywood pioneer states his hopeful case in an article called Is Hollywood Through?, on page 18 of this week's issue. We are especially happy to publish it because it expresses our own feelings on the matter.

A couple of years ago an editorial appeared on this page which ventured the prediction that television wasn't going to kill radio or the movies or anything else. We recalled that, according to various jeremiads over a period of years, films were going to do away with the legitimate theater, player pianos and phonographs would mean the end of live music, radio had doomed motion pictures and baseball and the recording business and so on. Needless to say, none of those calamities came off according to schedule.

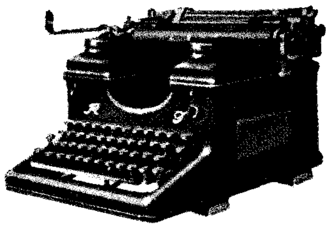
Our editorial concluded with this paragraph: "America's capacity to absorb varied entertainment seems limitless. And the people who are doing a good job in their own branch of entertainment seem to be too busy to complain that some new competition is going to destroy them."

Mr. Goldwyn is typical of the people we were talking about. He has been doing a good job of picture making for almost 40 years. And today he isn't complaining and he isn't scared. He realizes that Hollywood must do some things differently, that it must make adjustments and face up to reality. And he sees no reason why he and other leaders of the industry cannot meet the challenge.

There may be a certain amount of wishful thinking in our amen to Mr. Goldwyn's sentiments. We should hate to see the destruction of an entertainment medium which, over the years, has grown to be one of the nation's biggest industries, bringing employment to tens of thousands as well as entertainment to hundreds of millions. But, wishful thinking aside, we don't think its destruction is imminent. And it's encouraging to know that our optimism is shared by a man like Samuel Goldwyn, who, in this field at least, knows infinitely and intimately more of what he's talking about than we do.



WORK AND WIN



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